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Lafayette H. Russell

WINONA

(WE-NO-NAH)

AND ITS ENVIRONS ON THE MISSISSIPPI
IN ANCIENT AND MODERN DAYS.

BY

LAFAYETTE HOUGHTON BUNNELL, M. D.,

VETERAN OF THE MEXICAN WAR OF 1846-8, OF CALIFORNIA INDIAN
WAR OF 1851 AND OF WAR OF THE REBELLION OF 1861-5.

SURGEON OF THIRTY-SIXTH WISCONSIN INF.,

AND

Author of "Discovery of the Yo-sem-i-te."

WRITTEN FOR AND UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

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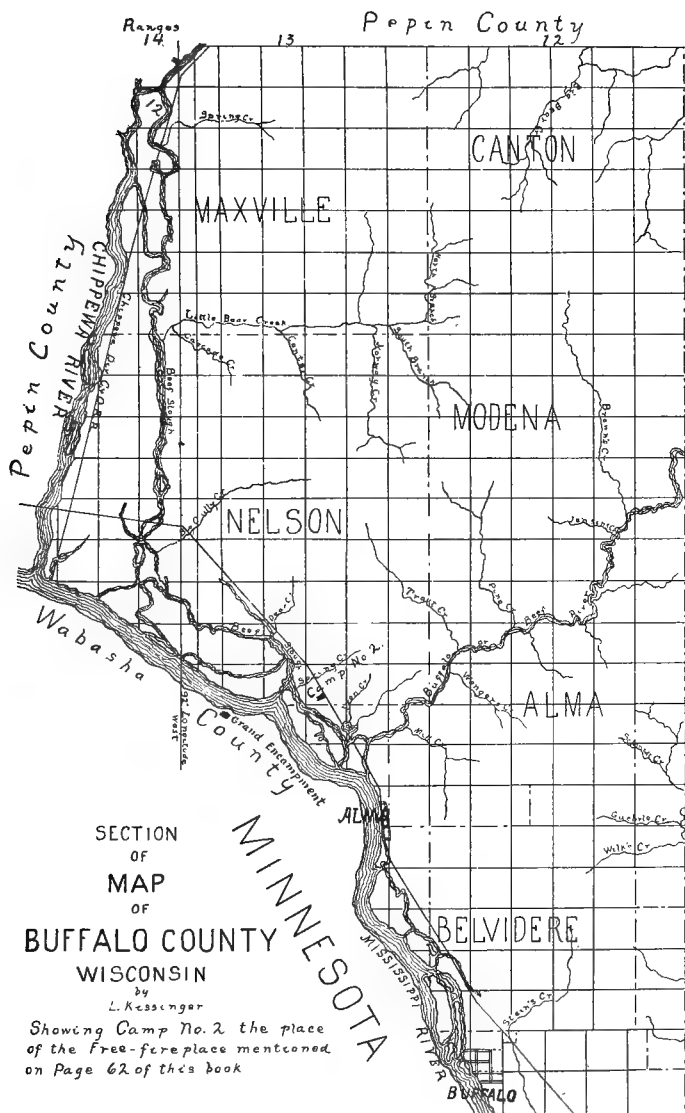
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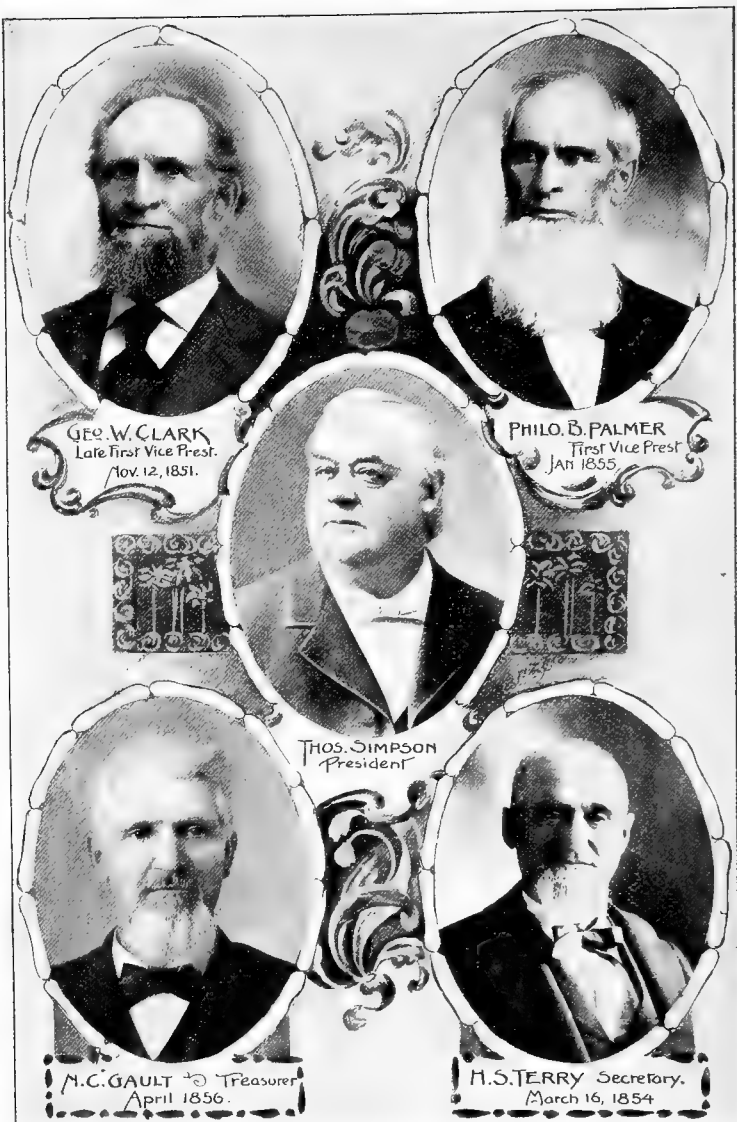
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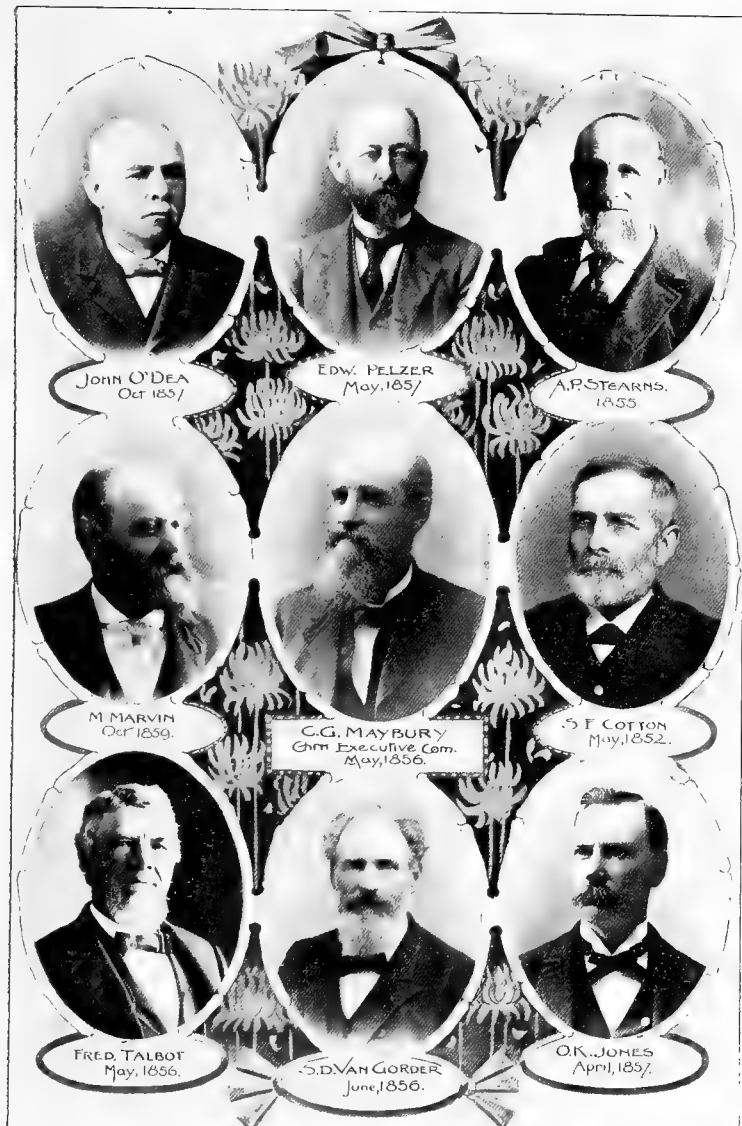
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OFFICERS

OF THE WINONA COUNTY OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.
 1897.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

OF THE WINONA COUNTY OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

1897.

INTRODUCTION.

It has been the purpose of the author in writing this book, to condense his experiences and recollections of the past, as far as they relate to the subjects of this volume, and then connect them with the history of the present, so that coming generations of "Old Settlers," may easily continue their history.

A new and electrical era has dawned upon the world since the birth of the author in March, 1824, and since his first arrival in Minnesota in June, 1842, but his frontier experiences and those of his brother Willard and his family, are so intimately associated with the first settlement of Winona County, that their recital here seems to be advisable. Hence, whatever of egoism may appear, will perhaps be deemed as necessary to the undertaking of this work.

And yet, the writer is aware that he cannot in so small a volume meet the expectations of all, but must of necessity chiefly rely upon the researches of others who have labored first in the same field, leaving out for the most part their references and what may not be thought essential; but to aid him in discriminating between the probable and improbable in disputed or unsettled problems of history and geography, he has an extensive and personal knowledge of frontier life, localities, Indian traditions, customs and character, and in boyhood he had a fluent use of the Chippewa and Dakota languages, which the study of his subject, he hopes, will in a measure call back to memory.

His early acquaintance with the fur traders and the devoted missionary fathers of those pioneer days, he thinks, has been useful in tempering his judgment of the men of the

CHAPTER I.

Explorations in Pre-Territorial days of the Lake Country and Mississippi—Title to Territory acquired by French occupation of Fur Traders—Missionaries, and by *Process Verbal*—Transfer of part of French Territory to England at close of war of 1763—At close of Revolutionary war in 1783, land east of the division line agreed upon between England and France, yielded by England to United States—In 1803 large French territory of Louisiana was acquired by the United States by purchase, and later, the extension of territory was acquired by treaties with Spain and Mexico—French explorations into the Dakota and Chippewa Country—Food of the Indians, their customs and character.

A history of the settlement of Winona County should embrace a record of the title by which the territory was acquired by the government of the United States, hence the following abstract is given:

In 1763, at the conclusion of the war between England and France, England acquired all of the land east of a line running south from the international boundary to the source of the Mississippi river, and thence on east side of said river, south to the Florida, or Spanish line, an uncertain boundary.

The territory on west side of the great river, from the forty-ninth parallel to its mouth, excepting Spanish territory, was held by France as the province of the *Louisiane*.

In 1783, at the conclusion of the Revolutionary war, the portion of Minnesota east of the division line agreed upon by France and England in 1763, became a part of the "Terri-

tory Northwest of the Ohio river;" subsequently of Wisconsin territory, and originally part of the territory acquired by the Revolution.

In 1803 the United States acquired by purchase the vast province of Louisiana, and later, by treaties with Spain and Mexico, extinguished all conflicting claims except those of the Indians which were settled by treaties.

In 1858 Minnesota was admitted into the Union of States, having been carved out of a part of the old French Indian territory known as "New France," and the North-West and Wisconsin territories. The first real knowledge acquired by the French [after that of John Cabot] of the vast possessions claimed by them in the far Northwest was from the Huron Indians, whose name has been given to one of the lakes of the great chain.

When Samuel Champlain, the navigator, visited the Hurons in 1615, they gave him outline maps of districts to be visited, and gave him a pretty good idea of the resources of the territory, which have in later years been published; but like all voyagers into new territory and among savage tribes with whose language they are unacquainted, he was led into serious errors, as is believed, by the interpretations given him. Champlain made a too hasty exploration of only a part of the country; but looked upon with reference to the difficulties that surrounded him, and the obstacles to be overcome, his map and writings show him to have been an earnest and useful explorer, and his explorations were a means of prompting others.

Champlain's "Grand Lac," or Great Lake, is the modern Lake Superior, but it is not a very good interpretation of the Chippewa Indian name of Kit-chi-Gum-mi, which signifies the "Great Deep Lake," in reference to its known profundity. The error of supposing a great river to enter Lake Superior from the south, may be accounted for, especially when it is understood that by means of portages, or short land carriage of canoes of birch bark from streams running north to those

going south, the Mississippi river had been navigated continuously from ancient days, by war parties of Sioux and Chippewa Indians, as well as by the more ancient workers of the copper mines. "The Great River" as it was interpreted from its Chippewa name of Mich-ee-see-bee, was much nearer its true signification than the fanciful name of "Father of Waters," for Nu-say, the Chippewa term for father, does not in any way enter into the composition of a name for a river; nor would it be in accordance with the spirit of an Indian tongue to so call it. The Mississippi was sometimes spoken of as Miche-gah-see-bee, or the "great *endless river*" country; as the whole big lake territory was sometimes designated as Mичee-gah-be-gong, or the *boundless waters*.

The Chippewa language admits of more poetic expression of thought than any other primitive American tongue; but its grammar is in accord with natural law, understood by the chief speakers of the tribe. Man-i-to-ba, for instance, "God's Land," is to the Chippewa a veritable Paradise, because of the abundance of fish and game to be found there.

The early geographers were dependent upon expert draftsmen in Quebec, Montreal or France, to delineate from their rude tracings the results of their voyages, and the information often obtained from uncertain sources, and as the cartographers of that period had never seen the country they were mapping, the work done by them was necessarily very imaginative. One error was copied and propagated into many, until more enlightened explorers at last exposed the lack of accuracy. The most common errors are of direction and location. Champlain was told of the copper deposits of Lake Superior, for the knowledge of their existence in the Ontonagon river and other places, was traditionally known to all of the various tribes of the whole lake country, but the silver deposits were not so well known, though the writer heard of and saw some virgin silver and copper specimens as early as 1833. The Indians for many years prohibited the working of the mines of Lake Superior, under the belief that to disturb

the mines would disturb the spirits of the ancient workers, whose stone implements had been left in the mines, and thereby bring upon themselves disaster and death. Hence, none of the early explorers could obtain permits to even prospect or exploit the mines in order to obtain an approximate idea of their value; and their energies were, therefore, devoted to the fur trade alone.

It will be necessary to briefly follow the early Canadian explorers of the upper Mississippi valley through parts of the present territories of Michigan and Wisconsin, as well as Minnesota, in order that we may intelligently account for the establishment of the semi-military trading posts in the vicinity of Winona, a central point for trade. In doing so, I draw from all sources of information traced out by writers of known ability and character, without quoting from the authorities they cite, as it would materially increase the size of this volume. My purpose is to give persons who have but little time at their disposal, but who perhaps would read a small book, an opportunity of gaining an insight into the character of a people but little understood. The abridgements, contrary to custom, are necessary to the plan of this work.

The Hon. James Sutherland, in "Wisconsin Historical Collections," says: "Jean Nicollet was the explorer to whom history ascribes the honor of first visiting the territory now known as Wisconsin. He had emigrated from France to Canada, as early as the year 1618. Here his associations were mainly with the natives. He learned their languages, studied their manners and customs, and so far adopted their habits of life, the better to ingratiate himself into their confidence, that he almost became an Indian himself; all of which well fitted him to become a useful interpreter. He was honored by his Government as its agent in negotiating all the treaties made in that region with the Indians during that early period. In his intercourse with those who came from the far west and southwest, he obtained a faint idea of the great inland seas and rivers. After establishing the mission

at Sault Ste Marie, between Lakes Huron and Superior, he determined on a voyage to the country of which he had heard, and accordingly passed through the Straits of Macinaw, whence he proceeded around the northern and western shores of Lake Michigan, until he entered Green Bay. This was in the year 1634, only four years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Here Nicollet held a council with some four or five thousand warriors, who had assembled to see the strange white man who had ventured upon their far distant territory. They informed him further about the great river of the west, and gave him a description of the route thither. He therefore determined upon a yet further voyage of discovery. After leaving Green Bay he passed up the Fox river to the villages of the Mascoutins; but, wearying of his journey, or from some other cause, he did not reach the Wisconsin, much less descend any portion of it, but returned to Green Bay, and thence to Quebec. In the year 1642, while on a mission to deliver one of his countrymen who had fallen a prisoner into the hands of the Indians, his canoe was upset in a stream, and he was drowned. Thus perished the noble and adventurous Nicollet."

The Indian fur traders were the first to form temporary settlements in the wildernesses of the Lake and Mississippi regions, though the missionary "fathers" belonging to the Roman Catholic church, with a piety and zeal not surpassed in the world's history, soon followed, giving up the luxuries of sunny France and comfortable abodes in Canada to face the wintry storms in this their chosen field of labor. The only shelter and food possible for those good priests to have, while on those missions of love, was what was shared with them by the savages they were endeavoring to enlighten; and however futile their efforts may have been in overcoming the evils of the Indian's passionate and revengeful nature, and his love for whisky, when later it was introduced, the French Catholic priest's piety and devotion to his religion, to his order and to his ideas of duty, cannot be doubted. Unlike the priests of

Spain who accompanied Cortez and Pizarro, some of whom later proved entirely unreliable, the French missionaries endeavored to build up, not destroy, and to the *relations* of the Jesuit missionaries covering a period from 1626 to 1679, are we principally indebted for whatever remains of value concerning that period. And yet, more attention was bestowed upon the conversion and habits of the savages and the accumulation of beaver skins, than upon a survey and true description of their country; for in some instances their topography is entirely at fault, and some of them, it is most charitable to believe, were unfitted for their work. And yet, with the few exceptions that may be named, no men were more devoted.

Hon. E. B. Washburn, in an address at Madison, Wisconsin, in 1884, to be seen on pages 235 to 260, Vol. X, Wis. Hist. Collect. says: "The early history of the country now embraced in the State of Wisconsin has all the interest of a romance. No man can read the account of the French domination over the whole country of the Great Lakes, running back as far as 1671, and coming down to 1763, without awakening within him the greatest admiration for those pious French missionaries who erected the cross among so many tribes of Indians, where a white man had never before been seen, and planted the flag of France as the sign of the protection of the French Government. It was the French missionary, with a devotion unparalleled; with a courage unsubdued, and with a heroism never surpassed, facing hardship and danger unheard of, illustrating his whole life and career with pure and devout piety, who first trod the soil of Wisconsin. No new state of the union has done so much to preserve its history and illustrate its career and progress, as has the state of Wisconsin."

And now to continue the good work, Prof. Thwaites, secretary of Wisconsin State Historical Society, is translating for publication, the "Jesuit Relations," a mine of literary wealth never before open to English readers.

The Dakotahs are mentioned by Paul le Jeune as occu-

ping territory in 1640, in the neighborhood of Ouinnipigon, (Winnebago), that is, fairly interpreted, the dwellers in the dirty lake regions, or literally of the strong-smelling and turbid waters. Names are more lasting than granite and the writer has never yet believed in the idea advanced by the early writers, that the Winnebagoes came originally from the "*Salt Seas*;" for it is not known from whence they came. The Winnebagoes are certainly of Dakota origin, if not, as they claim, the older tribe; but this will be again referred to.

The exploration of what is now Minnesota, was first made from Lake Superior. In 1659, two Frenchmen named Groseilliers and Radisson, spent the winter at Mille Lacs with Dakotas there encamped.

There were some forty Sioux villages in the locality, Indians from whom tradition says Wah-pa-sha sprang; enough they thought to engage with in trade, but the Frenchmen were unable to make satisfactory arrangements with the Governor, after returning to New France, and their hopes for acquiring wealth from the Indian trade, were for a time dissipated. However, Groseilliers induced the English to start an expedition by way of Hudson's Bay to Fort Rupert, and with great tenacity, of purpose, he seems to have returned to Lake Superior by way of the Me-me or Pigeon river, as that stream was known to some of the earlier voyagers; it also had been given Groseilliers' name.

Rev. Edward D. Neill, D. D., in Wisconsin Historical Collections, says: "It is only of recent occurrence that we have had a full account of the early explorations of Radisson and Groseilliers in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

"Mr. Gideon D. Scull, of London, discovered not long since, in the library of the British museum, manuscript journals of Peter Radisson, the Frenchman, who with his brother-in-law, Medard Chouart, the Sieur des Groseilliers, had penetrated central Wisconsin, and was the first to visit the region now known as Minnesota. . . . Radisson was not a scholar, was careless about dates, and the transcriber of the manu-

scripts, or the type setter, has mangled many Indian words; and yet there are facts in the volume which may modify some of the statements of modern historians as to the explorations of the North-West." During the winter of 1658-9, with a party of Frenchmen and a few Indians, they were at Green Bay, and learned from some Maskoutens "about the Sioux and Christenos." "In the spring of 1659, Radisson proposed that the Hurons of their party should visit the refugees of their tribe toward the sources of the Wisconsin and Black rivers. In October 1659, a visit was made to the Sault (Falls) of Lake Superior, to the Indians whom Radisson calls Pauvestigauce." The Algonquins called these Pawitagouck, People of the Falls, (no doubt in the Huron tongue). Here the French passed the winter, and in the Spring of 1660 returned to the Green Bay region, where Radisson mentions he went up a great river which branched, one turning west and the other south towards Mexico. It is possible he may have followed the Wisconsin as far as the Mississippi river. [If he did, and the Wisconsin was very much higher than the Mississippi at the time of his visit, he may have been deceived; for the west portion of the stream flows up a short distance, apparently, like an eddy, making very dead water in the Mississippi above the mouth of the Wisconsin. —Author]. In August, 1660, Radisson and Groseilliers returned to Quebec.

In the Spring of 1662, Groseilliers and Radisson proposed to make another tour to the remotest nations, and the Governor of Canada expressed his willingness to give them a license, provided they would take with them two of his servants and allow him one half of the peltries obtained. Looking upon the demand as unjust, they quietly made their arrangements to slip away, which they did on second of May in company with a party of Indians returning to the Sault, at the entrance of Lake Superior. Their purpose was to find Hudson Bay by way of Lake Superior. In time they camped by the Utawas, now Ottawa river, Lake Huron, "ready," writes

Radisson, "to wander on that sweet sea," (meaning *fresh* water sea). Following the route from Georgian Bay, by the Straits of Manitoulin island, they came to the rapids "that make the separation of the Lake of Hurons and that we call Superior or Upper" lake. Here they rested for some time, and ate assickamack, "white fish," [the Chippewa word is A-tick-a-make.—Author]. While Radisson's dates are confusing, yet he gives a very correct account of the earliest explorations of the south shores of Lake Superior, and asserts that he was the first white man to visit the "Arched Rock." They mention the Little Iron river, and of finding pieces of copper, which they were told was abundant. "Five days' journey along the south shore of the lake brought their canoes to an encampment of Christinos, not far from the Montreal river of modern maps. A half day's journey brought the two explorers to a point two leagues long jutting out into the lake, but only sixty paces in width. By a short portage the beautiful bay of Cheguamegon was discovered, and Groseilliers and Radisson, with their Huron guides, went to the head of the bay and camped near a stream, between the modern towns of Ashland and Washburn, Wisconsin."

"The Hurons told the Frenchmen that they wished to go to a village five days' distant, to visit their wives and friends. A settlement of refugee Hurons was at this time towards the sources of the Black and Chippewa rivers in Wisconsin. Groseilliers and Radisson agreed to wait for them fourteen days, and occupied the interval in building the first rude European fort or trading post on Lake Superior. It was of pickets in the shape of a triangle. The door faced the lake, fire place in the middle, and sleeping place in the right-hand corner. It was surrounded by an abbattis of branches of trees, and around the whole was suspended a long cord upon which were small bells which took the place of sentries. A small brook was near by. On the twelfth day of their residence at "the bay," some of the Hurons came back with fifty young men, and preparations were made to visit their village. The French-

men, after a march of four days through the forest, reached a village near a lake eight leagues in circumference, (probably lake Flambeau.) The next day they reached a settlement of one hundred wigwams, and were guests of the chief. Here were met some Malhominees, (Menominees) and an old man of the tribe adopted Radisson as his son. The winter was passed in following the Indians while hunting. The snow was deep, and there was much suffering from scurvy and hunger. In the spring, a deputation of Nadoues-Sero-nons, (Sioux) known as the Boeuf or Buffalo people, arrived, and in a great council expressed their wishes to be on friendly terms with the French. The French were told that Tantanga (Tah-tonkah) was the name for the buffalo. The Sioux wore in their noses and ears rings of copper wire, to which in cold weather they attached feathers or down to break the force of the wind—rude face mufflers.

Their drums were earthen pots wound with dried skins. They wanted to have *thunder* to take home with them—that is, a gun, which they called Miniskoick, (a gun in Sioux, Mazakan), and the French to make peace for them with the Christinos, their enemies. Radisson mentions, that after this council, he visited the Boeuf Sioux, who were distant “seven small journeys, and found a prairie town of lodges of skins and mats, the population very numerous, and one man had fourteen wives; that where they were, there was no wood, but in the winter they moved to the woods of the north,” [as for instance to the Beef Slough bottoms, or perhaps those of the Trempealeau.—Author.]

Marquette has been credited by some with the discovery of the upper portion of the Mississippi, but Rev. E. D. Neill, after close researches, in his translations, gives the honor to Sieur Nicollet, who in 1639, is said to have been the first Frenchman on the Mississippi after the visit of De Soto.

Father Menard seems also to have been in advance of Marquette, but the mournful loss of his life in the swamps of a Chippewa or Black river forest, has left his visit in obscur-

ity. All that seems certain connected with his intended visit to the Hurons, who in winter in those days, were frequently encamped on the head waters of those streams, is that he left his mission on Lake Superior with his faithful servitor Guerin, to visit the Hurons, and that while *en-route*, he was separated for a time on some portage trail, and finally completely lost. His black gown was said to have been in the possession of a Sioux, and if so, he was doubtless murdered by some scout of a war party of Sioux. The mystery of Father Menard's death has never been solved, but we know that his memory should be honored as greatly as though he had fallen upon the battlefield.

Marquette passed through the Wisconsin from the Portage, and down the Mississippi in 1673, but he seems not to have then added much to his knowledge of the territory now within the boundaries of Minnesota on the great river.

Claud Allouez in 1665, was appointed to the mission of La Point, and in about 1666, visited *Fond du Lac Superior*. He met there Indians from the Sioux country, west and southwest. Those Indians were known to the Chippewas then as now, as the Nod-a-way-see, or confederated tribe of *enemies*, a name which in Sioux is represented by the general term of Dakota, the different bands of the Dakota Nation, having their distinctive names. The French orthography and English pronunciation of it, has made sad havoc with nearly all Indian names in the Northwest. The older American settlers in the Eastern States, having been in close relations, have preserved the names of Algonquin origin, for the most part, better than have been those of Indians in the west, especially those of guttural sound. It has been said that the French fur traders invented the name Sioux, for the Dakota tribe, that their jealous or suspicious Chippewa customers of the lake region might not understand when the Dakota tribe was mentioned in their presence. That seems to the writer improbable, and he thinks it more reasonable to suppose the word "Sioux," was derived from the last syllable

of Nad-au-es-sioux, or from Sault, the French word for the Falls, at the St. Mary's, foot of Lake Superior, which is pronounced Soo-St.-Mary, where the Dakotas were living for a time, and when the locality was again recovered by the Chipewas, they in turn were known as Ha-ha-tone, to the Sioux, or as "the dwellers at the Falls," or literally "Fall dwellers," as also Saulters by the French for the same reason. It has been supposed that Allouez never saw the great river told of by the Sioux, but he gave to it very nearly the name by which it is now known. In his *relations*, he called the great river Mes-si-pi, which if pronounced as he doubtless did, it would be Mees-sip-ee, near enough to our modern Mississippi.

Allouez was much interested in the Dakota Indians, and gave an account of their character and customs. He spoke of them from what he had heard from their own lips, as a people living in deer skin tents, in a prairie country abounding in all kinds of game, who cultivated tobacco, and subsisted largely on marsh rice. The writer thinks it more probable that kinnekenick was indicated by the Sioux instead of tobacco, as Chan-dee tobaccos, and Cha-sha-sha the red ozier, "Red Redwood," were both used and spoken of as tobacco. Cultivated tobacco would have required more time and care for its mature growth than would have been at the disposal of a people so predatory and roving as were the Sioux. Besides they were very fond of kinnikenick or red ozier, and a kind of arbutus, which they used habitually. Not only did the Dakotas use the wild rice and store it for winter use, but they also used the hollow-rooted or lotus lily roots for food, and varieties of water and dry land tubers or Indian potatoes, called Dakota potatoes by some, which they roasted or steamed in the ground, after the manner of a New England clam bake. In emergencies, and to prevent or cure scurvy, and other diseases of the blood, they used the inner bark of white pine and the roots of dock and many other plants which are still held in high estimation by their few remaining descendants.

The deer skin tents were probably buffalo or elk skins. Allouez also wrote of the Dakotas' dexterity with the bow and arrow, but it was upon Marquette that the strongest impression of the Sioux's war-like character was made, for on account of their hostility, he abandoned the mission at La Pointe, and described the Dakotas as a "certain people called *Nadouessi*, dreaded by their neighbors; and, although they use only the bow and arrow, they use it with so much skill and dexterity that, in a moment, they fill the air. In the Parthian mode, they turn their heads in flight, and discharge their arrows so rapidly that they are no less to be feared in their retreat than in their attack." That mode of warfare belonged to all Indians of the prairies and plains, who in attack as in retreat, used their horses and shields alike to protect their bodies, while fired at, or driving their arrows into their enemies. A wild Sioux of early days would hang by one leg and the curve of an arm, and ambidexterously shoot from either side of his horse, and under its neck, leaving but little more than an elbow and foot exposed.

The reports concerning the natural wealth of the far Indian country excited the cupidity of the fur traders of Canada, so that in the interest of that trade, the Governor in 1678, sent Daniel Greysolon the Sieur Du Luth, (or he claimed to have been sent), with a party of but eight men to explore the country west of Lake Superior, and in the name of the King of France to take possession of the territory and secure the trade of its Indian occupants before the English could gain possession of the trade or country.

Du Luth wintered near the falls of St. Mary's river of Lake Superior, and in July of 1679, he set up the arms of the King of France in the Sioux village of *Kathio*, which he named *Izatys*, (Isantis), and which must have been the village at Mille Lacs, referred to by Groseilliers and Radisson.

In 1680, he passed the Mississippi river by way of Bois Brule or Burnt Wood river of Wisconsin, and the St. Croix, and encountered Hennepin and his companions, as detailed

in his report made to the Marquis of Seignelay in 1685, as appears in Shea's translation, as follows: "On July 2nd, 1679, I had the honor to plant his Majesty's arms in the great village of Nadauecioux, called Izatys, where never had a Frenchman been, no more than at the Songaskitons and Honetbotons, distant six score leagues from former, where I also planted his Majesty's arms in the same year, 1679.

"On the 15th of September, having given the Agrenipoulac, as well as all the other Northern Nations, a rendezvous at the extremity of Lake Superior, to induce them to make peace with the Nadauecioux, their common enemy, they were all there, and I was happy enough to gain their esteem and friendship, to unite them together; and in order that the peace might be lasting among them, I thought that I could not cement it better than by inducing the nations to make reciprocal marriages with each other. This I could not effect without great expense. The following winter I made them hold meetings in the woods, which I attended, in order that they might hunt together, give banquets, and by this means contract closer friendship. The presents which it cost me to induce the Indians to go down to Montreal—who had been diverted by the Openagaux and Abenakis, at the instigation of English and Dutch, who made them believe that the plague raged in the French settlements, and that it had spread as far as Nipissingue, where most of the Nipissirieres had died of it—have also entailed a great expense.

"In June, 1680, not being satisfied with having made my discovery by land, I took two canoes with an Indian who was my interpreter, and four Frenchmen to seek means to make it by water. With this view I entered a river which empties eight leagues from the extremity of Lake Superior on the south side, when, after having cut some trees, and broken about a hundred beaver dams, I reached the upper waters of the said river; and then I made a portage of half a league to reach a lake, the outlet of which fell into a very fine river which took me down into the Mississippi. Being there, I

learned from eight cabins of Nadauecioux, whom I met, that the Rev. Father Louis Hennepin, recollect. now at the convent of St. Germain, with two other Frenchmen, had been robbed and carried off as slaves for more than three-hundred leagues by the Nadauecioux themselves. This intelligence surprised me so much, that without hesitating, I left two Frenchmen with these said eight cabins of Indians, as well as the goods which I had to make presents, and took one of said Indians, to whom I made a present, to guide me with my interpreter and two Frenchmen to where the said Rev. Father Louis was, and as it was a good eighty leagues, I proceeded in canoe two days and two nights, and the next day at ten o'clock in the morning I found him with 1,000 or 1,100 souls. The want of respect which showed to the said Rev. Father provoked me, and this I showed them, telling them that he was my brother; and I had him placed in my canoe to come with me into the village of the said Nadauecioux, whither I took him, and in which a week after arrival there, I caused a council to be convened, exposing the ill-treatment which they had been guilty of, both to the said Rev. Father and to the other two Frenchmen, who were with him, having robbed them and carried them off as slaves, and even taken the priestly vestments of said Rev. Father. I had two calumets which they had danced to them (given at a sacred peace dance) returned to them on account of the insult which they had offered them, being what they hold most in esteem among them to appease matters, telling them that I did not take calumets from people, who after they had seen me and received my peace presents, and been for a year always with Frenchmen, robbed them when they went to visit them. Each one in the council endeavored to throw the blame from himself, but their excuses did not prevent my telling the Rev. Father Louis that he would have to come with me toward the Outagamys, (Fox Indians), as he did, showing him that it would be to strike a blow at the French nation in a new discovery, to suffer an insult of this nature, without manifesting

resentment, although my design was to push on to the sea in a west-north-westerly course, which is, that which is believed to be the *Red Sea*, (Gulf of California), whence the Indians who had gone warring on that side gave salt to three Frenchmen whom I had sent exploring, and who brought me said salt, having reported to me that the Indians had told them that it was only twenty days journey from where they were to find the great lake, of which the waters were worthless to drink. This has made me believe that it would not be absolutely difficult to find it, if permission would be given to go there. However, I preferred to retrace my steps, manifesting to them the just indignation which I felt against them rather than to remain after the violence which they had done to the Rev. Father and the other two Frenchmen who were with him, whom I put in my canoes and brought them back to *Michelinakinak*."

I have purposely copied a rather extensive extract from Du Luth's statement, in order to show the character of the man and his courageous policy in dealing with savages; for whatever may be said of him by his enemies, his was the true policy to impress the Sioux and obtain an influence over them. Du Luth's references to the Red Sea, show that the Sioux Indians of the lake and Mississippi region had at some time in their history, been in communication, or with the roving bands of the plains, and by prisoners captured and bartered, or by traditionary recitals from date of their occupation, they had learned of the existence of the Colorado or Red waters, as well as of Salt Lake and of the near approach of the waters of the Missouri to those of the Columbia or Oregon river, and doubtless, supposed portages could be made. The errors of Du Luth, and other explorers, including Johnathan Carver, doubtless grew out of their imperfect knowledge of the Indian tongue of the tribes they were visiting, as well as the utter ignorance of the Indians themselves as to distance. Even now, it is difficult to get any definite idea of distance from an Indian. If he tells you a place is "way off," or "close by," he thinks you

rather stupid, if not satisfied with his answer to your inquiry as to distance. The Indian is not alone in this, his Mexican neighbor in the southwest has the same habit, and in parts of Germany, it is said, that time and distance both, on a journey, are reckoned by the number of pipes of tobacco consumed.

Du Luth "retraced his steps," down the Mississippi, not up the St. Croix, and returned to the lake region by way of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers.

As Hennepin, Accault and Du Gay, first saw the Mississippi river between the Wisconsin and Rum or the present St. Francis rivers, it is due to them to give extracts from their somewhat extended account of their adventures. Hennepin's points of the compass, if not himself, are several times at fault, but such errors, not all, are more likely to have occurred from carelessness in copying.

With the knowledge possessed by the writer, he thinks that excepting distances, Hennepin's first account, under the anxiety and strain put upon him was not so bad, though the smaller streams passed while in the hands of his Sioux captors lying down or riding backwards, perhaps, he seems not to have observed.

The bluffs were called mountains by Hennepin, but heights appear differently to different persons, and few have exact ideas of altitude. La Salle in justifying himself for having sent the expedition that gave so little credit to his management, says of Father Louis Hennepin: "*he will not fail to exaggerate everything, it is his character.*"

Hennepin's narrative, as translated by John G. Shea, is as follows: "The river Colbert (Mississippi) runs south-south-west and comes from north-northwest; it runs between two chains of mountains, very small here, which wind with the river, and in some places are pretty far from the banks, so that between the mountains and the river, there are large prairies, where you often see large herds of wild cattle (buffalo) browsing. In other places, these eminences leave semi-circular spots covered with grass or wood. Beyond these

mountains you discover vast plains, but the more we approach the northern side ascending, the earth did not appear to us so fertile, nor the woods so beautiful, as in the *Illinois* country.

This great river is almost everywhere a short league in width, and in some places two leagues; it is divided by a number of islands covered with trees interlaced with so many [grape] vines as to be almost impassable. It receives no considerable river on the western side except that of the Oton-tenta, and another, which comes from the west-northwest seven or eight leagues from the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua.

On the eastern side you meet first an inconsiderable river and then further on another called by the Indians Ouisconsin, or Misconsin, which comes from the east and east-northeast. Sixty leagues up you leave it and make a portage of half a league, and reach the bay of the Puans by another river (the Fox) which, near its source, meanders most curiously. It is almost as broad (the Wisconsin) as the river Seignelay, or *Islinois*, and empties into the river Colbert a hundred leagues above the river Seignelay, (Illinois).

"Twenty-four leagues above, you come to the Black river, called by the Nadouessous, or Islati, Cha-de-ba or Cha-ba-ou-de-ba, (must mean La Crosse river, not Black, for that is called by the Sioux Wat-pah-zappah, if the river was indicated, or Minne-sap-pah, or Black water, and is a lake at its mouth, not a small river). It seems inconsiderable.

"Thirty leagues further up you find the Lake of Tears, (Lake Pepin), which we so named because the Indians who had taken us, wishing to kill us, some of them wept the whole night to induce the others to consent to our death. This lake, which is formed by the river Colbert, is seven leagues long and about four wide. There is no considerable current in the middle that we could perceive, but only at its entrance and exit. Half a league below the Lake of Tears, on the south side, (north side), is Buffalo river, full of turtles. It is so called by the Indians on account of the numbers of buffalo found there. We followed it for ten or twelve leagues; it

empties with rapidity into the river Colbert, but as you ascend it, it is always gentle and free from rapids. It is skirted by mountains far enough off in some places to form prairies. The mouth is wooded on both sides and is full as wide as that of the Seignelay.

“Forty leagues above is a river full of rapids, by which, striking northwest, you can proceed to lake Conde, (Lake Superior), as far as *Nimissakouat* river, (Bois Brule), which empties into that lake. This first river, (St. Croix), is called Tomb river, because the Issati left there the body of one of their warriors, killed by a rattle snake, on whom, according to their custom, I put a blanket. This act of humanity gained me much importance by gratitude displayed by the men of the deceased’s tribe in a great banquet which they gave me in their country, and to which more than a hundred Indians were invited. [The Sioux do not give banquets to their prisoners, but for the honor shown to the remains Hennepin was invited to the funeral feast.]

“Continuing to ascend this river, (Mississippi), ten or twelve leagues more, the navigation is interrupted by a cataract, which I called the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua, in gratitude for the favors done me by the Almighty through the intercession of that great Saint, whom we had chosen patron and protector of all our enterprises. This cataract is forty or fifty feet high, [not so high], divided in the middle of its fall by a rocky island of pyramidal form. The high mountains (bluffs) which skirt the river Colbert, last only as far as the river *Ouisconsin*, about one hundred and twenty leagues; at this place, (St. Anthony’s), it begins to flow from the west and northwest without our having been able to learn from the Indians, who have ascended it very far, the spot where this river rises. They merely told us that twenty or thirty leagues below, [above], there is a second fall, (Little Falls), at the foot of which are some villages of the prairie people called *Tinthonka*, (Tin-ton-wan), who live there a part of the year. Eight leagues above St. Anthony of Padua Falls, on the

right, you find the river *Issati*, or Nadouessiou, (Rum River), with a very narrow mouth, which you can ascend to the north for about seventy leagues to lake Buade, or of the *Issati*, where it rises. We gave this river the name of St. Francis. This last lake spreads out into great marshes, producing wild rice, like many other places down to the bay of the Puans, (Green Bay). This kind of grain grows in marshy places, without anyone sowing it; it resembles oats, but tastes better, and the stalks are longer as well as the ear. The Indians gather it in due season. The women tie several ears (stalks) of it together with white-wood bark (bass wood) to prevent its being all devoured by the flocks of ducks and teal found there. The Indians lay in a stock for part of the year to eat out of the hunting season.

“Lake Buade, (Milli Lac,) or lake of the *Issati*, is situated about seventy leagues west of Lake Conde, (Lake Superior). It is impossible to go from one to the other by land on account of the marshy and quaggy nature of the ground; you might go, though with difficulty, on the snow in snow-shoes; by water there are many portages, and it is one hundred and fifty leagues, on account of the many turns to be made.

“From Lake Conde, to go conveniently by canoe, you must pass by Tomb river, where we found only the skeleton of the Indians whom I mentioned above, the bears having eaten the flesh and pulled up the poles which the deceased’s relatives had planted for a monument. One of our boatmen found a war columet beside the grave, and an earthen pot upset, in which the Indians had left fat buffalo meat, to assist the departed, as they say, in making his journey to the land of Souls.”

“In the neighborhood of Lake Buade are many other lakes whence issue several rivers, on the banks of which live the *Issati*, *Nadouessous*, *Tinthona*, (which means prairie men), *Oua-de-ba-thon*, (Wah-pe-ton-wan) river people, *Chougaske-ton*, dog or wolf tribe (for *Chouna* among these nations mean dog or wolf) and other tribes, all which we comprise under

the name *Nadouessou*. These Indians number eight or ten thousand warriors, very brave, great runners and very good bowmen. It was by a part of these tribes that I and our two canoe men were taken."

The two canoe men, referred to as "*our*" canoe men, were Michel Accault, sent by La Salle from the Illinois river, in charge of the expedition, and a Picard by name of Du Gay. Hennepin accompanied these explorers of commerce, as a Franciscan priest, and although La Salle was disappointed in his expectations of opening up a profitable commerce with the Indians of the upper Mississippi, valuable knowledge was acquired concerning those Indians and their territory, that resulted in French domination of their fur trade for many years.

It is not the purpose of the author to enter into the jealousies that existed among the leaders of those times, farther than to show to whom we are really indebted for the discovery of Minnesota and Wisconsin on the waters of the Mississippi, and who paved the way for a civilized settlement.

Charlevoix, a man of integrity of character, gives Du Luth the reputation of having been a man of veracity, courage and honor, although La Salle says of him in a letter from Ft. Frontenac: "For three years he (Du Luth) had been, contrary to orders, with a band of *Coueurs des bois*, in the Lake Superior region. He had acted very boldly there, publishing everywhere that at the head of his braves he did not fear the Grand Prevoust, and that he would forcibly make him grant him amnesty. . . . Mons. le Comptue de Frontenac had him arrested, (as was Columbus), and took measures to keep him in prison in the bastille at Quebec, intending to send him to France on the certification of the facts by Mons. l'Intendant, to the end that the amnesty granted to his *Coueurs des bois*, should not result in his discharge.

"To know who this Du Luth is, it is necessary that you be informed by Mons. Dalera, meantime he pretends to have made a considerable discovery, and to demand this country as

if to the advantage of the *Isolinois*, a proceeding which is quite agreeable, and which he hopes may compensate for his rebellion. . . . There are only three routes by which to go there (the Sioux country)—one is by Lake Superior, the second by the bay of the *Puans*. (Green Bay), and the third is by the *Isolinois* and the territory that is covered by my commission. The first two lie under suspicion, and it will not be necessary to open to him the third to my disadvantage, he not having incurred any expense, and having made great gains without risk, at the same time that I have endured great fatigue, perils and losses. Further, through the *Isolinois* is a detour of three hundred leagues for him. For the greater part of the country of the *Nadouessioux* is not that which he discovered. It has been known for a long time, and the R. P. Hennipin and Michel Accault were there before him. Even that one of his fellow-deserters who was there, was one of my soldiers whom he bribed. Furthermore, this country is not habitable, little adapted to cultivation, having only marshes full of wild rice, (*folle avoine*,) on which the people live; and there can be derived from this discovery no advantage whether it be attributable to my men or to Du Luth, because the streams are not navigable. But the King having granted us the trade in buffalo hides, this would be ruined in going to and coming from the *Nadouessioux* by any other route than by Lake Superior by which Count Frontenac has power to send him there in search of beaver, in pursuance of the authority which he has to grant permits. But if they go by way of the *Ouisconsin*, where for the present the chase of the buffalo is carried on, and where I have commenced an establishment, they will ruin the trade of which alone I am laying the foundation, on account of the great number of buffaloes which are taken there every year, almost beyond belief."

It is quite plain that La Salle was influenced in his judgment against Du Luth, by the fear of his trade being encroached upon by Du Luth's energy and enterprise. Du Luth saw the importance of the Wisconsin river as a route of

travel and transportation of merchandise, for it afforded earlier, easier and safer communication than the route by the St. Croix. As to the demand of La Salle that the Wisconsin river should not be used, lest it should scare and drive off the buffaloes his Indians were killing, it must be looked upon as unreasonable, for it was, and had been the great high-way communication from the Mississippi by Indians to Green Bay, beyond the reach even of tradition.

There were other explorers into the wilds of Minnesota, like Baron La Hontan, but whose writings can add but little of interest to this work as their descriptions were too indefinite, or in some instances, wholly imaginary.

Nicholas Perrot, a trader, and afterwards an agent of France in the upper Mississippi, wrote concerning the *habits, customs and religions of the savages of North America*, of the St. Croix and St. Peters rivers, and in 1683, accompanied Le Sueur in an exploration of the Minnesota river valley.

Le Sueur was a trader of considerable ambition and success, and established several important trading post, but was led off from the Indian trade into a visionary scheme of mining on the Blue Earth river, that ended in disastrous failure. But Nicholas Perrot must now receive attention:

CHAPTER II.

Career of Nicolas Perrot—East branch of Chippewa described—A famous resort for game—Maps of Franquelin and Buffalo channel of the Chippewa river—A great resort for turtles—Mode of cooking turtles and of finding their eggs in sand—Perrot is made commandant for the West, and in winter of 1685-6 winters on the Mississippi—La Potherie's assertion—Major Long's corroborative—Penicaut's statement concerning Fort Perrot on Lake Pepin—Fort Beauharnois on Lake Pepin and its commander—Linctot passes the winter of 1731-2 at *Montagne qui trempe dans l'eau*—And returns to site of old fort at Sandy Point in spring—Saint Pierre sent to command new fort on Lake Pepin—A list of old forts given by Historian Neill—The fire place found by the author in 1844, near mouth of east outlet of the Chippewa river at Camp No. 2—Fire places of Perrot at Trempealeau established beyond a doubt, and that of Beef Slough probably will be—A few words concerning Captain Jonathan Carver.

E. D. Neill says, in Appendix E. of History of Minnesota: "Nicolas Perrot, sometimes written Pere, was one of the most energetic of the class in Canada known as 'Coureurs des bois,' or forest rangers. Born in 1644, at an early age he was identified with the fur trade of the great inland lakes. As early as 1665, he was among the Outagamies, (Foxes), and in 1667 was at Green Bay. In 1669 he was appointed by Talon to go to the lake region in search of copper mines. In October, 1670, he left Montreal and wintered near Green Bay. On the 5th of May, 1671, he went with Indians to the great council at Sault Ste Marie, and there at the formal taking possession of that country, in the name of the King of

France, on the 14th of May, 1671, he acted as interpreter. In 1677, he seems to have been employed by Frontenac. . . When Du Luth, on his way to Mackinaw, in the summer of 1684, stopped at Green Bay, Perrot was there. In the spring of 1685, he was appointed by De la Barre, the governor of Canada, commandant for the West, and left Montreal with twenty men." An insufficient number for defense, but by a ruse of frequently changing the clothes of his men, and other means, while on guard at his posts, he kept his enemies from attacking him. Upon one occasion, before the Indians had learned the use of "fire water," Perrot is said to have recovered some goods stolen from him by a chief and his men, by burning brandy in their presence and threatening to burn up their rice marshes if the goods were not returned. Perrot's wife was Madeline Raclos, and his residence was in the Seigneury of Becancourt, on the St. Lawrence. The mode of his death is uncertain, but appears to have been in about 1717. Perrot's usefulness and valor deserves the consideration that history has given to his work, and it is hoped that the author's discovery of a fire place of his construction may be useful to historians.

The career of Perrot, the Canadian, on the Mississippi, is of most interest to the purposes of the writer of this volume, as the remains of his old wintering ground at foot of the central portion of the Trempealeau bluffs, his oldest post or establishment on the Mississippi, and his Fort St. Antoine, probably a receiving house, near the mouth of the east branch of the Chippewa river, indicated on the now famous Franquelin map of 1688, have, in the opinion of the author, been established beyond a reasonable doubt.

Before giving an account of Nicolas Perrot's operations on the Mississippi, it is desirable that the voyage of Rev. Father Hennepin be re-called. It will be remembered that Hennepin, Accault, and Du Gay were captured by a rather large war party of Sioux in canoes, and that they had to re-ascend the river against its strong current; and hence, would

not be likely to overload their flotilla. Instead, they would depend upon the game killed for their subsistence, and would halt frequently, taking advantage of their knowledge of all dead or slothful waters in lakes and sloughs to avoid the strong current of the main channel in ascending. That would have been in strict conformity with the Indian's cunning and character, for he is sure to economize labor upon all occasions. Having bark canoes, he could easily, in the spring time, at a good stage, pass from one torpid slough or lake, over some narrow neck of land, to another, and in that way make easy progress. That is what the writer has done upon several occasions, though not quite so lazy as an Indian.

In none of the early maps, has the Delta of the Chippewa river been portrayed, only one channel has been indicated, and yet it was well known to all old pioneers that two large, and at least two small channels existed, by which navigation was made easy. (See map).

Before the Northeast or Buffalo channel, was obstructed by a raft run in by the wilfulness of Lt. Jefferson Davis, as told by old soldiers, and which subsequently held the accumulated drift of years, the Buffalo slough of the Chippewa river was always used in ascending the Chippewa, hence when Hennepin ascended what he calls "Buffalo river, full of turtles," and says: "It is so called by the Indians, on account of the numbers of buffalo there," Hennepin exactly describes the Northeastern channel, now known as "*Beef Slough*." The Sioux called that branch, "Tah-tan-kah-wat-pah" or Buffalo river, while the western channel, not "a half league below Lake Pepin," the Sioux called Ha-ha-tone, Wat-pah, as it was the direct channel by which the Chippewas descended from their territory in the piney woods and lakes at the sources of that stream. The mouth of the modern Buffalo river, navigable for canoes, enters the Buffalo channel of the Chippewa river, and commingling with that channel, runs into the Mississippi a short distance above Alma.

The Buffalo river, within the memory of the writer, was a

famous resort for game, and it is most probable that the Sioux who held Hennepin and the two Frenchmen, stopped there to hunt along the Buffalo river and slough. By going up the Buffalo channel, twelve miles of rapid current would have been avoided, game could have been secured in abundance, and Lake Pepin reached by the easiest way. But how Hennepin could write of the Chippewa river being "half a league below the Lake of Tears," (Pepin), or of the lake being "four leagues wide," is only to be accounted for by his bewildering situation.

The west side of the Chippewa river at its mouth, is a low sand bar, banked by willows and not high enough for an encampment, or a "place of concealment for buffalo meat," and the wide and long strip of bottom land lying between the two main channels of the Chippewa river, in very high water was completely inundated; a fact that would prevent any permanent encampment upon it, unless elevated on piles or an embankment of earth.

On account of the vast overflow, the Buffalo channel was a famous resort for turtles, swarming in seasons of high water to lay their eggs, (usually in the month of June), in the sands of the high land on the northeastern shore; when Indians with their searching pointed sticks, strove to rob the coons, skunks and crows, of their shares of the luxurious booty. It was probably the turtle's season of activity and of buffalo too, at the time of Hennepin's visit, and if so, it is easy to account for the Indians of the war party going up along the buffalo range "ten or twelve leagues," . . . for, as he said: "It is always gentle and free from rapids. It is skirted by mountains far enough off in some places to form prairies." If the party went up the slough, which seems to the writer certain, it must have been for game, and that they passed out the western channel is also probable, for Hennepin says: "The mouth is wooded on both sides and full as wide as that of the Seignelay." As there could be no hunting ground, except for ducks and geese, near the western outlet

of the Chippewa and the stream is continuously rapid for some miles up its forest and willow-clad shores. The Indian war party, supposedly hungry, would scarcely pass by a locality so noted for its game of all kinds—buffalo, elk, deer, bear, water-fowls, turtles and fish—without helping themselves to some of its surplus wealth. The same locality described, became known afterwards to a party of hungry Frenchmen, as the place, river and lake of Good Succor or Help, for the buffalo were in the habit then of roaming across the Chippewa near the inlet of Beef Slough to the prairie on north side of Lake Pepin, and their wallows and trails (used by elk also) were plainly visible to the writer at the time of his first visit to the range in 1842. Less than ten years before, buffalo were seen on the Trempealeau prairie, and in 1844, the writer was nearly capsized in his canoe by a band of elk which were surprised in the water of Buffalo channel, where they were splashing water to keep off gnats and flies; but later he had the satisfaction of killing, Indian like, in revenge (?), one of the same family, if not the offender, out of a band of sixty.

The turtles preferred by the Indians of the Mississippi, are the soft-shell turtles, which have round hard-shelled eggs, and what are generally known as land turtles, *terrapin*, a species not very unlike the diamond back turtles of the "*eastern shore*," and those of the Indian Territory, so highly prized by all who have eaten them. They are cooked by being plunged, while alive, into boiling water.

It is sometimes by local peculiarities, that we are able to trace important events. Says Rev. Neill: "In the spring of 1685, Nicholas Perrot was made commandant for the west, and the next winter he passed on the banks of the Mississippi, where he was first visited by the Ioways. Upon Franquelin's map of 1688 is marked the "Butte" where the French wintered, not far from the Black river. La Potherie asserts that they stopped where there were woods at the foot of a high hill (*au pied d' une Montagne*), behind which was a large prairie. [In this statement one of the Trempealeau bluffs,

not the mountain, is accurately described.—Author.]. Major Long, in his *Canoe Voyage of 1817*, writing of *Montagne qui trempe l'eau*, refers to “high bluff lands, insulated by a broad, flat prairie.” [The *Montagne qui trempe l'eau* itself, as its name implies, is insulated by water, while the bluffs immediately below it, on the Mississippi river, from which the mountain is separated by a lake, has in the rear a large prairie extending from the Trempealeau river on the west to the Black river on the east. The *wintering ground* is about seven miles above “Old Black river,” which, tradition says, was once its main channel, and was modernly used by rafts until stopped up by lumbermen of La Crosse.—Author.]

“Perrot was soon ordered to proceed with allies to join the French in the war against the Senecas, of New York. In the fall of 1687, after ice had begun to form on the Fox river, Perrot passed down the Wisconsin to the Mississippi river and returned to the post on the east bank of the river, where, in 1685-6 he had passed the winter.”

It is a bold thing to do, but I am compelled to take issue with the ablest historian of Minnesota in the application he seems to make of Penicaut's account of his passage through Lake Pepin in 1700, as the account could have no possible reference to the wintering ground at Trempealeau if, as has been stated, Perrot wintered there.

Rev. Neill says in a note: “When Penicaut, in 1700, passed through Lake Bon Secours, as Pepin until this period had been called, the fort was standing on the east shore.” His words translated are: “To the right and left of its shores there are also prairies; in that on the right on the lake shore there is a fort which was built by Nicholas Perrot. It still to-day bears his name.”

“Penicaut,” says Neill, “describing this locality on his upward voyage, refers to the fort on the eastern shore as on the right.” The point I wish to call attention to is that the “eastern shore” of the lake (Pepin) is not the “eastern shore” of the Mississippi, not far from Black river, where there were

woods, etc., and hence Neill's note is liable to impress one erroneously when he says, after speaking of the wintering ground on the east bank of the river, "the fort was standing on the east shore." I have no doubt but that Perrot built several "forts," as they were called—that is block or log houses protected by pickets, for they were easily constructed and deemed necessary for the protection of goods in summer, and to insure warmth for winter use. And it is altogether probable that Perrot, upon finding the low land on the west side of the Chippewa river proper uninhabitable, constructed another establishment (if one in the sand had been built) that bore his name, on high ground on the eastern shore of the lake as stated by Penicaut. But if that were done, it does not appear on the Franquelin map, and it would not be in accordance with Perrot's caution and experience in a Minnesota climate to build it in an exposed situation; and hence it is most probable that it occupied a site near to what is now known as Bogus creek, where canoes and batteaux would be safe from moving ice, and where wood could be obtained for winter use, but if built at all it must have been after Fort St. Antoine.

Neill further says: "According to La Potherie it was not until the next spring after the river was free from ice, that the Sioux came down to the post and escorted him to their country, (came down from Wabasha's band, on site of Winona). A recent perusal of La Potherie convinces the writer (Neill) that there was no post on Lake Pepin before this period." (That is, 1700.)

"Penicaut, a member of Le Sueuer's expedition in 1700, refers to the fort built by Perrot on the right bank of the lake to one ascending, and upon Franquelin's map above the 'R. des Sauters,' the Chippewa river of our maps, appears marked 'Fort St. Antoine,' (on river, not lake) and here in May, 1689, Perrot took formal possession of the region. In the 'Process Verbal,' among others mentioned as present during this ceremonial, is M. de Bois-Guillot, commandant les

Francois aux environs de oiskanche, sur le Mississippi." I omit from Rev. E. D. Neill's historical article in Wisconsin Transactions, matters not directly related to my subject, and will continue on, to return again, however, to the *Process Verbal*, in due time.

Rev. Neill continues: "In June, 1727, an expedition left Montreal under Rene Boucher, Sieur de la Perriere, to establish a post on Lake Pepin. His party arriving there on the 17th of September following, built a post, according to Father Guignas, upon the western shore of Lake Pepin, "about the middle of the north side, on a low point where the soil is excellent. . . . We are here on the parallel of 43 deg. and 41 min." Again Neill says: "Frontenac, in Goodhue County, occupied the site of this old fort and recently, a four and a six pound cannon ball were found at the railway station five feet below the surface. It is noteworthy that Sieur La Perriere Boucher, the officer in command of the Indians who surprised Havorhill, Mass., killed the minister of the town, scalped his wife and broke the skull of his child against a rock, and shot one Samuel Sibley, said to be a relative of Hon. H. H. Sibley, of St. Paul, was the person who established this post at Point de Sable of Lake Pepin. A connection of the leader of the expedition, was the wife of a person named Pepin, (Jean Pepin), and this may account for the name of the lake. The post, in compliment to the governor of Canada, was called Beauharnois. Bellin, the geographer, mentions the early post above the Chippewa river, and then another post on the opposite side of the lake. Though not within the borders of Wisconsin, yet ranking prominently as one of the line of early upper posts—a further notice of Fort Beauharnois will find a proper place in this connection. It was located at the Sandy Point which extends into Lake Pepin opposite the celebrated Maiden's Rock. Boucher built a stockade of pickets twelve feet high, forming a square of 100 feet, with two bastions, and called the post, Fort Beauharnois, in compliment to the governor of Canada, (as

before stated). On the the 15th of April, 1728, the water in the lake was unusually high, and overflowed the point, so that the log buildings within the enclosure were full of water and it was necessary, for two weeks, to dwell upon higher ground. The principal trader at the post at this time was the *Sieur de Mont Brun Boucher*, a brother of the commandant, and the armorer and blacksmith was *Francis Campau*, a brother of him who settled at Detroit, and whose descendants are so numerous in Michigan.

"Owing to the hostility of the *Renards* or *Fox Indians*, early in October, 1728, the post was left in charge of a young man, the *Sieur Dutrost Jemeraye*, and a few voyagers, while the rest placed the goods in canoes, retreated down the *Mississippi* toward the *Illinois river* and were captured by allies of the *Renards*. The *Sieur Jemeraye*, early in 1729, abandoned the post, and nothing was done toward its re-establishment. In March, 1730, the *Sieur Marin*, a bold officer, moved against and had an engagement of the "warmest character" with the *Renards* in *Wisconsin*, and in September of the same year another French force attacked them, killed many of their warriors and compelled them to escape.

"After this defeat of the *Foxes*, it was determined to build a new post on higher ground, yet in the vicinity of the first stockade, which had been destroyed. The new commandant appointed was the *Sieur Linctot*, and the second officer was the *Sieur Portneuf*. *Linctot's* son, *Campau*, and several others were licensed to trade with the *Sioux*. *Linctot* passed the winter of 1731-2 at 'Mantagne quitrempe dans l'eau,' now corrupted to *Trempealeau*, and early in the spring of 1732, proceeded to the vicinity of *Sandy Point*, *Lake Pepin*, and found at the site of the old stockade a large number of *Sioux* awaiting his arrival. Selecting a better position, he erected a larger post, the pickets enclosing 120 feet square, and there were four bastions. The *Sieur Linctot*, in 1733, asked to be relieved, and the able officer, *Sieur Legardeur St. Pierre*, was sent to command. Upon the 6th of May, 1736, *Saint Pierre*

was informed by letters from Lake Superior of the dreadful massacre of twenty-one Frenchmen on an island in the Lake of the Woods by a party of Sioux. The 16th of September, there came to the Lake Pepin post a party of Sioux with some beaver skins as a pledge of friendship, and the next day another party, one of whom wore in his ear a silver pendant. When asked by St. Pierre how he obtained the ornament, he refused to answer, and the Captain tore it from his ear and found that it was similar in workmanship to those sold by the traders, and then placed him under guard. The Sioux in December were unruly, and burned the pickets around the garden of Guignas, chaplain of the post. In the Spring of 1737, a war party of Ojibways appeared from the St. Louis river of Lake Superior, and wished to attack the Sioux, and threatened St. Pierre; and after conferring with the son of Linctot, the second officer, in May, 1737, he set fire to the post, and descended the Mississippi.

“After a few years, the Sioux begged that the French would return to Lake Pepin, and in 1750, the governor of Canada sent the great Indian fighter and stern officer, Pierre Paul Marin, to take command there, and Marin’s son was stationed at Chagauamigon of Lake Superior. In 1752, Marin the elder was relieved at Lake Pepin, and his son became his successor. . . . The war between the French and English, which continued several years, led to the abandonment of the post at Lake Pepin. Captain Jonathan Carver, the first British traveler in Minnesota, mentions in his book of travels in 1766, he observed the ruins of a French factory, (trading post), where it is said, Captain St. Pierre resided, and carried on a very great trade with the Naudowessies before the reduction of Canada.

“Lieut. Pike, the first officer of the United States Army to pass through Lake Pepin, writing in 1806, of Point du Sable, or Sandy Point, which he reached on the same day of the same month as La Perriere, in 1727, observes: ‘The French under the government of M. Frontenac, drove the Renards

or Otaguainies from the Ouisconsing, and pursued them up the Mississippi; and, as a barrier, built a stockade on Lake Pepin on the west shore just below Point Sable, and, as was generally the case with that nation, blended the military and mercantile professions by making their fort a factory for the Sioux.'

"A short distance from the extreme end of the point, near the mouth of what Pike, on his map, calls Sandy Point creek, there is an eminence from which there is an extensive view of Lake Pepin below and above the sandy peninsula."

There is evidence that there had been once a clearing there, and it is the most suitable spot in the vicinity for a stockade, and visible to any one coming up in a boat from the bend near where Lake City is now situated. By the valley of the creek, the Sioux of the prairies could readily bring their peltries to the post. The cannon balls found in the ground at Frontenac station may have been discharged in some engagement with hostile Indians, or they may have been taken from the fort, after its abandonment, and placed in a cache.

"The only (*nearly*) satisfactory map, in relation to the early posts, is that of Franquelin. De l' Isle's "*Carte de la Louisiane et Cours du Mississippi*," published in 1718, calls Lake St. Croix, "Lac Pepin," shows the lead mines above Des Moines on Moingona river, places a post above St. Croix river; another below Lake Pepin on the west side, and Fort l' Huillier, on a tributary of Minnesota river. The position of the last is correctly given while that of the others is incorrect. In '*Carte du Canada*' of De l' Isle, revised by his son-in-law, Philip Buache, 1745, Fort Le Sueur, built, in 1695, upon an island above Lake Pepin, is marked as below the Lake, and destroyed, and no other post is shown on the banks of the Mississippi above Rock Island."

It is precisely here, that in the opinion of the author, most of the difficulty of establishing the real site of Ft. St. Antoine has originated. Because all other maps are known to be defective, unreasonable reliance has been placed upon

the Franquelin map, when its maker, an expert draftsman and cartographer, it is true, was compelled to work from verbal statements and rude tracings, as he never saw the region he was delineating. In studying the Franquelin map, it should be first observed that there is but one channel of the Chippewa river indicated, and its mouth is placed just about where in distance the Buffalo or Eastern channel enters the Mississippi river. Then again, it will be noticed that a small river, not a creek, is marked on the map as coming into the Mississippi *below* Lake Pepin, on the southwest side, but *above* the mouth of the Chippewa river as marked on the map. The river so traced on the map must have been intended for what is now called the *Zumbro* river, or the Embarrassed river of the old *voyageurs*, though it is marked as the *Raisin* or Grape river, even yet famous for the abundance of its wild grapes. If the sign or mark of the Ft. St. Antoine had been placed to the right of the entrance of the mouth of the Chippewa river as it appears on the Franquelin map, instead of on the left side of its mouth, the fort would have been placed precisely where, in the opinion of the author, it was built by Perrot, for a specific, though probably temporary, purpose. Perrot had over three years, if not more, in which to study the peculiarities of the country and its inhabitants, from the time he was placed in command, and knew that he could not assemble on a willow sand bar any very considerable number of Indians at the time in *May* of an overflow, nor would the Indian's means of transportation allow him in frail canoes to assemble on the shore of Lake Pepin, which was sure to be storm-tossed in May of each year. What then did he do, and where did he assemble his Indians in May 1689, *a year after* Fort St. Antoine was placed on the Franquelin map of 1688; for if the map is what I believe it to be very nearly correct—though there is no scale of distance indicated, the Fort had had a year's existence at least, where the peace offerings of commerce and supplies for so vast an assemblage could be gathered together. Perrot assembled his Indians, as tradition

has told, but which historians have overlooked, at the "Grand Encampment," below the present city of Wabasha, on the southwest shore of the Mississippi, a little *above* the mouth of the eastern channel of the Chippewa river and known to all old pioneers, lumbermen, traders and treaty commissioners as the "council ground," and to the Sioux, then and now, as Te-pe-otah, meaning the place of many tents.

What proof, will be asked, can you furnish for your theory?

First, negative proof of the impossibility of assembling at the upper outlet in May, any considerable body of Indians, even if enticed by promises of presents. And next the danger of, and scarcity of canoe navigation. For positive proof of the probable assemblage for the *Process Verbal*, at what is now still known as Te-pe-otah, I give the tradition still existing that the Indians did so assemble *for some purpose*, and also the fact that I cut, in 1844, with the aid of men employed to get me out a set of hewn house logs for a house in La Crosse, a black walnut tree, growing out of a well-constructed fire-place and base of chimney, of stone, at the site of what is now known as the House of Camp No. 2. near the mouth of the Buffalo channel of the Chippewa river, about five miles above Alma, in Wisconsin. I counted the annual growths of the tree and they numbered seventy. My reason for believing that the chimney fire-place was constructed by Perrot's order is that it was in a secure place from running ice, a locality always sought by the *voyageurs* for their *batteaux*, a near enough storehouse for the presents to be given away at the raising of the French standard and its accompanying palaver to the Indians, and the manner of its construction, though better stone were used, was of the same general character as those found at the foot of the bluff above the village of Trempealeau.

Since the discovery of the Trempealeau fire-places, I have never for a moment doubted that my discovery is, or will be, the key to unlock the mystery of the long lost Fort St. Antoine, and since my statements have not been convincing

to all, and have been a little perverted, I print herewith testimony corroborative from one at least who saw the fire-place as I left it after the tree had been removed. There was at the site of the fire-place a beautiful grove of walnut trees, and one or two clusters of butternut trees that attracted my attention while in search of a suitable camp ground for use, while John McCain and myself were waiting for the water to rise high enough to work in the slough without cattle, for the overflow had driven our men out from the bottom lands, and seeing brooklets of pure spring water, I selected the grove for our camp. While there encamped I discovered the one fire-place and the walnut tree growing out of its centre. I had, of course, at that time, no idea of the historical value of the tree or the fire-place, or I should not have allowed it to have been cut, but I did see that a small space of ground had been cleared, for June grass was growing that our cattle devoured, and large trees were growing outside of the area of the grove that had never been disturbed, including an elm on the bank of the slough that marked the approach to the landing place as we came down the slough. The place of our camp was made memorable by my having been nearly drowned opposite to it in the slough, while swimming it; and though it was about forty-four years after leaving it before I saw it again, I was able to describe it so accurately, before seeing it, that my description enabled Mr. De Groff, of Alma, to at once name Camp No. 2 as the place I had described. I herewith give part of the correspondence that resulted from that visit.

I have little cause of complaint against Mr. Kessinger, who is really a man of talent, but a little stolid also when preconceived ideas of his are combatted, for, as an argument against the possibility of there ever having been a real fire-place found by me, Mr. Kessinger told me that he had been a surveyor in the county of Buffalo for many years and he *himself had never seen such fire-place.*

But his prejudices are best shown in the following extract from his criticism of Mayor Talbots article:

A QUESTION OF HISTORY.

DR. BUNNELL CONCLUDES HIS INVESTIGATION OF THE PERROT RELICS.

To the Editor of The Winona Republican :

I promised you an account of my proposed visit to the old fireplace discovered on Beef Slough in 1844, and here it is :

On Saturday, Sept. 1st, I went to Alma, and after a very good dinner at one of the hotels, called upon Mr. Lawrence Kessinger, county surveyor, historian and late county superintendent of public schools. I had been favored by Mr. Kessinger with a map that accompanied his *History of Buffalo County*, and felt under obligations for this courtesy, for by it I was at once able to locate the site of the fireplace.

Mr. Kessinger, upon announcing myself, very kindly offered to accompany me in my search, and introducing me to Mr. J. W. DeGroff, of the *Journal*, we retired to that office to await a carriage ordered by Mr. DeGroff.

A few inquiries by both gentlemen elicited the information that I had accurately described the locality of camp No. 2 at the cut-off.

I told both gentlemen that I had not been on the slough since 1844, and did not know what changes had taken place, or what improvements had been made; but I was sure I would recognize the shore line on the west bank of the inlet or "*cut-off*," our old camp ground near the rivulet of spring water and the grove of walnut trees growing along the north shore of the slough, if not all cut away.

The carriage was announced, and Mr. Kessinger taking the reins, we were soon crossing the Buffalo river on a bridge and dike that forms a part of the admirable system of works of the Beef Slough Logging Company.

The valley of Buffalo river, I had some recollection of in its outlines, and indicated to Mr. Kessinger some heavy oak timber on the east bank, where in 1843, Tom Holmes, Wm. Smothers, my brother Willard and myself had cut a bee tree that was full of honey, killed a deer and had luxuriated on brook trout.

We stopped a few minutes at camp No. 1 and were introduced to the gentlemen in the company's office. A short mile and a half above this we reached camp No. 2. As we came in sight I recognized the island and cut-off, and the steep west bank, where I had once been nearly drowned. As we drove up to the mess-house of No. 2 I remarked: "This is bewildering, but we will go a little farther up."

Mr. Kessinger hitched the horses and we walked along a few rods above. Two rivulets of spring water, a cluster of butternut trees, and several black walnut trees were passed, when I said: "You need go no

farther; we will go back to the house." As we turned back we were both silently looking at a very large elm tree at the edge of the slough, the brace roots of which enclosed a large stone, when Mr. Kessinger remarked: "That tree was here when you were here before." "Yes," said I, "certainly, but I don't remember it," and I did not, but the freaks of memory are such that in an instant after I had spoken I perfectly remembered the tree as an old landmark (but did not say so), and knew that camp No. 2 was on the site of the fireplace. Upon reaching the wharf, after an introduction to Mr. Douglas, the foreman, I asked if there was any one present who had helped to put up the building, and was referred to Mr. Joseph Creese, a carpenter working a few rods off. I asked if he was a reliable man, and was told that his word was perfectly good. I asked Mr. Kessinger if he knew him, and he replied: "Yes, very well. *He will not lie to me.*" This I thought somewhat rude, but no man of discernment can be in Mr. Kessinger's presence long without perceiving that he is a natural skeptic, and for that reason I was pleased that Mr. Creese was known and honored by all who knew him.

Upon being introduced to Mr. Joseph Creese who impressed me as worthy of all the good reputation he had earned, I asked: "Had you anything to do with the building of that house?" Mr. Creese replied: "Not much, but I was here when it was put up." I then asked: "Do you know if an old fireplace was found upon the site of the building?" "Yes, there was one," he replied, "and some of the stones are in the basement of the building. I think I can show them to you." Mr. Creese left his work, and as we approached the basement, which is of stone, he said: "I am not sure in which part, for there are two," but opening the western door and entering, he said: "I think those are some of the stone." He pointed to some weather-stained stone, that might or might not have been in the old fireplace; it was sufficient for me to know that the old fireplace had been excavated out of existence to make room for the mess-house of No. 2, and that the location was the very best that could have been chosen for the purpose, as it had been the best for the use of those who built the fireplace in ancient days.

"The Grand Encampment" on the Minnesota shore of the Mississippi, above the cut-off," is now known as Te-pee-otah, which, literally translated, means, plenty of tents, or the place of many tents, which is a perpetuation in Sioux of the name "Grand Encampment," and of the tradition of many Indians having encamped there very long ago, to receive presents of friendship.

I am not able financially to pursue the investigations necessary to settle the question of "Where was Fort St. Antoine erected?" But I think I have given a sufficient clue to those able to follow it up. As for myself, I have no doubt whatever of camp No. 2 having been the site of

Fort St. Antoine, and I have reached this conclusion principally by a study of the Franquelin map and my recollection of Sioux traditions.

Mr. Kessinger has, in the main, dealt very fairly with me, more so in fact than I had been led to expect, but he does both Mr. Creese and myself injustice if he supposes us incapable of distinguishing a fireplace from "a stone, or stone structure resembling a fireplace;" for the fireplace I had found was unmistakable, and built in precisely the same way as the best of those found at Trempealeau.

The same idea of seclusion, good spring water, abundance of wood, and a safe harbor from running ice possessed the occupants of both places.

Its nearness to the "Grand Indian Encampment" would justify a belief that the site on Beef Slough would have served for the ceremonies of the *Process Verbal*.

To Mr. DeGross I am greatly indebted for kindly courtesies and a most pleasant ride. Mr. DeGross served in the Twenty-fifth Wisconsin, a noted regiment whose adjutant, Geo. Symes, M. C. from Colorado, was one of the game-cocks of the Second Wisconsin. I also met Mr. J. A. Tester, one of my old comrades of the Iron Brigade, who is now one of Alma's honored business men. Mr. J. Haesly of Winona and himself were of the same company, K, and for perfect drill and efficiency it was the equal of any in the service.

My trip to Alma was one of keen enjoyment, and my only regret was that I had not been trained to receive a *full* measure of German hospitality.

L. H. BUNNELL.

HOMER, MINN., Sept. 10, 1888.

MR. KESSINGER GIVES HIS VERSION OF THE MEETING.

[*From the Alma Journal.*]

In the controversy now for some time going on concerning the situation of the fort or forts established by Nicholas Perrot in 1685, when he is supposed to have been sent by the Governor of New France (Canada) to effect lodgement on the Mississippi, it was maintained by Dr. L. H. Bunnell of Homer, Winona County, Minn., that this fort which he persists in calling Fort St. Antoine, had been situated on Beef Slough, not very far from Alma. Dr. Bunnell asserted in evidence of his assumption, that in 1844, during high water, he in company with John McKain, who died some six months ago at North Pepin, had discovered a fireplace, which to him plainly indicated the site of the fort. Inquiries made by me of himself directly led to the conclusion that this fireplace must have been located nearly opposite the well known cut-off, and somewhere about Camp No. 2 on Beef Slough. We had

expected the Doctor soon after the flood of this spring subsided, but as he in the mean time had been employed in writing up those "pleasant prospective persuasion trips," made by the Winona 'savans' to Trempealeau village, he did not put in an appearance at Alma until Saturday, Sept. 1st. Being furnished by the editor of the *Journal* with a team, I took Dr. Bunnell up to the Slough, and setting aside minor occurrences, have to report as follows:

1. The Doctor recognized the cut-off, as the slough connecting Beef Slough with the Mississippi, through which he and his comrades in 1844 had entered and near which they had established this camp.

2. He recognized the walnut grove near No. 2 as the one where at that time he had felled a number of trees, trimmed and rafted them, to take them to La Crosse, where he sold them to Nathan Myrick and "Scoots" Miller for "house-logs."

As to the exact location of the aforementioned fire-place he was at first at fault, since by the building of houses, of roads and of railroads, the surface of the ground had been so much changed as to make recognition difficult. He insisted, however, that it must have been near the building designated as camp No. 2, and as Mr. Douglas, being himself unaware of the situation, suggested that Mr. Joseph Creese had been present at the erection of the building, and that, as he was working near by, he might be asked. Mr. Creese readily undertook to conduct us to the spot, but was not quite sure whether the rock or rocks were inside of the basement of the building or close to the northwest corner of it, thinking the latter most probable. Marks could not be discovered, but I think that the facts warrant the following conclusion:

Dr. Bunnell was at the time he stated, or about that time, on Beef Slough, and discovered there a stone or a stone structure, resembling a fire-place, which had been put up by some one "superior to an Indian in intellect."

This, I understand from an article in *The Winona Republican* of July 29, is the position the doctor now occupies, and I am willing to concede it. The further conclusions as to it being the remains of a fort or other human domicile, and more particularly of Fort Antoine, I cannot discuss here, time and space being wanting for the purpose.

Dr. Bunnell is a cordial gentleman, of vivacious temperament, and has made a favorable impression upon all who had the pleasure to make his acquaintance.

Alma, Sept. 3, 1888.

L. KESSINGER.

I am not of Dr. Bunnell's opinion that it was on Beef Slough or anywhere in Buffalo county. It is out of the question that it should have been here, since there were not Frenchmen enough left among us

to vapor and bluster about it. I do most emphatically protest against the introduction of witnesses in this case and similar others, who can only report the traditions of men who are said to have come to a place from 150 to 170 years after the other party had left it. It sounds provokingly like the funny explanation we used to make of our relationships, by asserting that our great-grandmothers had been old women.

Professor Kirk is hunting for Fort St. Antoine. It may well be that somebody inserted that name into a copy of Franquelin's map, but besides Fort Snelling, which at first was named Fort St. Anthony, I cannot remember of reading anything concerning such a fort. His Description of the situation applies to Fort Beauharnois. Enough for the present. I am only interested in finding proofs and facts, but I am not very credulous.

L. K.

I failed to find the other person named by Mr. Creese, his name had escaped my memory, and as Mr. Creese is dead, I addressed the following note to Mr. Douglas:

HOMER, Minnesota, May 1st, 1897.

Mr. Edward Douglas, Superintendent Mississippi River Logging Co., Winona, Minnesota:

Dear Sir—You will perhaps remember my visit to Camp No. 2 on Beef Slough with Mr. L. Kessinger of Alma, in 1888, to learn what I could concerning an old fireplace that was once in existence on Buffalo Slough on the site of the building now known to your company as "Camp No. 2." That your boat-builder, Joseph Creese, assured me in the presence of Mr. Kessinger, that there was a well-constructed fire-place out of which a tree had grown, as the stump was still visible when the fire-place was dug up, and that the stones composing the fire-place, were used in constructing the basement of building No. 2. Mr. Creese also mentioned the name of another workman who assisted in excavating the old fire-place and building the basement walls, but whose name has escaped my memory. As the workmen are unknown to me, will you be kind enough to inform me as to what you remember of the ancient fire-place, or what your workmen have told you concerning it, and your opinion of their reliability?

Very truly yours,

L. H. BUNNELL.

ENDORSEMENT ON FOREGOING LETTER.

WINONA, Minnesota, May 3, 1897.

I have heard Mr. Creese speak of the fire-place you write about, and as he worked for the Mississippi River Logging Company under me for nearly twenty years, I knew him to be thoroughly reliable, and am satisfied that he saw the fire-place as stated.

Signed, E. DOUGLAS.

Mr. Thos. E. Randall, the historian of the Chippewa Valley, in reference to the earth works at Wa-ba-sha, says: "I have frequently passed over and examined the '*earth works*' spoken of by Carver and Featherstonehough as vast ancient fortifications situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, between the village of Wabasha and what used to be known as the 'Grand Encampment,' and must say a great stretch of the imagination is required to make anything more of them than the formations of nature's own handiwork, and until further excavations shall disclose more convincing evidence of human agency in their construction, I shall be slow to accept their conclusions."

I knew Mr. Randall very well, also his brothers, Simon and George, and while I think Captain Carver drew largely upon his imagination, I still believe that some of the old works at and near Wabasha, like those on the site of Winona in early days, were works of the mound-builders. The Randall brothers were among the earliest settlers of the Chippewa valley, and hence Thomas appropriately says, "what used to be known as the 'Grand Encampment.'"

The innocent announcement of my discovery of the old fire-place, after a lapse of 44 years, brought to me a flood of correspondence by letters or in form of newspaper clippings that compelled my attention to the subject of the question of "where is Fort St. Antoine," whether I would or no. Previous to that event I had rested easily under the honors imposed upon me as a discoverer of the now famous Yosemite valley, but I soon found by my correspondence and the newspapers of our common country that no new honors could be imposed upon me that were not worth fighting for.

As "the season of love is also that of battle," I, in the best of feeling and in kindly love for my friend Talbot, of Wabasha, who has left this earth before me, will notice the error he was led into in supposing that *my fire-place* might have been built by Augustin Rocque before he came to Wabasha, in 1826, "as he had a trading post on Buffalo river,"

etc. I knew the old trader, Rocque, and his son Joe Rocque, well. The old trader Augustin was an expert trapper, and so was Joe, as well as trader, and at one time in the long-ago, as Winnebago tradition tells, he had a small post on Beaver creek, near Galesville, Wisconsin, one branch of which is still known to some as French creek, from its once having been the wintering ground of the father of Augustin Rocque and another Frenchman.

It was with great difficulty that I was finally able to trace beyond a doubt the origin of Seen-tah-ro-cah, the Indian name of the creek to St. Rocque, for Rocque had been canonized while at his post on Beaver creek, though it may be that as a Frenchman he was called St. Rocque. Augustin Rocque was a half breed, as is well known, and succeeded his father in trade. If he left a fire-place on Buffalo river, it could not have been mine, as my fire-place was at the Buffalo channel.

Mr. Talbot stated that the old *chimneys* were pointed out to him by the son of Rocque. I found but *one* fire-place with barely shoulders for a chimney. If it had been mine referred to by Mr. Talbot it could not have been used by Rocque and left by him in 1826, as stated, for the walnut tree of seventy annual growths could not have appeared so soon to astonish me as it would have done Mr. Talbot, in 1844. Nor does the letter of Adjutant General Seely to Mr. Talbot throw any light upon *my* fire-place, nor even the speculations of Capt. Carver, of ancient fame. But the greatest error of all in my esteemed friend Talbot's article is where he quotes Baptiste Rocque a brother of Joe Rocque, for the statement: "The building at Trempealeau were the ruins of an old mission and a little trading post erected there between the years of 1830 and 1840."

It is only necessary to say that the mission buildings of the Switzer missionaries of 1837-8 occupied ground about two miles away from the old fire-places of Perrot, which are on the south side of bluffs on line of Burlington & Northern

railroad, while site of old mission is near springs at head, and on east side of the mountain lake at west by north end of the Trempealeau range of bluffs.

The mission grounds were pointed out to the author in 1842 by James Reed and his step daughter, Mary Ann, who settled at the site of the village of Trempealeau in 1840, and who, with Reed's son-in-law, James Douville, cultivated ground broken by the missionaries east of the mission. The last building of the mission, a rough log house, was burned by Mr. Reed just before the arrival of my brother Willard and myself, because the Indians would drive Reed's horses into the house, or would find them in there where they would go to escape from flies, and then ride them on some long hunt, galling their backs in packing in their game.

The fire-places I knew nothing of, and never saw them until after the completion of the Burlington & Northern railroad, and then I passed them by, looking upon them as very rude efforts of laborers at construction of what had been used for their cooking tents or shanties.

The whole credit of tracing out the origin of the Perrot wintering ground, in the opinion of the writer, and locating it, belonged to the late Judge B. F. Heuston, Sr., and his associates who assisted him. I here insert the account of the gathering at the fire-places:

AMONG THE RUINS.

LOCATING PERROT'S FORT IN THE VICINITY OF TREMPÉALEAU.

Judge Heuston, W. A. Finkelnburg, Prof. J. M. Holzinger, R. G. Thwaites, secretary of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, and Mr. C. Leith, clerk of public printing at Madison, were the guests of Judge Newman on Wednesday, on which day Judge Heuston had arranged for a more extensive examination of the place which was suggested by Prof. Kirk as the locality of the fort which Mr. Nicholas Perrot established in 1684, in connection with his trading post. Mr. George Squier and Mr. Anton Grignon were very helpful in the search and were among the first to locate the place. The exact spot is one mile above Trempealeau. The Burlington and Northern railroad runs directly through the fort, and

in excavating for the cut two fire-places were cut out, according to the testimony of Mr. Wm. M. Dixon, one of the graders on the work at the time. Perrot was sent out by the Canadian government, in 1684, to make treaties with the Indians in Wisconsin. He traversed the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and wintered at a fort which he built somewhere above Black river in the winter of 1684-5. On a map published by Franquelin in 1688, a place is marked a few miles above the mouth of Black river as Wintering Bluff.

Many citizens of Trempealeau and surrounding towns gathered to witness the excavations. The party dug out from one to two feet under the ground four fire-places made of crude stones on three sides. One fire-place had the bottom flagged. They show evidence of having been used for fire purposes. The size of the ground on which the fort was probably located is 60 feet square.

PERROT'S FORT.

DR. BUNNELL THROWS SOME LIGHT ON A MATTER OF LOCAL TRADITION.

To the Editor of The Winona Republican:

The article in *The Republican* of the 20th inst. entitled, "Among The Ruins," interested me very much, and I regret that an attack of bronchitis prevented my acceptance of the kind invitation of Judge Heuston for me to join the party of investigators. The locality of the old fire-places I am well acquainted with, having passed and re-passed the grounds quite often; but I never knew of the existence of the old ruins until informed by Judge Heuston, who has been principally instrumental in bringing them to the notice of the gentlemen who composed his party and to the public.

My object now is, to call attention to the fact, that in 1844, a large fire-place of stone, well laid up, was in existence on Buffalo or Beef Slough, some three or four miles above Alma, Wisconsin, that if not disturbed by the graders of the Burlington and Northern railroad, or by the modern occupants of the land, might readily be found and compared with those at Trempealeau.

I think it most probable that the old ruins examined at Trempealeau are those of Perrot's wintering ground; (and the name given on the Franquelin map as "Wintering Bluff" for the locality would seem to indicate this,) but I do not believe the site to be that of the fort mentioned in history, and told of in Indian tradition, as located by Perrot below Lake Pepin. The old fire-places above Trempealeau are located on a dead slough, about a quarter of a mile from the Mississippi, in a secluded retreat, out of all danger from flowing ice, and admirably adapted for defense against Indians. There is no inlet above to the slough, and the

approach to the old ruins by water must have been from below. Even the trails leading to the site were from below, for that passing around the mountain lake to the west of the site was in high water almost impassable. In a word, the location of the old fire-places are not on any line of travel, and the place would be entirely unsuited for trade, while it would be a secure harbor for the keel boats or batteaux used by the early French explorers and traders. A trip from Montreal to the Upper Mississippi in olden times consumed the greater part of a summer, and to me it seems most probable that Perrot was delayed by some cause, until floating ice forced him into winter quarters, as Catlin, the artist, was at Catlin Rocks near Richmond in our State.

And as the discovery of the fire-places at Trempealeau gave value, in my opinion, to the one I had discovered on Beef Slough in 1844, I also insert my first newspaper article upon the subject. This article received the commendation of Prof. Reuben G. Thwaites, in a letter sent me, an extract from which I give:

MADISON, May 1, 1888.

Dr. L. H. Bunnell, Homer, Minn. :

My Dear Sir—I have read with much interest your communication in *The Winona Republican*, concerning Perrot's fort and think that you have made a very interesting and suggestive contribution to the literature of the subject.

Therefore, as a contribution to the inquiry I candidly welcome your letter.

Yours very truly,

REUBEN G. THWAITES.

I also place on record here another approval of my effort to get my fire-place investigated, from the pen of the editor of *The Winona Republican*:

The series of letters from the pen of Dr. Bunnell in relation to the probable site of Fort St. Antoine, erected on the banks of the Mississippi by Nicholas Perrot in 1685, which have appeared in *The Republican* during the past few months is brought to a conclusion with the communication from that gentleman in to-day's issue. While the discussion has not absolutely established the claim set up by Dr. Bunnell, that Perrot's principal fort was located at or near the foot of Lake Pepin, it nevertheless goes far to confirm the theory. At any rate the intelligent manner

in which he has brought to bear on the subject the facts of history and the scarcely less reliable suggestions of Indian tradition, with which no other man in this region is so familiar, entitles him to the cordial thanks of all who feel an interest in the events connected with the early explorations of the Upper Mississippi. Further investigation from the stand-point of authentic history may now be properly left to those who have access to the records of the French voyageurs still existing at Quebec and possibly at Paris.

All communications received are not so complimentary, nor should they be, for in that case, I would not know what objections could be brought against my theory.

One letter received from Prof. T. H. Lewis deserves my thanks; for though it was kindly meant, it proved to me the danger of assuming too much.

Mr. Lewis says:

ST. PAUL, MINN. DEC. 10, 1893.

L. H. Bunnell, Esq., Homer, Minn. :

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 4th inst. containing Prof. Kirk's article was duly received. Please accept my thanks for the use of the article, which by the way is a very good one.

I herewith enclose an extract from the "Relations of Penicaut. . . . I enclose the extract thinking that possibly you have not seen it, and I am afraid that some writers who have had the golden opportunity of reading up all the accounts now in Minnesota Historical library have not improved their shining hours.

Yours truly,

T. H. LEWIS.

Prof. Lewis was kind, but in error in supposing I had not read Penicaut's statement enclosed to me, for I had. It appears in Wisconsin Historical Collections, Vol. X. for 1883-84-85, pages 229 and 230, that is the essential part, but Penicaut's Fort Perrot, "built by Nicholas Perrot, whose name it yet bears," and which he specifically says was "on the bank of the lake," could not by any possibility have been Fort St. Antoine, marked on the Franquelin map as at the mouth of Chippewa on the Mississippi river, several miles below lake of "Good Help," as Pepin was called by Penicaut.

I sent Prof. Kirk's article by request, and agree with Mr Lewis in calling it "a very good one," but it contains, with its learning, an utter lack of proof of its assumption that "the real Fort Perrot is none other than Fort St. Antoine, and his ably written book on Minnesota fails to prove his assertion. Like his illustrious predecessor in history, Rev. E. D. Neill, Prof. Kirk seems to have overlooked the difficulties that would have attended a large gathering of Indians of different tribes, on the lake, such as were said to have assembled at Te-pe-o-tah, even if the Sioux would have passed their safest barrier, the Mississippi, to meet old enemies, which their known caution and suspicious nature would scarcely have allowed. To me it seems clear that if the lake shore had been the place of gathering for the peace council and *Process Verbal*, May 8th, 1689, it would have been so stated by some of the participants in the affair, while if it was in terms stated to have occurred at the mouth of Chippewa or Buffalo river, then the meeting at old council ground may reasonably be inferred. But I wished to avail myself of Prof. Kirk's researches, for I have not had access to documents that a residence in St. Paul would afford, and though I am positive in my belief in *my fire-place*, I will yield at once to any proof that I am in error.

I only wish to add that near where Prof. Kirk says, "thirty-five years ago a trading post stood," etc., that is in 1853, my partner in the Buffalo slough enterprise, John McCain, located a claim in 1844, but did not occupy it until 1846. It is quite probable that he may have put up a small trading post there, but if so I do not remember it now, though I visited him once soon after his arrival there with his wife, and once again a short time previous to his death. The following tribute to his memory gives but a faint idea of the real worth of the man. He was honest and true to his friendships and bold and uncompromising with his enemies, though his religious conversion modified the expression of his character.

DEATH OF AN OLD PIONEER.

SOME INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF
THIS REGION.

There died, at his home in the village of Lakeport, town of Pepin, Wisconsin, on Monday, Jan. 3, 1887, at 8 o'clock, p. m., John McCain, Sr., of pneumonia, aged 73 years. The announcement of this fact in the local journal has called up recollections of early days to the mind of one of our county historians, Dr. Bunnell, that we are permitted to make use of.

Mr. McCain was born in Indiana county, Pa., Feb. 21, 1814, where he lived until he came West in 1840. In 1841 he joined a party of government surveyors in Iowa. In the Autumn of that year he engaged in lumbering on the Menomonie or Cedar river, Wis. In the Spring of 1842 he became a pilot (by draught of water) on the Chippewa and Mississippi rivers, and as such became very expert. During the Winter of 1843-4, together with a man by the name of Dickey, he banked a large quantity of steamboat wood for Tom Holmes, of Holmes' Landing, now Fountain City, and during that winter, after various conversations with James Reed, the Indian sub-agent and farmer at the present site of Winona, entered into arrangements with Dr. L. H. Bunnell, now of Homer, Minn., to break the drifts and open out the channel of Beef Slough, into which had been run by the perversity of Jeff. Davis, a large and valuable quantity of lumber.

According to Reed, who was a soldier at the time, under Lieut. Davis, at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, Wis., a large quantity of valuable square timber, saw-logs (for whip sawing), shingles, spars, a long flag staff, and other material, were gotten out by the soldiers sent by Zach. Taylor, then in command at Fort Crawford, and all of which had been rafted and started down the Chippewa for use at the fort.

Davis, who had been sent up to supervise the running, or hurry on the lumber to its destination, mistook the head of Beef Slough for the main channel of the Chippewa, and before the error could be remedied the lumber was completely "packed" in the slough. All of that lumber, together with the escaped saw-logs of other seasons, was recovered by the persevering industry of the men under McCain, and thus was opened for the first time the now famous and valuable Beef Slough.

In 1846 Mr. McCain settled on his homestead and commenced farming. He continued his farming on an extensive scale for the times, running at intervals as pilot, and making one trip into the Rocky Mountains of Idaho and Montana as a gold seeker.

Near Helena, Montana, he made some very valuable discoveries, and his name is still held in reverence by the older pioneers of that region. His discoveries led him into the hostile Sioux Indian territory, and he

was warned to desist from prospecting, but was offered an alliance with one of the queens of the mountains, if he would establish among their lodges. McCain spoke the Dakota language passably well, was a dead shot and a very good trapper. Declining the friendly offer of the Sioux, he started to leave their territory, was followed, and if report is true, the Sioux did not all return to camp. McCain found his way into Fort Benton, and from thence came down in a keel boat to St. Louis and thence home. Since 1860 he has been farming on the old homestead. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Barry, eldest daughter of Hon. James Barry. McCain was one of the early County Commissioners, and has filled offices of trust several times since.

He leaves a wife and daughter—now Mrs. J. A. Guthrie—and a large circle of relatives and friends. For a number of years past he was an active member of the Methodist church, a Good Templar and a good friend of humanity.

Prof. Kirk, in his newspaper article, strangely overlooked the fact that with his magic pen he had taken Fort St. Antoine from the place below the foot of Lake Pepin, assigned it on the Franquelin map, and carried it over willow bars and sand dunes, up Lake Pepin several miles to an old trading post that must have been built after the Franquelin map was made and Fort St. Antoine had served its purpose. The "Grand Encampment" is referred to in the treaty of 1830 at Prairie du Chien, which gives the half breed Sioux their tract of land, as follows:

"Beginning at a place called The Barn, below and near the village of the Red Wing Chief, and running back fifteen miles, thence in a parallel line with Lake Pepin and the Mississippi about thirty-two miles to a point opposite Beef or O'Beuf river, thence fifteen miles to the Grand Encampment, opposite the river aforesaid."

The accompanying map, published in this volume, will show the "Grand Encampment" and its relation to the mouth of the east branch of the Chippewa river, and if Fort St. Antoine be transferred from its place on the Franquelin map to the east shore of the mouth instead of the west, all mystery will have been dispelled, and no great violence done to the great map of Franquelin. If the "Grand Encampment" was

not called together by Perrot, by whom was it ordered? The old traditions were that it was called by a very rich trader. Perrot no doubt was so regarded by the Indians assembled at the *Process Verbal*. I might prolong this chapter indefinitely, but will close with some extracts from an article from the pen of Prof. Draper, and a few additional words.

Professor Lyman C. Draper, L. L. D., the well-known, and former Secretary of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, in an exhaustive article on Early French Forts in Western Wisconsin, in Vol. X, page 368, says: "Franquelin places Fort St. Antoine on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, apparently a little below the mouth of Lake Pepin. The lower end of the lake is only about a mile above the Chippewa river, (it is not a mile, it is just at the upper mouth of the Chippewa river), while the low, swampy land extends some two miles above the mouth of that stream, up the eastern shore of the Mississippi and Lake Pepin, thus rendering it altogether improbable if not impossible that the post was located below the outlet of the lake. . . . Dr. Neill, while making no attempt to fix the exact locality of Fort St. Antoine, does place it above the outlet of the lake, and on its eastern shore."

The words of Neill on the page cited by Prof. Draper, 833, 4th edition of Neill, are: "He probably erected Fort St. Antoine on Lake Pepin," but later said a recent perusal of La Potherie had convinced him there was no fort on Lake Pepin at that date.

Prof. Draper, continues: "Perrot established two forts near the foot of Lake Pepin—one on either side—so states Dr. Neill. That on the eastern side must have been built first, probably in the spring of 1686, after leaving his wintering place at Trempealeau, and certainly not later than the spring of 1688. The locality of this establishment named Fort St. Antoine has been preserved by Franquelin, Penicaut, Bellin and others. The other post, on the western bank of the stream, was apparently erected after 1688, else Franquelin would have located it on his map of that year, as well as the

other." This latter statement seems to the author reasonable, but that Penicaut or Bellin or Dr. Neill had definite ideas concerning the exact location of Fort St. Antoine does not appear. Thomas Jeffrey's map of 1762 has Fort Le Sueur and Fort Perrot where, I am satisfied, they once were located—Le Sueur above and Fort Perrot on Lake Pepin—both on west side of Mississippi. De l'Isle has on his map two forts located on the west side below the mouth of the Chippewa river, but no Fort St. Antoine is indicated. It is easy to believe that numerous posts or forts, as all log cabin trading houses were called in early days, because made secure against sudden attack of Indians, were built and destroyed again without having been placed on any map, but the importance that attached to Fort St. Antoine entitles its locality to be known. Perrot expressly states in the formally written act of the *Process Verbal*, "*done at Post St. Antoine.*" Again, Dr. Draper: "Franquelin places Perrot's establishment where he spent the winter of 1685-86 above the mouth of Black river. La Potherie describes it as in a wooded country, at the foot of a mountain, in the rear of which was a large prairie. . . . This range of bluffs commences at Trempealeau village and extends up the river some three miles. Back of the river, a little distance, is a beautiful plateau, where Mr. Hastings (Samuel D. Hastings) suggests that Perrot may have established his little post, and from the bluff near by issues a fine living spring; or, if a point nearer the river was preferred, it might well have been fixed not far from the springs, at the head of the pond." In note at bottom of page 366, reference is made to "statements of Hon. S. D. Hastings, Hon. R. Bunn, Charles A. Leith and B. F. Heuston, Esq."

The "pond" referred to is the beautiful little "Lake of the Mountain," as it was known to the Dakotahs, and a few yards southwest and northwest to the springs indicated from the old site yet visible is precisely where the Swiss missionaries erected their rude cabin of logs and planted their

garden, while their fields were planted on the north side of the range of bluffs further east, on land now belonging to George Flemington, where Denville had his oat and pea field. Mary Anne Farnam, daughter of the fur trader of Rock Island, Col. Farnam, and step-daughter of Mr. James Reed, of Trempealeau, in 1842, accompanied by my brother, Willard Bunnell's wife, pointed out the locality of the old mission garden, which was confirmed by Reed, as the place where we would, and did, find the largest and most fragrant wild strawberries we had ever seen. We soon filled our tin pails there and returned again and again to the old garden and plowed ground while the strawberry season lasted, as they were quite large there. The memory of the fragrance of those delicious wild-strawberries will not down when insipid or cold-stored berries have been set before me. But all speculation as to the locality of Perrot's wintering ground, and what I believe to have become his headquarters, has been put to rest by the discovery of the now well known fire-places, eight or more in number, by the energy and perseverance of Judge B. F. Heuston, Sr., G. W. Squires and the Grignon brothers of Trempealeau, confirmed by the researches of others and eminent antiquarians of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, aided by the map of Franquelin of 1688. As to the two mysteries, Fort St. Antoine and the Grand Encampment, I have done what I could to show that they were related, and it may be that the publication of the "Jesuite Relations" will make all clear.

The Jesuit Relations and allied documents now going through the press under the editorial direction of Prof. Reuben Gold Thwaites, it is hoped, may shed more light on the location of Fort St. Antoine and the place of gathering of the Indians for the ceremony of the *Process Verbal*, than has hitherto appeared.

The opportunity that is afforded by the Burrows Brothers Company of Cleveland, Ohio, to the student, in the publications they have undertaken, should be appreciated by the

managers of our educational institutions and libraries, for from no other source can like knowledge be obtained. Prejudice has hitherto kept back the capital necessary to carry so costly an enterprise to a conclusion, but the blinding influence is giving way to greater enlightenment for such men as Bancroft, Parkman, Kingsford and others have given what was accessible to them, the highest meed of praise.

There has been considerable discussion concerning the usefulness of Captain Jonathan Carver's exploration in the Northwest, and of his, or his heirs' claim, to a large tract of land, that includes the City of St. Paul and an area larger than some of the smaller states, within its boundaries. His usefulness in some degree is beyond a doubt, for he had attracted attention to Minnesota. Captain Carver was a remarkably talented and courageous man, but his description of his cave, and the signatures purporting to have been signed to the deed of his claimants, have thrown doubt upon the Captain's integrity of character, for no such cave as described has ever been found, nor have any such named chiefs ever been given an existence, even in tradition. The composition of Haw-no-pow-ja-tin, and of Otoh-ton-goo-nilisheaw, it is believed by the writer, will never be understood by a Sioux, even though they were said by Carver to have been names of noted chiefs. The names have evidently been compounded from the Sioux words no-pah-otah and tan-kah, with some fanciful words that have thrown suspicion on the first three.

In 1794 the heirs of Carver's American wife, sold to Edward Houghton of Vermont their title to the grant, but the sale was never recognized in England where it was said there were claimants through another marriage. In 1821, General Leavenworth was instructed to make inquiries concerning the claim, and he reported in parts as follows:

"The land lies on the east side of the Mississippi. The Indians do not recognize or acknowledge the grant to be valid, and they, among others, assign the following reasons:

1. "The Sioux of the Plains never owned a foot of land

on the east side of the Mississippi. The Sioux nation is divided into two grand divisions, viz: The Sioux of the Lake, or perhaps more literally Sioux of the River and Sioux of the Plain. The former subsist by hunting and fishing, and usually move from place to place by water, in canoes, during the summer season, and travel on the ice in the winter, when not on their hunting excursions. The latter subsist entirely by hunting, and have no canoes, nor do they know but little about the use of them. They reside in large prairies west of the Mississippi, and follow the buffalo, upon which they entirely subsist; these are called Sioux of the Plain, and never owned land east of the Mississippi.

2. "The Indians say they have no knowledge of any such chiefs as those who have signed the grant to Carver, either among the Sioux of the River, or Sioux of the Plain. They say that if Captain Carver did ever obtain a deed or grant, it was signed by some foolish young men who were not chiefs, and who were not authorized to make a grant. Among the Sioux of the River there are no such names."

"Then follows corroborating statements from General Leavenworth, to show that the Carver claim could not be sustained, and on the twenty-third of January, 1823, the committee on Public Lands made an adverse report to the Senate, and it was finally *resolved*, that the prayer of the petitioners ought not to be granted."

It was thought that this action by the Federal Government, and the declaration of Lord Palmerson, in 1839, that no trace could be found of the recognition of Carver's claim in the archives of the British Government, would forever dispose of it, but with each new generation, like some old story, it appears again and again.

CHAPTER III.

Prehistoric Age of Mound Builders—Nothing Positively Known Concerning them.

Going back beyond tradition, we find in our midst evidences of a numerous people having once occupied the adjacent territory, as they have many other parts of the American continent. Whence came they? Judge George Gale, the founder of the University at Galesville, Wisconsin, in his book, "The Upper Mississippi," says: "To us of the New World there is a 'Greece' that literally slumbers in the tomb. A nation or people which for centuries occupied a territory nearly as large as all Europe, and had a population which probably numbered millions, have left the graves of their fathers and temples of their gods so unceremoniously that their very name has disappeared with them, and we only know of their existence by their decayed walls and tumuli, and by their bones, exhibiting the human form, although in a far-gone state of decay."

There are those who do not believe in the "Antiquity of man," but rely on the arguments of Jas. C. Southall, in support of his theory of "The Recent Origin of Man," as appears in his book published by Lippincott & Co. It is true, that there is an imperfect tradition, (or was one) among the Winnebagoes, that when their ancestors first came to Trempealeau they found some of the mound-builders there, but that

they disappeared at once, as if in a night. If it were true, they must have been a timid race, and were probably but a remnant of their people.

On the ridges of the bluffs, not far from the Trempealeau mounds, there have been skeletons found, with pottery dishes in the same burial mound with the skeleton, and in one instance the bony fingers were clasping the rim of the earthen or stoneware vessel. The head of the skeleton and a piece of the pottery was given by the writer to the Wisconsin Historical Society, together with an account of its discovery by Mr. Seymour, a former merchant of Trempealeau. All but the head of the skeleton dropped into dust upon exposure, and whether the remains were those of a mound-builder, or an ancient Sioux or Winnebago, it would be difficult to determine. Stone implements of war, and *black pottery*, were manufactured by the Sioux and other Indians of the Missouri valley, and clay colored pottery water jars, drums and other vessels were made by the Sioux of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers. There is an account recorded by the French, of pottery drums having been used by Dakotah visitors to the Chippewas, on the head waters of the Chippewa river, and it is well known that stone arrow heads and spears were in common use by the Sioux when first met by the French. It will thus appear, that the numerous pieces of pottery and stone implements of all kinds, may or may not have belonged to Sioux, for their way of fastening a war club of stone, or a stone hammer with sinews *around* the grooved head of the implement, is the same as that employed for the use of the stone sledges found in the copper mines of Lake Superior.

As far as I know from reading and otherwise, no Sioux has been known to make any instrument of native copper, and if this be true, it may fairly be assumed that the Dakotahs were not engaged in copper mines, and as numerous articles of copper have been found in and among the mounds, as well as the native copper from which those articles were

made, it is probably true that the copper was solely worked by the "Mound-Builders," and that copper was a precious metal to those people, and attracted them from we know not whence, to Lake Superior, as gold attracted our own people in early days, to far-off, California, Australia and now to Africa.

Prof. David G. Brinton of the University of Pennsylvania, says: "Man has probably existed on earth for 230,000 years or so. In Europe rude implements have been found in the gravel left by the glaciers, which show that he existed in their time." Dr. Brinton seems to think that there has not been the same proof [of the antiquity of man on this continent, but concedes the fact that man must have been here for thousands of years, for, said he: "The length of time it takes to form a distinct race runs up into the thousands of years, and the American Indian is a distinct type."

The question of time cannot well enter into any conception of a people who have left such vast earth monuments of their industry. Earth is not as perishable as stone, or at least, time leaves little impression upon it. If the over-zealous spiritual advisers of Cortez and Pizarro, had not been allowed to destroy the picture-writings and hieroglyphics found in Mexico and Peru, possibly a key might have been found to unlock the mysteries of the Calendar Stone of Montezuma, the inscriptions on the ruined houses of Yucatan and Central America, as well, perhaps, as the origin of the mound-builders, and what became of them. It is as reasonable to suppose this, as to have expected the enlightenment that has resulted from the study of the cuneiform alphabet and its solution. But recently, the Assyriologist, Professor H. V. Hilprecht, by means of cuneiform inscriptions on brick found in the foundation, or below, of a building on the ancient site of Nippur, has made a wonderful discovery. Those brick 18 inches square by 4 inches thick had the name of King Sargon, mentioned in the Bible. Nothing had ever been found among ruins before to prove his existence, but as

said: "Thousands of bricks bearing not only his name but the deliberate thumb print of the slave who made each brick." And continuing, the narrator, S. R. MacDonald, says: "Professor Hilprecht set to work to decipher the inscriptions on the broken bits of pottery. He found that those taken from the lowest levels had been scratched with cuneiform characters by men who had lived 6,000 years B. C. How long it had taken civilization to reach the point where this form of writing was known and practiced is mere conjecture, but Professor Hilprecht is sure that at least 3,000 years were required for this development, and he does not attempt to estimate the centuries which elapsed during which the inhabitants of the Euphrates Valley lived without writing at all."

There can be no question of the accuracy of the learned professor's statements; and applying the same methods to the examination of the very ancient stone and brick ruins of Mexico, Central America and South America, it must be confessed that the *origin* of the mound-builders must be beyond our present knowledge, and even *appreciation*, of time.

Judge Gale's book shows great research and critical acumen, but my space will allow of but limited reference to his work; but it is proper for me here to state that Judge Gale was the first to notice in print, the mounds and other earth-works in Trempealeau County, Wisconsin, and at La Cresent in Minnesota.

Few persons have any adequate conception of the vast area covered by earth-works in the United States, or of the immense labor expended in their construction. A mound in Montgomery County, Ohio, according to Gale, contains 311,353 cubic feet of earth. One in Virginia is seventy feet high and one-thousand feet in circumference, and the great Cahokia Mound in Illinois is ninety feet high and over two-thousand feet in circumference, containing over 20,000,000 cubic feet; and one in the State of Mississippi covers an area of six acres. In Old Mexico, there are mounds of still greater

magnitude. In these mounds there are sometimes found pearls, sharks' teeth and marine shells, obsidian or volcanic glass, native copper and native silver, some times united unalloyed, as found only in Russia and Lake Superior, where innumerable stone implements are still to be found that have evidently been used in extracting those metals. Lead has also been found, but not frequently. Stone implements are found in mounds and upon the surface, especially after plowing, wherever these ancient works appear.

The stone implements are generally manufactured from syenite, or some hard trap rock, and consist of stone pipes of various kinds and shapes, hammers, and stone sledges, axes, scrapers or fleshers, knives, spear heads and daggers, pestles, spinners or twisters, still in use by Mexican Indians. Obsidian, chert and quartz arrow-heads are quite common, and in some localities broken pottery may be found plentifully distributed on the surface. The mound-builders must have possessed some mathematical knowledge, as some of their earth-works show a good degree of geometrical skill, as well as military ideas of defense against enemies without fire arms, or other projectiles of long range.

Ten miles below La Crosse, on Coon Prairie, there is a line of good-sized mounds and low earth-works of considerable interest, as many copper implements have been found there; and on the Clark farm, on the La Crosse river, the works all seem to have been of a defensible character. At Onalaska, there are scattered mounds in different localities, and about a mile above McGilvray's ferry on Black river, there is an old defensive embankment that still remains visible, though partly leveled by use of the land. At Galesville and vicinity are a number of mounds including some built in shape of man, and others, according to Gale, in shape of animals. The most conspicuous, because most accessible, are the mounds in and near the village of Trempealeau. One west of Mr. Booher's residence commands a fine view from its elevation above the surrounding surface. In close proximity to the Baptist

church, there are several, though partly demolished, that were at one time quite conspicuous. Near what is known as "Pine Creek Station," (though Pine Creek is far away) on the land of one of the Gladstone brothers, there is a large collection of very perfect mounds that must have been used for some purpose not requiring water, as the creek passing by on the north, and a branch of the Trempealeau river on the west, are too far away to have supplied water. It seems probable that the mounds were places of sepulture for a numerous people, or that the creek has, since the occupancy of the land, changed its course.

At La Crescent and on Pine creek, Minnesota, there are a number of mounds of rather small size, and coming up toward Winona, on the south side, at intervals, they appear; at Dresbach where large skeletons and copper implements have been found; at Dakota, Richmond, La Moille, Cedar Creek and Homer, Pleasant and Burns valleys. Upon what was known as the Wah-pa-sha homestead, afterwards as Burns farm on Burns creek, there was an old Indian pottery kiln, and on the table-land on west side of creek, on land that belongs to Mrs. Raibeau, there was an old stone-implement manufactory where were found some of the most perfect celts to be found in any museum. To my chagrin, after a vain attempt to purchase them, I was told by Mrs. Raibeau that she had let a gentleman from Milwaukee have them, and thus were lost to the school museums of Winona, a few celts not surpassed by any in the collections at the Columbian Fair.

My niece, Mrs. Louise Page, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, was famous for finding arrow-heads, fragments of pottery and other Indian relics while a girl in Homer; and near the Keyes mansion on the river front at Winona, she picked from the river bank a large stone hammer which is now in the Normal School Museum of Winona. The hammer, or sledge, was imbedded about two feet in the soil, and was most likely buried, like the Catholic silver cross, now in possession of W. H. St. John, one of Winona's well-known jewelers, in the grave of

some dead warrior. The Catholic emblem of the cross, I am now convinced, is too large for any one, but a person of considerable importance, though such emblems of smaller size were in common use on the Canadian border in early days, and therefore, it has occurred to me that the cross referred to most probably belonged to some priest whose life had been given in a vain effort to convert the Sioux of the Wah-pa-sha band; or it may have belonged originally to the lost and lamented Father Rene Menard, who was lost in the swamps of a Black river or Chippewa forest, and that, like the traditional black gown said to have been seen in the lodge of a Sioux, found its way into the possession of a Dahkota warrior, and was buried with his bones on the highest river bank of the sandy prairie of Wah-pa-sha.

One surmise is about as good as another, where all is mystery; but faith and science, rightly joined, may bring the matter into light, and I have high hopes that Prof. Thwaites' historical researches into the archives of the Jesuit Fathers during his editorship of the "Jesuit Relations," now going through the press, will lead to something more concerning the death of Father Menard and of the real location of Fort St. Antoine than is generally known.

Upon the farm of Myles Roach, in the town of Homer, a number of stone arrow and spear-heads have been found by sons of Mr. Roach, and one spear-head of copper was found which was purchased by R. F. Norton, a merchant in the village of Homer. Mr. Norton himself found a fair-sized piece of native copper, blended with its stone matrix, within a few yards of his store on a vacant lot, and a pearl was found for which my nephew received thirty dollars. There was a very large pile of pearl-producing muscle shells, upon the premises of the writer, which have, by plowing, been leveled down, but if not brought out by muskrats when the Mississippi's bed was at a higher level than now, the shells were probably piled up by pearl-fishers of the mound period. There have also been found along the river front in Winona

native copper, Indian implements of uncertain use, one of which, found by George M. Cole, is in possession of Mr. Cole's father, Dr. Jas. M. Cole, of Winona, Minnesota.

At the foot of Center street, Winona, and along the river below, in olden-times, a few low mounds existed of uncertain use, but they have all been leveled to the ground. Opposite Winona, along the Northwestern railroad at Bluff Siding there were several mounds of good size that have been disturbed in grading the present wagon road, but in the fields adjacent, there yet remain of earth-works, sufficient to show that the locality was occupied as a place for defense. There are many such places, as at Wabasha, where a slightly raised embankment seems to have served as a protection to archers. It must always be born in mind, that no fear of having these earth-works commanded by superior elevations ever troubled pre-historic minds, for evidently the occupants had nothing to fear but a charge, or flight of arrows. Many so-called mounds, are not mounds at all, but old winter quarters of Prairie Indians, who in olden times, built sweat houses along water courses, of poles, grass and clay, that appear as old mounds, but seem never to contain ancient relics. The writer has seen similar remains of earth wigwams, and those but recently constructed and occupied by Pima and Maricopah Indians of the Gila and Colorado rivers, and his curiosity being excited, he asked why they built such houses, and the reply was to avoid the heat of the climate. As extremes often meet, it would seem that many of the low mounds that are locally called "gopher knowlls," or "buffalo wallows," are but the remains of similar wigwams, occupied in winter to keep out the cold; or in some localities, as at or near Grand Meadow, in Mower County, the numerous small mounds may be the remains of a wind-swept forest or grove that was turned over in a cyclone, leaving the roots to decay in the up-turned earth. Just such a formation exists in Clark County Wisconsin, in various conditions of decay. Changed atmospheric conditions, or fires may have prevented

a renewal of the growth of trees in the locality of the mounds. Many of the so-called ancient mounds, will have been found to have had intrusive burials made in them. The body of Chan-dee, son of Wah-kon-de-otah, the war-chief of the Wah-pa-sha band, was so buried on my brother's land at Homer, by special request of his relatives. His sister, Shoonk-ton-ka, the champion foot-racer of the band, with some children of Wah-pa-sha, were buried in one of the mounds near the site of the Huff House.

After the treaty of July 23, 1851, was decided upon by the chiefs of the band, many bones of the dead were removed and buried in secret places by night, lest they should be disturbed by white settlers, whom the Indians knew would eventually occupy the country. Many mounds have served as receptacles for the dead of modern tribes, but in such cases the fact is readily discernible, as no regard has been paid, in such instances, to the strata of earth, clay and sand, or gravel, of which the burial or sacrificial mounds have been composed. It is believed by some that the circle of skulls found in an ancient ossuary at Minnesota City were the crania of victims to some religious sacrifice around the altar pole, or else of captives slaughtered and left, as puppies are left in modern times, with heads to the pole, which might account for the position the skulls were found in. In either case, it may be safely assumed that the performance was not prompted by contact with the missionary fathers of the Catholic Church, or the more modern disciples of Dr. Martin Luther. The ancient mounds and ossuaries on Barn Bluff, and those found in the neighborhood of Trempealeau and Winona, there is reason to believe, were used alike by ancient and modern Indians. The mounds of the Upper Mississippi region, and of the Minnesota valley, and on the Red River of the North, show a greater extension of the mound-builders than is generally known.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dakota or Sioux Indians—Their Seasons of the Year—Some Peculiarities of their Language, and Belief in their own Importance.

The grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language, collected by the members of the Dakota mission on the Minnesota river, and edited by Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, A. M., under the patronage of the Historical Society of Minnesota, is a monument not only to the men and women who accomplished the work, but it is also a lasting tribute of itself, to the far-reaching liberality of the men who made, by their contributions, the giant task possible. But for this volume, completed when it was, and published by the Smithsonian Institute, in 1852, it is quite certain that no sufficient record of the Dakota language would have been made; for, as the Indians are passing rapidly away, or are being transformed by the influences that have since surrounded them, their language and customs have changed also, or have been greatly modified or forgotten by the newer generations. In fact, the Sioux of long ago has already passed away with his buffalo of the plains.

Rev. Stephen R. Riggs very truly said that when he first came out to the mission on the St. Peters river, (now Minnesota river), among the Dakotas in 1837, they did not know or comprehend enough to aid him in learning the language. This is true of all savage races of men, who are naturally sus-

picious if many questions are asked them, and if they do not deliberately lie with intention of deceiving, very likely they may say that many questions make their heads ache, and if they have eaten but recently, they may, like Black Hawk's son, after a dinner given him by a deluded but zealous disciple anxious to convert the young scalper, reply, "Don't ask me questions now, *I layzee, I layzee*," and go to sleep while being questioned; or perhaps an Indian may sit in sullen silence without a thought of giving you an answer, while you, in expectation, are waiting in wonder at his delay. Persons who have had such experiences in their pursuit of *primitive* knowledge, can all the better comprehend how blunders have been made by pioneer explorers, especially if those men have been guileless missionary fathers, or credulous fortune hunters. It is only possible to obtain facts of any kind from a savage by long and persistent inquiry, and then only after his confidence has been obtained by educating him to an understanding of your purposes.

I take, therefore, with thankfulness, the account of the contributory writers of the book I have referred to, as most reliable at the date of compilation and publication, 1852, a condensed statement of the significant names and numbers of the Dakotas then supposed to be living, of the various bands, as far as known, and their origin:

"The nation of SIOUX INDIANS or DAKOTAS, as they call themselves, is supposed to number about *twenty-five thousand*. They are scattered over an immense territory, extending from the Mississippi river on the east to the Black Hills on the west, and from the mouth of the Big Sioux river on the south to Devil's Lake on the north. Early in the winter of 1837 they ceded to the United States all their land lying on the eastern side of the Mississippi; and this tract at present forms the settled portion of Minnesota.

"During the summer of 1851 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, with Gov. Ramsey, of Minnesota, negotiated with the Dakotas of the Mississippi and Minnesota, or St. Peters val-

ley for all the land lying east of a line running from Otter Tail Lake through Lake Traverse (Lac Traver) to the junction of the Big Sioux river with the Missouri; the Indians retaining for their own settlements a reservation on the upper Minnesota, twenty miles wide and about one hundred and forty long.

"This purchase includes all the wooded lands belonging to the Dakotas, and extends especially on the south side of Minnesota river, some distance into the almost boundless prairies of the west. Beyond this the Indians follow the buffaloes, which, although evidently diminishing in numbers, still range in vast herds over the prairies. This animal furnishes the Indians with food and clothing and a house, and during the summer, with the '*bois de vache*,' for fuel.

"In the winter these sons of the prairie are obliged to pitch their tents at or in the little clusters of wood which here and there skirt the margins of streams and lakes.

"Their name, the Dakotas say, means *leagued or allied*; and they sometimes speak of themselves as the '*Oceti Sakowine*,' *seven council fires*. These are the seven principal bands which comprise the tribe or nation, viz:

"1. The Mde-wa-kan-ton-wans, *Village of the Spirit Lake*. Their name is derived from a former residence at Mde-wakan (Spirit or Sacred Lake), Mille Lacs, which are in the country now claimed by the Ojibwas. They are divided into seven principal villages, three of which are still on the western bank of the Mississippi, and the others on or near the Minnesota, within twenty-five or thirty miles of Fort Snelling. This portion of the Dakota people have received annuities since the year 1838, and their number as now enrolled is about *two thousand*. They plant corn and other vegetables, and some of them have made a little progress in civilization.

"2. The Wah-pe-ku-tes, *Leaf-Shooters*.—It is not now known from what circumstance the Wah-pe-ku-tes received their name. They are at present a roving band of about

five or six hundred, laying claim to the country on Cannon river, the headwaters of Blue Earth, and westward.

“3. The Wah-pe-ton-wans, *Village in the Leaves*, probably obtained their name from the fact that formerly they lived only in the woods. The old home of this band is about the Little Rapids, which is some forty-five miles by water from the mouth of the Minnesota river. About three hundred still reside there, but the larger part of the band have removed to Lac-qui-parle and Big Stone Lake. In all, they number about *one thousand or twelve hundred* souls. They all plant corn, more or less, and at Lac-qui-parle, one of the mission stations occupied by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, they have made some progress in learning to read and write their own language, and have substituted to some extent the use of the plow for the hoe.

“4. The Sisitonwans, *Village of the Marsh*. What the meaning of ‘Sisi’ is, we have not been able to ascertain satisfactorily, as we do not find it in any other combination in the language as now used. But Mr. Joseph Renville, now deceased, who was half Dakota, and considered as the highest authority in matters pertaining to the language, said that Sisin, was formerly used to designate a *marsh* or *slough* on the prairie. The *Marsh Village* Dakotas occupy the Minnesota valley, from Traverse des Sioux to Little Rock, claiming the Swan Lake country on the one side, and the Blue Earth on the other. But the great body of the Sisitonwans have gone north and west and now make their cornfields about Lake Traverse and on the Coteau des Prairies. They are supposed to number about twenty-five hundred, and depend mainly upon the buffalo for a subsistence.

“The Mississippi and Minnesota Dakotas are called, by those on the Missouri, Isanties, from ‘Isanati’ or ‘Isanyati’; which name seems to have been given them from the fact that they once lived at Isantande, *Knife Lake*, one of those included under the denomination of Mille Lacs.

"5. The I-hank-ton-wan-na, one of the *End Village* bands, are estimated at four-hundred lodges, or four-thousand souls. The Dakota tents on the Minnesota do not average more than about six inmates; but on the prairie, where, though the material for the manufacture of tents is abundant, tent-poles are scarce, they make their dwellings larger, and average, it is thought, about ten persons to a lodge. . . .

"6. The I-hank-ton-wans, *Village at the End*, are estimated at about two-hundred and forty lodges, or two thousand four hundred persons. As a general thing, they are found west of the Missouri. These two bands have usually been designated by travelers under the name of 'Yanctons.'

"7. The Ti-ton-wans, *Village of the Prairie*, are supposed to constitute about one-half of the whole Dakota tribe, numbering, as they say, about twelve hundred and fifty lodges, or twelve thousand five hundred souls. The great probability is that they are over-estimated." . . .

This may be said to be true of nearly all Indian tribes—first, because of undue credence given to statements made by the Indians themselves, and secondly, because of the interest agents and traders have had in magnifying the numbers, that large congressional appropriations might be made for the Indians they were supposed to represent. One instance of many that have come under the personal observation of the author, is that of a California superintendent of Indian affairs who represented his wards to number over a hundred thousand souls, when to have found twenty thousand would have been for him a task of great labor. So also has it been in Minnesota, when the same Indians, in preparation for payments under different guises of paint and names have been counted again and again.

Continuing, Mr. Riggs says: "The more recent *migrations* of the Dakotas has been from northeast to southwest and west. This appears from the names Mdewakantonwan and Isanti, before mentioned. Besides, there are Dakotas

still living who remember when the Ihanktonwans were occupants of Lac-qui-parle and other points on the upper Minnesota, from which fact they probably derived their name, as being at *the end* of the stream. At that time the Sisitonwans were all below, in the great bend of the St. Peters; the Wah-pe-ton-wans and the Wah-pe-kutes were inhabitants of the Big Woods and the lower part of the Minnesota valley; the Mdewakantonwans were on the eastern side of the Mississippi; and the Titonwans had probably not crossed to the west of the Missouri.

“Questions of priority or precedence among these bands are sometimes discussed. The Mdewakantonwans think that the mouth of the Minnesota river is precisely over the center of the earth, and that they occupy the gate that opens into the western world. These considerations serve to give them importance in their own estimation. On the other hand the Sisitonwans and Ihanktonwans allege, that as they live on the great water-shed of this part of the continent, from which the streams run northward and eastward and southward and westward, *they* must be about the center of the earth; and they urge this fact as entitling them to precedence. It is singular that the Titonwans, who are much the larger band of the Dakotas, do not appear to claim the chief place for themselves, but yield to the pretensions of the Ihanktonwans, whom they call by the name of Wi-ci-ye-la, which, in its meaning, may be regarded as about equivalent to ‘*They are the people*’ ”

The false ideas of their own importance, and the flowage of the waters at the heads of the Minnesota and Red River of the North during greatest inundations, not only deceived the Sioux occupying the territory, but their confederate bands as well, and through them, all who came within their influence or accepted their statements. As a matter of fact, no Indian had any definite idea concerning the rotundity of the earth, but his observations taught him that water flowed from heights of land, and that lands so favored were productive of

game and hence desirable. To the Dakotas, this region was a favored, or good spirit land; to the Chippewas it was Man-i-tou-ba or God's land.

Mr. Riggs says:

"In the language, as spoken by the different bands of those properly denominated Dakotas, some differences exist. The intercourse between the Mdewakantonwans on the Mississippi and lower Minnesota and the Wahpetonwans, Wahpekute and a part of the Sisitonwan family, has been so constant that but slight variations are discoverable in their manner of speaking." As a matter of course some few words have currency in one band which are not used, perhaps not generally known, by the others; but none of the dialectical variations are of such a kind as to impede the free intercourse of thought. "The Sisitonwans of Lake Traverse and the prairies present more differences in speech. In the arrangements of words in a sentence, the Dakota language may be regarded as eminently primitive and natural. The sentence 'give me bread' a Dakota transposes to 'Aguy-a-pi makee ye,' *bread me give*. Such is the genius of the language that in translating a sentence or verse from the Bible it is generally necessary to commence, not at the beginning, but at the end; and such, too, is the common practice of their best interpreters. Where the person who is speaking leaves off, there they commence and proceed backwards to the beginning. In this way the connection of the sentences is more easily retained in the mind, and more naturally evolved. There are, however, some cases in which this method cannot be followed. In a logical argument, if the conclusion is first translated it will in some cases need to be repeated after the premises; but the *therefore* which connects the conclusion to the premises, very frequently in Mr. Renville's translations, comes after the conclusions. This method of expressing ideas, so entirely different from that to which our minds have been accustomed, makes it difficult to learn to think in Dakota.

"Sacred Language.—The Dakota conjurer, the war prophet, and the dreamer, experience the same need that is felt by more elaborate performers among other nations, of a language which is unintelligible to the common people, for the purpose of impressing upon them the idea of their superiority. Their dreams, according to their own account, are revelations made from the spirit-world, and their prophetic visions are what they saw and knew in a former state of existence. It is, then, only natural that their dreams and visions should be clothed in words, many of which, the multitude do not understand. This sacred language is not very extensive since the use of a few unintelligible words suffice to make a whole speech incomprehensible. It may be said to consist first in employing words as the names of things which seem to have been introduced from other Indian languages, as *nide*, *water*; *paza*, *wood*, etc. In the second place it consists in employing descriptive expressions instead of the ordinary names of things, as in calling a man a *biped*, and the wolf a *quadruped*. And thirdly, words which are common in the language are used far out of their ordinary signification; as, *hepan*, *the second child, if a boy* is used to designate *the otter*. When the Dakota braves ask a white man for an ox or cow, they generally call it *a dog*; and when a sachem begs a horse from a white chief, he does it under the designation of *moccasins*. This is the source of many of the figures of speech in Indian oratory; but they are sometimes too obscure to be beautiful (or even understood).

"The Dakotas can hardly be said to know anything about poetry. A few words make a long song, for the 'Hi-hi-hi-hi' is only now and then interrupted by the enunciation of words. Sometimes their war songs are so highly figurative that their meaning is just the opposite of what the expressions used would naturally convey. To a young man who has acted very bravely by killing an enemy and taking his scalp, they say, 'Friend, thou art a fool, thou hast let the Ojibwas

strike thee.' This is understood to be the highest form of eulogy.

"The mourning song of *Black-boy* for his grandson, published in the *Dakota Friend* by Rev. G. H. Pond, will illustrate the abounding repetition of the same thought expressed in the same words in their songs.

"The unearthliness of the scene," says Mr. Pond, "cannot be described, as, in the twilight of the morning, while the mother of the deceased boy, whose name was Makadutowin, *Red Earth Woman*, was wailing in a manner which would excite the sympathies of the hardest heart, Hoksidan-sapa, *Black-boy*, standing on the brow of a hill, addressed himself to the ghostly inhabitants of the spirit-world in ghostly notes as follows, (giving translation):

"Friend, pause and look this way;
Friend, pause and look this way;
Friend, pause and look this way;
Say ye,
A grandson of *Black-boy* is coming."

The author of this book has frequently observed a tendency to repetition, not only among Indians, but among the plantation Negroes of the south, in their songs, and in fact, among uncultured white people. as well. The chingaree, changaree, and Fol-de-rol-de-ri-do of old English songs, were as meaningless and absurd as anything heard from tongue of Indian or Negro.

The ideality of a savage will not sustain him for a long continued flight, but a person understanding the language of an Indian, and himself possessing the poetic temperament, will always find more or less material in the Indians' modes of expression, so different from his own, to prompt him to indulge his own inspirations. Hence, most of song and oratory, put forth as Indian, is but the mere promptings from their figures of speech, and if it were otherwise, it would be meaningless to most people.

What has been said of the seven bands of Dakotas enumerated, will usually apply, in the main, as to character, to those others of a common origin, or who at least are branches of the original stock, namely: Assiniboin, Winnebagoes, Iowas, Missouris, Osages, Kansas, Arkansas, Quapaws, Ottoes, Omahas, Ponkas and Mandans.

The Menomonees have many words of Sioux origin, but their close relation by marriage with some of the Chippewas, has introduced many expressions of that people; nevertheless, Rev. William Hamilton, an old missionary, and Schoolcraft, both place them with the Winnebago confederacy, who, by tradition, call themselves the "first people," meaning that they were themselves older than the modern Sioux, and the fathers of all who speak a similar tongue or language. The Winnebagoes are also, as far as known, the only Indians who even pretend to have seen any of the mound-builders, some of whom, they say, were at Trempealeau when their ancestors arrived there. The numerous allied bands of the Winnebagoes in the southwest would seem to verify the claim that the Winnebagoes were the first to go to the extreme north.

"The Dakota method of counting is usually done by means of the fingers. If you ask some Dakotas how many there are of anything, instead of directing their answer to your organs of hearing, they present it to your sight, by holding up so many fingers. When they have gone over the fingers and thumbs of both hands, one is temporarily turned down for *one ten*. At the end of the next ten another finger is turned down, and so on. *Twenty is two tens, thirty is three tens*, etc. Opawinge, *one hundred*, is probably derived from pawinga, *to go round in a circle or to make girations*, as the fingers have been all gone over again for the respective tens. The Dakota word for *a thousand* is kektopawinge. They have no separate word to denote any higher number than a thousand."

"*Counting time*.—The Dakotas have names for the natural divisions of time. Their years they ordinarily count by *winters*. A man is so many winters old, or so many winters

have passed since such an event. When one is going on a journey, he does not usually say that he will be back in so many *days*, as we do, but in so many *nights* or *sleeps*. In the same way they compute distance by the number of nights passed in making the journey. They have no division of time into *weeks*. Their *months*, are literally *moons*. The popular belief is that when the moon is full, a great number of very small mice commence nibbling on the side of it which they continue to do until they have eaten it all up. Soon after this another moon begins to grow, which goes on increasing until it has reached its full size, only to share the fate of its predecessor, so that, with them, the new-moon is *really new*, and not the old one re-appearing. To the moons they have given names, which refer to some prominent physical fact that occurs about that time of year, as for example:

“*Wi*, being a moon—*Wi-tehi*, January, the hard moon.

“*Wicata-wi*, February, the raccoon moon, because the raccoons come out and go into their holes again.

“*Istawicaya-zan*, March, the sore eye moon, because they are liable to become snow-blind in that month.

“*Magaokada-wi*, April, the moon in which the geese lay eggs; also called *Watapapi-wi*, the moon when streams are again navigable.

“*Wozeepi-wi*, May, the planting moon.

“*Wazusteca-sa-wi*, June, the moon when strawberries are red.

“*Can-pa-sa-pa-wi* and *Wasunpa-wi*, July, the moon when choke cherries are ripe and the geese shed their feathers.

“*Wasuton-wi*, August, the harvest moon.

“*Psiuhnaketu-wi*, September, the moon when rice is laid up to dry.

“*Wi-wajupi*, October, the drying rice moon, sometimes written *Wazupi-wi*.

“*Takizura-wi*, November, the deer rutting moon.

“*Tahecapsun-wi*, December, the moon when the deer shed their horns.

“*Wi* is the name for the sun or moon, but distinguished by being called the day-sun, or the night-sun, when the subject spoken of does not indicate which is referred to, as *apetu-wi*, *day-sun*, and *hauyetu-wi*, *the night-sun*, or moon.

“Five moons are usually counted to the winter, and five to the summer, leaving only one each to the spring and autumn.

“The Dakotas often have very warm debates, especially towards the close of the winter, about what moon it is. The raccoons do not always make their appearance at the same time every winter, and the causes which produce sore eyes are not developed precisely at the same time in each successive spring. All these variations make room for strong arguments in a Dakota; but the main reason for their frequent difference of opinion in regard to this matter, viz: That twelve lunations do not bring them to the point from which they commenced counting, never appears to have suggested itself. In order to make their moons correspond with the seasons, they are obliged to pass over one every few years.”

As a matter of fact, the coming out of raccoons from their winter quarters in trees and in rocks, is entirely dependent upon a midwinter thaw, which does not always occur in February, but when it does occur not only raccoons come out but bears also appear for a short time, and the drones of bee hives in hollow trees are killed and cast out upon the snow, thus enabling the hunter to discover the precious hoard. The same may be said of the month of sore eyes—March. It is not always in March that the sorest eyes occur. The author remembers that in 1842-3, the long winter as it was called, the winter of the long-continued comet, and of Millerism. The snow did not disappear until April, and so glaring was the reflection from the snow that the best hunters of the Wa-pa-sha band of Sioux were nearly all laid up from snow blindness. Very nearly the same thing occurred in the spring of 1844, when the deep snow of that winter melted suddenly in the latter part of March by unusual heat. The

Indians were again so blinded by the glare that many of them did not recover until late in April.

Concerning the religion of the Dakotas, it may be said that they have "gods many," though it has been asserted that all of the Indian tribes have had their religious views more or less modified by contact with the early Christian fathers. This assertion, I think, is only partly true, and of some tribes. Nor is it true that any of their beliefs can be traced through tradition or otherwise to Asiatic ancestry. Their religions and their myths seem to be theirs alone, and, like their stone and copper implements, to have been evolved from their necessities and first efforts toward advancement out of a mere animal existence. They have succeeded in peopling the visible and invisible world with spiritual beings of great power, whom they say, control for weal or woe, the affairs of mankind. These powers of the spiritual realm, according to their medicine men or priests, have a hand in all things earthly, and only by propitiating them with gifts can their favor be secured. Some of the good spirits are easily bribed with a small offering to the medicine man, but the Bad Spirit, the great rival of the *Good Spirit*, is more exacting, and demands greater and more frequent sacrifices of whatever the applicant for his favor may have. A shrewd and great high priest has numerous gods to appeal to, like the ancient Egyptian oracular attendants, and when called upon to work his charms, he first gauges the capacity of his client to pay.

The Indians of the Dakota bands differ but little from other tribes in the Northwest east of the Rocky mountain ranges, in their superstitious beliefs. They have their god of the north and their god of the south; one to freeze and the other to burn. They have their god of the prairie and one of the forest, one of the air and one of the waters. The forest god sends notes of warning of an enemy's approach in the hoot of an owl, or by a red feather of the red-bird dropped on a trail. The owl also gives warning of an approaching storm. This is the only Indian sign that experience has taught the author to put any faith in.

CHAPTER V.

Sioux Traditions—Traditions and Legends of the Flood—Legend of Scarlet Dove—Legend of St. Anthony's Fall—Legend of Wenonah or of the Lover's Leap—Legend of Lake St. Croix—Le Sueur's Account of his Explorations among the Assineboins—Legend of a Division of Land and of a Dakota Band—Of Chaska and Witch-e-ain—Of the Sugar Loaf and Trempealeau Bluffs and Mountain—He-noo-gah, the Winnebago Belle, and her Misfortunes.

There is one tradition common to most tribes; that is concerning an universal flood. As the story goes, the god of air and god of water quarreled over the beautiful goddess of thunder, from whose unseen eyes flashed the lightning's dazzling rays. The god of air set up the claim of exclusive ownership to the brilliant young goddess of lightning, which was stoutly denied by the god of water, who replied, that but for the water supplied by his great ancestor the god Minne Tanka to the god of air, there would be no habitation, no clouds in which to conceal the young princess' charms from view. This angered the god of air, and he began to thunder his wrath, when, losing control of his temper, he sent the princess to earth with all the clouds in his kingdom, thinking to drown all things that lived. But the old king of earth was also angered by being made a party to the quarrel of the gods, and sending out a roving wolf, and a working beaver, they were instructed to build islands and mountain ridges that could not

be overcome Another, and powerful god, taking pity on those on earth, who had not offended, endowed the wolf and beaver with magic power and wherever the wolf defecated, there an island sprang up and resisted the flood which surrounded it, and wherever the beaver built a dam, there rose still higher a ridge that could not be overcome by water, and where were assembled all of the animals of the land. This land was called by the Sioux, Maka-etanhan Wah-kon, or the land of god, and is still known to the Chippewas as Manitoba, God's Land. Here it is said the great god Wah-kon-Tanka stopped the quarrel of the lesser gods, restored the goddess of thunder to her rightful spouse, the god of air, and made the god of water pay annual tribute in such rain-clouds as would supply the young princess with bridal robes that conceal her exquisite loveliness. The god of water was forced back into his natural elements to dwell with the fishes and turtles, but some times, it is said, he becomes rebellious, and overflows his boundaries.

Dr. Neill says: "The legends of the Dah-ko-tahs are numerous, and while many are puerile, a few are beautiful." And then Mr. Neill tells the tale of Scarlet Dove's love as follows: "Eagle-eye, the son of a great prophet, who lived more than one hundred years ago, was distinguished for bravery. Fleet, athletic, symmetrical, a bitter foe and warm friend, he was a model Dahkotah. In the ardor of his youth, his affections were given to one who was also attractive, named Scarlet Dove. A few moons after she had become an inmate of his lodge, they descended the Mississippi with a hunting party, and proceeded east of Lake Pepin.

One day, while Eagle-eye was hid behind some bushes, watching for deer, the arrow of a comrade found its way through the covert, into his heart. With only time to lisp the name, Scarlet Dove, he expired. For a few days the widow mourned and cut her flesh, and then, with the silence of woe, wrapping her beloved in skins, she placed him on a temporary burial scaffold, and sat beneath, (until the flesh was

removed.) When the hunting party moved, she carried on her own back the dead body of Eagle-eye. At every encampment she laid the body up in the manner already mentioned, and sat down to watch it and mourn. When she reached the Minnesota river, a distance of more than a hundred miles, Scarlet Dove brought forks and poles from the woods, and erected a permanent scaffold on that beautiful hill opposite the site of Fort Snelling, in the rear of the little town of Mendota, which is known by the name of Pilot Knob.

“Having adjusted the remains of the unfortunate object of her love, upon this elevation, with the strap by which she had carried her precious burden, Scarlet Dove hung herself to the scaffold and died. Her highest hope was to meet the beloved spirit of her Eagle-eye, in the world of spirits.”

This legend was given by Rev. G. H. Pond. Pilot Knob, was, in old times, a favorite watch tower for the discovery of roaming buffaloes, and in 1844, upon my first acquaintance with General Sibley, he told me that at the date of his arrival at Mendota, as a trader, in 1834, it was no uncommon occurrence for buffaloes to be seen from that look-out.

Another legend told in Neill's History relates to St. Anthony's Falls. He says:

“Many years before the eyes of the white man gazed upon the beautiful landscape around the Falls of St. Anthony, a scene was enacted there, of which this is the melancholy story: An-pe-tu-sa-pa was the first love of a Dah-ko-tah hunter. For a period they dwelt in happiness, and she proved herself a true wife. But her heart was at length clouded. The husband, in accordance with the custom of his nation, introduced a second wife within the tee-pee, and the first wife's eyes began to grow sad, and her form, from day to day, drooped. Her chief joy was to clasp the boy, who was the embodiment of hopes and happiness fled forever.

“Faithful and unmurmuring, she followed her husband on his hunts. One day the band encamped on the picturesque shores near the Falls of St. Anthony. With tearless eye,

and nerved by despair, the first wife, with her little son, walked to the rapid waters. Entering a canoe, she pushed into the swift current, and the chanting of her death-dirge arrested the attention of her husband and the camp in time to see the canoe on the bank and its plunge into the dashing waves. The Dahkotahs say, that in the mist of the morning, the spirit of the Indian wife, with a child clinging around her neck, is seen darting in a canoe through the spray, and that the sound of her death-song is heard moaning in the winds, and in the roar of the waters."

Again, the historian Neill tells of another maiden, whose sacrificial monument to her love, the "Lover's Leap," or "Maiden Rock," of Lake Pepin, is pointed out to tourists on lake and rail, and it will remain unscathed by time, the greatest ornament in the lake adornments, and a sacred trysting place for all true lovers. Mr. Neill says: "The first version of the story, in connection with this bluff, differs from those more modern, but is preferable.

"In the days of the great chief Wahpashaw, there lived at the village of Keoxa, which stood on the site of the town which now bears her name, a maiden with a loving soul. She was the first-born daughter, and, as is always the case in a Dah-ko-tah family, she bore the name of Weenonah. A young hunter of the same band was never happier than when he played the flute in her hearing. Having thus signified his affection, it was with the whole heart reciprocated. The youth begged from his friends all that he could, and went to her parents, as is the custom, to purchase her for his wife, but his proposals were rejected.

"A warrior, who had often been on the war path, whose head dress plainly told the number of scalps he had wrenched from Ojibway heads, had also been to the parents, and they thought that she would be more honored as an inmate of his tepee. Weenonah, however, could not forget her first love; and, though he had been forced away, his absence strengthened her affections. Neither the attentions of the warrior,

nor the threats of parents, nor the persuasions of friends could make her consent to marry simply for position.

"One day the band came to Lake Pepin to fish or hunt. The dark green foliage, the velvet sward, the beautiful expanse of water, the shady nooks, made it a fit place to utter the breathings of love. The warrior sought her once more and begged her to accede to her parents' wishes, and become his wife, but she refused with decision.

"While the party were feasting, Weenonah clambered to the lofty bluff and then told to those who were below how crushed she had been by the absence of the young hunter and the cruelty of her friends. Then chanting a wild death-song, before the fleetest runner could reach the height, she dashed herself down, and that form of beauty was in a moment a mass of broken limbs and bruised flesh."

The foregoing legend is very pathetic, and suited to the dominating peak of Lake Pepin, and its locality; and young lovers as they view the cliff, will sigh in sympathy with the devotion of young Weenonah; but ask no Indian or old trader to verify the tale, or you will be told another not quite so romantic.

Though *fishy*, there is a tale that belongs to Lake St. Croix, much more in consonance with the ready credulity of the Dahkotah, and one that makes no war upon the Indian's custom of parents' absolute right to dispose of their daughters.

Mr. Neill says: "The Dahkotahs call St. Croix river Hoganwanke-kin. The legend is, that in the distant past, two Dahkotah warriors were traveling on the shores of Lake St. Croix, one of whom was under a vow to one of his gods not to eat any flesh that had touched water. Gnawed by hunger, the two perceived, as they supposed, a raccoon, and pursued it to a hollow tree. On looking in, the one who could not eat flesh that had touched water, saw that the animal was a fish and not a quadruped. Turning to his companion, he agreed to throw it to the ground if he was not urged to eat. Hunger, however, was imperious, and forced him to break his vow and

partake of the broiled fish. After the meal, thirst usurped the place of hunger. He called for water to cool his parched tongue, until the strength of his companion failed, and he was then told to lie down by the lake and drink till his thirst was quenched. Complying with the advice, he drank and drank till at last he cried to his friend, 'Come and look at me.' The sight caused the knees of his comrade to smite together with fear, for he was fast turning to a fish. At length he stretched himself across the lake, and formed what is called Pike Bar." This tradition says, one, is the origin of the sand-bar in the Lake, which is so conspicuous at a low stage of water.

Having full faith in the legend, to this day they call the river, which is part of the boundary between Wisconsin and Minnesota, "*The place where the fish lies.*" (Hogan-wanke-kin.)

It will throw no discredit on the legend, the writer hopes, if he states the fact that at the lower end of sand-bars and at riffles in any stream frequented by pike, they assemble most, as there is most air there, which the small fishes especially seek when the lake is frozen over, and the ice resting on the sandbar at the brink leaves an air space, or if broken down, lets in the air where fish come to the surface. If there are warm springs in lakes, as at Winona, the fish come to the springs in winter for the same purpose, as without renewal from the atmosphere, the air or oxygen in the water is exhausted or vitiated, and the fish die in great numbers. There are several places of deep water, generally below sandbars, known to Indians, as "*Places where the fish come,*" as in Lake Pepin, foot of Beef Slough, Trempealeau Mountain Lake, and the "deep water," at Prairie du Chien, even known to the Chippewa Indians in olden days, as "Kego, Shug-ah-mote," *where the fish rest*, as they stay there in the deep water until the spawning season.

There are many other legends that have a local interest, but one more must suffice at present. This was given the author by Thomas La Blanc, a half breed Sioux, son of Louis

Provençalle, a native of France, *confrere* of Dubuque, and who had taken a wife from the Sioux of the Minnesota river at Mendota, where Thomas was born. But preliminary to an appreciation of this legend, it will be necessary as far as possible, to understand its origin:

Le Sueur, in writing of his explorations, says: "The Assinipoils (Assineboins) speak Sioux, and are certainly of that nation. It is *only a few years* since they became enemies. It thus originated: The Christianaux, (K-nees-ti-na, or knowing ones), having the use of arms before the Sioux, through the English at Hudson's Bay, constantly warred upon the Assinipoils, who were their nearest neighbors. The latter, being weak, sued for peace, and, to render it more lasting, married the Christianaux women. The other Sioux, who had not made the compact, continued to war, and seeing some Christianaux with the Assinipoils, broke their heads." This action on the part of some young men of war, caused alienation of families, which were never reconciled, and led to exclusiveness in marriage relations that was injurious in lessening the vigor of the band. Some of the older men, among whom was the ancestor of all the Wah-pa-sha's, (for there have been several of the name), protested against the custom of *ki-yuk-sah*, or intermarriage, and advised the taking of wives from among the Kay-nees-ti-na, or the "wise ones," as the Cree Indians were called by some of the Chippewa bands; but this plan was rejected by the opponents of Wah-pa-sha's ancestor, whose original name could not be recalled by La Blanc, and foreseeing extermination for his people, he left the border land of his enemies, and descended below the Fall of St. Anthony and to the mouth of the Minnesota river, where, finding a warmer air and more advanced vegetation, he took as name for his band, Wah-pe-ton or New Leaf; and separated himself from the others of his Isanyati, or Stone Knife tribe from the Knife Stone territory of the Mille Lac country. The tribe was also known as the Mde-wa-kan-ton-wans, or Spirit Lake band. Some of his tribe left the old chief at Mendota,

and went up the Minnesota, or "*Smoke-clouded water*," where one, giving rein to his passions, seduced the wife of a warrior.

That affair caused another division of the tribe from the Good Spirit Lake and great bloodshed resulted. The warrior who had been wronged was killed by the seducer, and then followed a desperate struggle between the Isanyati, with stone tipped arrows and plunging dagger-like knives, and the Indians of the plains, who fought with bone spears and arrows made from bones of the animals they had killed in the chase. The victors in the fight for the woman were from thence forward called Songasketons, or Brave Villagers, and the young libertine was chosen chief and named Wah-cou-ta, or the Shooter, as well as La Blanc could render it.

From the date of this affair, there were almost continual dissensions among those who had some regard for virtue, and those who lauded the unbridled license of the new young chief. Wah-cou-ta was left at his newly selected camp-ground at Kaposia, while Rem-ne-chee, an older chief, went on down to the site of the modern city of Red Wing, where game of all kinds, fish included, were found in great abundance. Here there seemed nothing lacking to their perfect happiness, and they lived for a great length of time, intermarrying like some families in Europe, until another chief, who might be styled the first of the name of Wah-pa-sha or his progenitor, drew attention to the effeminacy of some of the warriors who could not complete the trial of the Sun dance and Bear dance and had been compelled to assume the garb and occupations of women, as was the custom among the Sioux. He also referred to the increasing number of skeletons they were compelled to place in their ossuaries on Barn and other bluffs in the neighborhood, and ended by declaring that new alliances should be made with more vigorous tribes, and the customs of other Indians, now extinct, should be strictly enforced.

It so happened, that one of his own daughters was in expectation of an alliance with Chaska, a brave of great repute, eldest son of a chief, but the talk of Wah-pa-sha had

so impressed him, that without saying anything of his purpose, he had started off as if for a hunt, but in reality to see and espouse the daughter of Yellow Thunder, a noted Winnebago chief, who, though of Dah-ko-tah origin, was very far removed from the original stock. Chaska's absence was first noticed by his charming bride, who, jealous of his absence, complained to her father. Upon inquiry, it was found that the teachings of Wah-pa-sha had driven the young man away, but not to be baffled, the young girl, proving to the high priest her virginity, he was at once able to call good spirits to her aid. At first Rem-ne-chee and Wah-pa-sha had taken sides, one for the son, the other for the daughter. Neither chief desired blood-shed, but old time prejudices and customs are stronger than the authority of any chief, unless he has well-tested personal bravery to enforce his commands. This seemed lacking in the older chief Rem-ne-chee, and bows were being strung and spears pointed, when the power of the secret incantations of the priest burst forth in vivid flashes of lightning, the earth trembled and then all was enveloped in darkness most profound; while the Indians in affright, cast themselves upon the ground, where they remained chanting their death-songs in expectation of destruction. But lo! light again appeared, and those at Red Wing, found that a part of their possessions, including the dome-shaped peak and part of the Barn Bluff ossuary had disappeared, and during the Sismic strife, Wah-pa-sha the elder, and part of his band, had also been torn from Remnechee's turbulent followers. Witch-e-ain, the virgin, had been left behind, but calling to the spokesman of the band for aid, he soon assembled a few young braves, who, in devotion to her father, and in admiration of her purpose, declared that they would not only find the truant lover, but they would also recover their lost territory, which they naturally supposed must have been transported, with the direction of the wind, down the Mississippi. Believing this, they started down in a canoe. With the keen sight of Indians, they discovered fragments of

their lost possessions at the present site of Wabasha; but it would not be possible to explain their reasons for believing this, without a faith in their *medicine charms*, so we will pass on.

At the site of Winona, they were overjoyed to see, as they approached the landing, the exact counterpart of their sacred dome at Red Wing. It had been rent in twain, it is true, but the attrition of transportation had modelled it into a beautiful cap, not unlike the Scotch or Canadian cap of old, and standing in front as though in a mirage, his tall form stretching almost to top of cliff, was the lost chief once more in possession of the lost cliff, which he declared should be his cap for all future time. Its beautiful form, garlanded with cedar, would have remained the admiration of all beholders until this time, but for Mammon, a most powerful modern god, more powerful by far than any known to the Dahkotas.

Leaving the chief to recover from his dazed condition, and assemble his scattered family on a site he selected for himself on what became known as Burn's Creek, the anxious maiden with her young braves, pursued her way down the river. They soon came in sight of one of their lost mountains, which became known to the whole Dahkota tribe, when they had heard of the wonder, as Pah-ha-dah, (the moved mountain,) but to the Winnebagoes, who in approaching it with canoes on the east side, found it surrounded by water, it was known as Hay-nee-ah-chah, or Soaking Mountain. The pursuing party stopped but for a moment at Pah-ha-dah, or Trempealeau, for just below they saw a short range of isolated bluffs, which they felt sure were taken from the upper portion of the range of what are modernly known as the "Barn Bluffs." The vacant space below Red Wing, they argued, justified their conclusion. But they were about to land for examination, and perhaps for some slight refreshment, when their ears were assailed by the most persistent rattling of numerous rattlesnakes, or sin-tah-dah, they had ever heard.

Upon inquiry they found that the bluffs were really a part of their old possessions, but that the remains of their ancestors should not again be disturbed from the mounds and ossuaries on the ridge, but be held sacred for all time. The snakes were magically sent by the good high priest, with the bluffs, to protect the remains from desecration.

In consideration of the sacredness of the trust no snakes have been killed by Indians on those bluffs, and the bluffs are still called by the Winnebagoes, in commemoration of the tradition, *Wah-kon-ne-shan-i-gah*," or the "Sacred Snake Bluffs on the River," and to the Sioux, *Maya-hin-ca-sin-ta-dan*," which may be interpreted as "Rattlesnake Bluffs." The rattlesnakes are still there, though some of the bones and pottery of the ancestral dead have been removed, while the rattlesnakes were in their winter caverns. Some of the young Indian warriors had by this time lost interest in the pursuit of *Chas-ka*. Having found their lost or truant mountains firmly fixed upon the border-land of the Winnebagoes, they were disposed to turn back. Not so *Witch-e-ain*, like her elder sister *Wee-no-nah*, she had determination of character, and made known her intention of going on to *Wah-zoos-te-cah*, or Strawberry Prairie, now La Crosse, but thinking it well that her chieftain father should be apprised of her discoveries and intentions, she despatched the least brave of her followers with a message to him, and went on her course to LaCrosse.

Just above the present landing, at the mouth of the La Crosse river, known to ancient *Dah-ko-tahs* as *Chapa-cah-pu-tay*, or "Beaver Alder" stream, from the growth of tag-alder on the branch and the work of beaver cuttings, the party discovered the smoke of an Indian camp on the branch that entered at North La Crosse or the Fifth ward of to-day. Paddling up the sluggish lake of the *Minnie Sappah* or "black water" of Black river, they came to a large encampment of the *Ho-chunga-rah* or Winnebago tribe, who, when asked if *Chaska* was there, acknowledged that he had been,

but was then at the camp of Yellow Thunder, to the east of the present village of Onalaska. Thither with due haste the enamored maiden repaired, and found her inconstant Chaska paying court to the most prominent charms of He-noo-gah, Yellow Thunder's oldest daughter. He-noo-gah was famous for her beautifully rounded breasts, and although she affected a modesty not her own, by covering them with Indian lace, woven from the strong fibre of the wild linen of the west, a kind of asclepias, the gauzy material only piqued the curiosity of Chaska, who, in an unguarded moment, was making some allusion to the symmetry of her form, when Witch-e-ain broke in upon their privacy. With distended nostrils and flashing eyes, she hurled herself upon the yielding form of He-noo-gah, as if to rend her into fragments, but bethinking herself in time of a word-charm given her before her departure from Ouse-shoots-cah, or Rem-nee-che, by the venerated priest, to be used only in an emergency where she herself was in danger, she ceased her attack, and then in scornful menace told He-noo-gah that from that time on her breasts, lauded by Chaska and her people, should leave her to adorn two peaks which she pointed out and named Wah-kan-ka-ma-ma, or "Old Woman's Breasts," for you shall soon wither. But the Winnebagoes, after failing in their incantations to overcome the magic of Witcheain, called in admiring remembrance of their own We-noo-gah's perfect symmetry, E-nook-wah-ze-rah, meaning the "Woman's Mountain Breasts."

Chaska, for the time being, at least, gave up his dream of marital reformation, and took Witcheain as wife, and for some time after, the Wah-pa-sha band continued to be known as the Ki-yuk-sah band of Sioux, or those who disregarded relationship, as contrary to all customs of the Dahkotahs, they married their cousins.

He-noo-gah never married, but lived in retirement, after her misfortune, for it is true of the Winnebagoes, even to-day, that only the most perfect and physically vigorous, can hope to marry a chieftain, and to insure a perfect genea-

logical transmission, a female lodge is maintained, with especial duties assigned to it. The moon houses are also under the care and inspection of women of the lodge, and if there are any irregularities they are at once reported to parties interested, and with power to compel reformation.

Yellow Thunder was pacified upon being assured by his own medicine men that Chaska was not to blame for the misfortune that had befallen his oldest daughter, and that he himself should prosper in his reign. The priests' words were verified, for his younger daughter married into Dah-kotah families, which cemented a strong alliance, and Chaska, in time succeeding to the title and name of Wah-pa-sha, proved himself friendly to the Winnebago people, and when some of his wrongly-begotten people turned back from cowardice and left him with but half a dozen to atone for a murder committed on an English trader, Chaska or the new Wah-pa-sha, gave himself up in Canada as a sacrifice to atone for the murder. Such nobility of character was appreciated by the English, and after entering into a solemn treaty with him, Wah-pa-sha vouching for the seven bands then represented by him, he was forgiven, or his people were, for his sake, and never after were they disloyal to the English.

A portion of the foregoing tradition was given a few years since for publication in a newspaper, and was thought by some to be unreal. It is because of its reality, conforming to the Indian's want of knowledge of cause and effect, and his blending the impossible and improbable with what is historically known to be true; because of his lack of records and want of appreciation of time, that the legend is again re-produced.

It will give the readers of this volume a good idea of the utter lack of accuracy of Indian tradition for the writer to repeat a conversation with "White Snake," a well known Winnebago chief. The author had picked up a stone arrow-head of good form and was looking at it, as the chief came up and asked: "Do you know how that arrow head is made?"

‘I know how it *was* made,’ said I, “and they are still made and in use by the Indians in the mountains of the Great Western ‘Big-Water,’ the Pacific Ocean.” “Our medicine man told me,” said “White Snake,” “that a beetle, (a pinch bug), in the night time, nips out the pieces, and shapes the stone, that we may see how our ancestors lived.”

The real medicine men, are the men of greatest intelligence in the tribe, but think themselves justified in telling their hearers anything likely to hold control over them. Some, however, like medicine chief “Black-Hawk,” on exhibition at St. Paul at the fair of 1896, is of undoubted integrity of character, and is vouched for as an exceptional Indian. There is another Black Hawk, a son of the medicine chief “Big Nose,” who in his life-time was quite noted as the chief to whom the Sauk warrior Black Hawk, applied for aid and council, after his defeat at Bad Axe. Big Nose turned Black Hawk over to Decorah, the one-eyed chief of the Winnebago tribe, and then assumed his name in Winnebago, Ker-ah-choose-sa-be-rah because he claimed him as his prisoner. I knew him well, he had an enormous nose, and it offended him to be called Big Nose, which the white people persisted in doing. His son, at death of his father, took the name, Black Hawk, and is now quite an old man, very badly pock-marked. The old medicine chief Black Hawk, had a son George, recently killed, and Big Nose’s son Black Hawk, has a son “Jim,” who killed another Indian. The two Black Hawks have been confounded one with the other, and to make sure of the Genealogy of the elder one, I wrote to Antoine Grignon, who has been a Government interpreter for the Winnebago tribe, for information concerning him.

Mr. Grignon says: “This noted chief, (Black Hawk) belongs to a stock of very influential Winnebagoes of former years, and is a nephew of the celebrated chief White Eagle, and of Wau-kon-ah-kah, or Snake Hide. He is, or was, a few years ago, of a commanding and dignified appearance; stands about six feet, a very good orator, and as good a temperance

man as could be found among our temperance advocates. I will except none. I must not omit to say that he is quite renowned as a doctor, not only among his people, but among the whites. The citizens of Black River Falls can testify to wonderful cures which were made by him. He is not related to the Black Hawk you mention."

The grandfather of the one-eyed chief Decorah, was a French trader named *DeCarry*, who married Ho-po-ko-e-kaw or the "Glory of the Morning," the daughter of the principal chief, and for a time was herself queen of the Winnebago nation. She had two sons, the oldest was head chief in 1801, and the younger son, came to La Crosse at an early period and was killed. He was known as the Buzzard, and was the father of Wad-ge-hutta-kaw, the "Big Canoe," or "One-Eyed Decorah," as commonly known. Decorah's name has been perpetuated by the white people in towns and on peaks, but the honor of Black Hawk's capture belongs to the mixed blood Sioux, a relative of the great chief Wah-pah-sha.

One cold dark night in Wisconsin, while the mercury was nearly in the globe of the thermometer, there was a face presented at the window of the writer, who purposely had left it uncurtained that the light might guide any bewildered traveller. There were but two in the house, my wife and I, and she it was who discovered the Indian at the window. With an exclamation of alarm, she begged me not to let the Indian in, as I motioned him to go round to the door, for, said she, "his look is frightful." "Yes" I replied, "he is the most hideous Indian in the Winnebago nation, but one of the most intelligent, and perfectly inoffensive." I then sent my wife into another room, and opening the kitchen door, let the Indian in, built a good fire, and soon placed before him an ample meal. After he had refreshed himself and lit his pipe, he reminded me of my having recovered for his father, "Big Nose," about three hundred dollars in money and goods stolen from him in early days, by a white wood-chopper named Johnson; of my having saved the life of

Major E. A. C. Hatch from the fury of a drunken son of Decorah, and then, finding that I had no whiskey in the house, he told me that he seldom drank himself, but he would take just a little if it was given him, in remembrance of old times when we were young. I then got him to recite some of the traditions of his ancestors on both sides, for he was both Sioux and Winnebago, and being engaged at the time in writing up some of my recollections of Wah-pa-sha, I mentioned the good chief's name, when "Black Hawk," as my guest now calls himself since his father's death on Root river, began a history of both tribes that would have lasted until daylight, if I had not diverted his attention by asking him to sing me a song about Wah-pa-sha. The whiskey taken before the medecine man had reached my house had not yet died in him and he sang with many repetitions in a minor or doleful key, the substance of what I, upon the spur of the moment, to the great disgust of my wife, wrote down and compelled into a more or less intelligible rhyme. As to the recital of his traditions, they were too crude to print, and more improbable even, than any given to the readers of this book. But the song is as follows:

SONG IN MEMORY OF WAH-PA-SHA.

Wah-pa-sha! Wah-pa-sha! good and great brave,
You rode into battle, made enemies slaves;
Your war-chief was strong in spirit and frame,
And many the scalps he strung on his chain.

Your "Red Cap" was known in the east and the west;
You honored the English and hoped to be blessed;
You clothed your red children in scarlet and blue;
You ever were kind, devoted and true.

The skins of your Tee-pee were brought from the plains;
Your moccasins dressed with Chippewa brains, *
Your war-whoop saluted with British real shot, †
Gave peacefulest token; they harmed you not.

Then rest thee, brave chieftain, our night has come on;
The light has departed from all thou hadst won;
Thy people lie scattered on hill-side and plain;
Thy corn-field, thy prairie,‡ we cannot regain.

* The brains of *animals* are used in dressing deer-skins for moccasins, hence the insinuation.

† A stipulation at Mackinaw, required a salute to Wah-pa-sha of solid shot, when he visited the fort, that his followers might be complimented for their bravery.

‡ That is, the site of Winona.

CHAPTER VI.

Indian Religion.—An Attempt to Associate it with Israelitish Customs—
As Distinct as any Originally Formed Ideas of the Great Creator
and of Personal Accountability.

Colonel Garrick Mallory, one of the learned men of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, has declared, in substance, that there is no American Indian belief in a Supreme Being, nor any *form* of his religious worship that does not show the influence of Christianity in its formation. His language, as reported, is: "After careful examination, with the assistance of explorers and linguists, I re-assert my statement that no tribe or body of Indians, before missionary influence, entertained any formulated or distinct belief in a single overruling "Great Spirit," or any being that corresponded to the Christian conception of God; but I freely admit, with even greater emphasis, that an astounding number of customs of the North American Indians are the same as those recorded of the ancient Israelites."

This statement is true as to a *formulated* belief, for the Indian's belief in a god is his own conception of one, but while it is true that Indians have many gods, or powerful spirits, like the heathen gods of old, they still believe in one great or all-powerful God, as the Che-Manitou, of the Chippewas, and the Wah-kon-ton-ka of the Sioux; but, like Jehovah, they seem to be sometimes thwarted by evil.

As Rev. Neill says, in his history, page 55: "The Dah-ko-tahs have greater and minor deities, and they are supposed to multiply as men and animals, and the superior to have power to exterminate the inferior.

"The Jupiter Maximus of the Dah-ko-tahs is styled Oank-tay-hee. As the ancient Hebrews avoided speaking the name of Jehovah, so they dislike to speak the name of this deity, but call him "Taku-wa-kan," or "that which is supernatural." This mighty God manifests himself as a large ox. His eyes are as large as the moon. He can haul in his horns and tail, or he can lengthen them as he pleases. From him proceed invisible influences. In his extremities reside mighty powers. He is said to have created the earth. Assembling in grand conclave all of the aquatic tribes, he ordered them to bring up dirt from beneath the water, and proclaimed death to the disobedient. The beaver and others forfeited their lives. At last, the muskrat went beneath the waters, and, after a long time, appeared at the surface, nearly exhausted, with some dirt. From this, Oank-tay-hee fashioned the earth into a large circular plain.

"The earth being finished, he took a deity, one of his own offspring, and, grinding him into powder, sprinkled it upon the earth, and this produced many worms. The worms were then collected and scattered again. They matured into infants; and these were collected and scattered and became full-grown Dah-ko-tahs. The bones of the mastodon, the Dah-ko-tahs think, are those of Oank-tay-hee, and they preserve them with the greatest care in the medicine bag. It is the belief of the Dah-ko-tahs that Rev. R. Hopkins, who was drowned at Traverse des Sioux, on July 4th, 1851, was killed by Oanktayhee, who dwells in the waters, because he had preached against him. This deity is supposed to have a dwelling place beneath the falls of Saint Anthony. Hay-o-kah, (*the anti-natural God.*) There are four persons in this god-head. The *first* appears like a tall and slender man, with two faces, like Janus, of ancient mythology. Apollo-like, he

holds a bow in each hand, streaked with red lightning, also a rattle of deer claws. The *second* is a little old man with a cocked hat and enormous ears, holding a yellow bow. The *third*, a man with a flute suspended from his neck. The *fourth* is invisible and mysterious, and is the gentle zephyr which bends the grass and causes the ripple of the water.

"Hayokah is a perfect paradox. He calls bitter, sweet, and sweet, bitter; he groans when he is full of joy; he laughs when he is in distress; he calls black, white, and white, black; when he wishes to tell the truth, he speaks a lie, and when he desires to lie, he speaks the truth; in the winter he goes naked, and in summer he wraps up in buffalo robes. The little hills on the prairies are called Hayokahtee, or the house of Hay-okah. Those whom he inspires can make the winds blow and the rain fall, the grass to grow and wither.

"There is said to exist, a clan who especially adore this deity, and at times, dance in his honor. At dawn of day, they assemble within a teepee, in the center of which is a fire, over which are suspended kettles. With cone-shaped hats and earrings, both made of bark, and loins girded with the same material, they look like incarnate demons. On their hats are zig-zag streaks of paint—representations of lightning.

"The company remain seated and smoking around the fire until the water in the kettle begins to boil, which is a signal for the commencement of the dance. The excitement now becomes intense. They jump, shout, and sing around the fire and at last plunge their hands into the cauldron, seize and eat the boiled meat, then they throw the scalding water on each others' backs, the sufferers never wincing, but insisting that it is cold.

"Taku-Shkan-Shkan.—This deity is supposed to be invisible yet everywhere present. He is full of revenge, exceedingly wrathful, very deceitful, and a searcher of hearts. His favorite haunts are the four winds, and the granite boulders strewn on the plains of Minnesota. He is never so happy as when he beholds scalps, warm and reeking with blood. The object of

that strange ceremony of the Dahkotahs, in which the performer being bound hand and foot with the greatest care, is suddenly unbound by an invisible agent, is to obtain an interview with Taku-Shkan-shkan.

"The name of another one of the superior divinities is Wah-keen-yan. His teepee is supposed to be on a mound on the top of a high mountain in the far west. The teepee or tent has four openings, with sentinels clothed in red down. A butterfly is stationed at the east, a bear at the west, a fawn at the south, and a reindeer at the north entrance. He is supposed to be a gigantic bird, the flapping of whose wings makes thunder. He has a bitter enmity against Ounktayhee and attempts to kill his offspring. The high water a few years ago was supposed to be caused by his shooting through the earth, and allowing the water to flow out.

"When the lightning strikes their teepees or the ground, they think that Oanktayhee was near the surface of the earth, and that Wah-keen-yan, in great rage, fired a thunderbolt at him. By him, wild rice is said to have been created, also the spear and the tomahawk. A Bird of Thunder was once killed, the Indians assert, near Kaposia. Its face resembled the human countenance. Its nose was hooked like the bill of an eagle. Its wings had four joints, and zig-zag, like the lightning.

"About thirty miles from Big Stone Lake, near the head waters of the Minnesota, there are several small lakes bordered with oak trees. This is the supposed birth-place of the Thunder Bird, and is called the Nest of Thunder. The first step the spirit ever took in this world was equal to that of the hero, in the child's story, who wore seven-league boots, being twenty-five miles in length. A rock is pointed out, which has a foot-like impression, which they say is his track, and the hill is called 'Thunder Tracks.'"

I have taken so much from our greatest historian, Rev. Edward Duffield Neill, for a purpose. He has gathered his

facts from the researches of the faithful and enlightened missionaries of Minnesota, who, instead of recognizing anything in the barbarous religion of the Dahkotahs analagous to the teaching of the meek and lowly Jesus, which is known to all enlightened people as Christianity, they found nothing but demoniac cruelty and superstition among them. The Indians, like all savages, are, to a great extent, under the influence, if not control, of their medicine men, or priests, who play upon their credulity, and prevent any enlightenment that, but for their interference and whiskey, would be given them by earnest Christians that have so long labored among them.

It is true that some of their ceremonies are like those in use by Christians, but the Indians say that they have been in use beyond the period even of tradition, and it seems most probable that the same ideas may have presented themselves to a common humanity during the earliest origins of the various races. The incense, or use of smoke, in some ceremonies, is almost universal among the Indians, and, in place of smoke, the breath is used to sanctify what it touches. Cedar, or other evergreen branches, are used, as are palm branches in Southern climes, and for a like purpose. Down of ducks or geese is sometimes scattered in the pathway of a dance, if in readiness, and if not, hemlock leaves, or those of other evergreens.

A dance is regarded as an offering to please spirits, good or bad, and there are several varieties of them. Like the Daughters of Zion, the young Indian women awake from the sadness of mourning, and dance a dance of rejoicing. Most Indians have a dance in the spring time when wild ducks are plenty, and prairie hens are singing their love-songs. Again they dance in May, at corn planting time; then when the ears can be roasted, and then again when the corn and wild rice have been gathered. All of these are dances of thanksgiving, in which women and children take part, as they also do in scalp dances, or dances of victory; but the war

dances, or dances preliminary to war, are given by the whole band of braves who are to go on the campaign, and offerings or sacrifices are given through the medicine men for victory. The men are the principal dancers, and they indulge greatly in pantomimic expressions of what they intend to do to the enemy. The Dakotahs and Winnebagoes, as well as most northern Indians, dance at the commencement of winter, just after the rutting season of deer has passed, for then their camps are usually supplied with venison and they dance as a thanksgiving offering to the friendly spirits who guided them to success in the chase. The bear dance is for one person alone. The sun dance of the Dakotahs, or We-wan-yag-wa-ci-pi, is a test of devotion and of the endurance, as well as bravery, of the applicants for admission into the soldiers' lodge, an order of soldiers upon which the war chief and band, or even the nation of confederates, rely for defense against an enemy. The trial can only be endured by men of the most determined will, and that too, sustained by the fanaticism of a heathen faith in the sun. If the initiate fails from any cause except cowardice, as for instance, from being overcome for want of endurance, he may be given another trial, going into training not unlike a Grecian athlete or a modern pugilist; but if he shows cowardice and does not recover his reputation by killing some enemy of the tribe, he is forever disgraced, and if his future conduct bears out the justice of his condemnation, he is either driven out into the wilderness, or he is compelled to assist the squaws in their menial duties. There was such a man in the Wah-pa-sha band, Wo-wi-da-ke or Menial, who had bent his neck to the yoke he was compelled to carry, and with a nondescript sort of dress, half woman's and half man's, he went about the camp to see that it was kept clean, and performed such other duties as the old squaws chose to impose upon him. There was one other civilian in the Wah-pa-sha band, Wa-ka-ge-sa, the worker, but he was held in honorable esteem, for he was the artificer, and a very ingenious man. Had he have been

a white man, he most probably would have been an inventor, as no problem of repair seemed beyond his comprehension.

Sacred dance, Wah-kan-wa-ci-pi, like the medicine dance, of the Winnebagoes, Wah-cah-wash-she-rah, is as close and exclusive a communion of men of high degree, as one given by Knights Templars. None but the invited and initiated are ever allowed to be present during some of the ceremonies; but after the ground has been prepared and the dance has been inaugurated by its leader, the less favored barbarians are allowed to witness the splendid adornments of paint and dress, and hear some of the laudations of valor and the monotonous hy-yi-yah's that form the burden of the celebrations of these occasions.

There is a female attachment or sisterhood, belonging to the priesthood of the medicine lodge, not very unlike the Sisters of Charity in its object, but with this difference, they only succor and care for the wounded of their own people in and after battle, while for diversion and to gain the favor of their tutelor divinities, they complete the killing of the wounded enemy, and after the battle, preserve and adorn the scalps.

For some days previous to any sacred dance, the chief medicine men, or priests, and their neophytes fast, or eat sparingly. If a dog is to be eaten at the conclusion of their fast, or if a beaver or beavers, have been secured for the feast, that is to follow, the animals are lauded for their respective qualities; the dog for his faithfulness and good, sweet meat, especially in his feet, and the beaver for his wisdom in construction and the rich nutriment in his tail. Nothing can be more deserving of praise by a *gourmet*, than a beaver's tail, and next to it in honor at a feast, are the feet of a bear.

The dog is well-fed, and told not to be offended because of the intention of sending him to the spirit world, as there he will get all that a good dog can desire and that the bones of his feet shall be placed in the medicine lodge of the band, and only go into the possession and into the medicine bag of a

worthy priest. The bones of dogs, beavers, bears, eagles, scraps of mastodon bones, and even those of human beings are taken to the high priests for their blessings, and then preserved in what are called "medicine" or "sacred" bags or pouches, as holy relics to keep off disease or disaster of any kind, and in case sickness assail one not possessed of a charm, then in the hands of a medicine man, the bag, with contents unexposed, is supposed to cure any one not mortally afflicted. According to the theory of the priest, the mystery contained in the bag, which is looked upon as holy by the patient, is what cures the sick one if he has faith enough; and although I cannot fully agree with the assumptions of Col. Mallory, it must be confessed that the Indian priest exercises a power over his patient not entirely unlike that of the faith curists, or "Christian Scientists," of modern times—though this method of treatment antedates Christianity itself.

Upon one occasion, I witnessed what might be called the agonized regret of "Big Nose," the well known Winnebago medicine chief, at the loss of his sacred medicine bag, stolen from him while he himself was intoxicated. His canoe and its cargo, including silver coin and merchandise to the value of at least three hundred dollars, I recovered from a wood-chopper who had found the canoe adrift and had hidden the contents of the canoe on an island, but the filthy bag he said, contained nothing but a bear's claw, an eagle's beak, a dirty rag in which were wrapped the bones of what he supposed to be a human hand, and he had cast the unsightly thing into the fire. I feared the consequences of the theft, and telling the man that he had endangered his life, he left much affrighted, for Prairie du Chien. The medicine man, was Cherah-choose-sep-kah or Black Hawk, whose name he had taken as his right when he delivered the Sauk warrior to Decorah.

I was offered all I had recovered if the "Medicine Bag" was returned, but after a vain search on the island, we were compelled to look upon it as lost. When the son of the big chief, "Big Nose," as known to the white people, because of a

most astonishing nasal appendage, stayed at my house as narrated when he sang of Wah-pa-sha, I told him what had become of the medicine bag of his father. To my surprise, he extended his hand and shaking mine earnestly said: "I am glad to know the truth, I am 'Black Hawk' now, and would have been given the bag at the death of my father, but now I know that no one can use its charm against me and its incense, through fire, will be smelled by my father, and Black Hawk the Sauk, will know that his gift to my father was not slighted by him "

In the Temple of Vesta at Rome, if by accident or neglect, the fire became extinguished, it was re-lighted by the chief Pontiff by rubbing together two pieces of wood from the tree of good fortune, the *Felix Arbos*, or in later times by a sun glass. This custom was an importation from Greece, probably derived from Egypt, and thence from barbarism. The sacred care, by virgins, of the Palladium, a small wooden image, Pallas, stolen from Troy, where it was regarded as the preserver of the city, as it was afterwards regarded as the preserver of the power of the Roman Empire, is akin to that of the sacred Totems, Medicine Bags and Fire Sticks of the Medicine or Sacred Lodges of our Indian priesthood.

It was developed in our two nights' conversation, (for Black Hawk came and stayed with me another night,) that the Sauk warrior had given Big Nose powerfully charmed relics of his own tribe, which had been put into the bag burned by the wood-chopper Johnson, with other hereditary charms, that had failed at Bad Axe.

Black Hawk, a half Sioux, like his father, had a Sioux for one of his wives, and from him I learned that the object of the sacred dance, with Sioux and Winnebago alike, was that of consecration to the priesthood, the blessing and sanctification of relics to be used as charms, and the imparting of traditional knowledge, after the manner of secret societies among white people; but most important of all was what they called in Winnebago He-hon-tay, or animal magnetism,

for the cure of disease, which was known to the Sioux as Wak-an-e-con-pi-dan, or magic; as also manifestations akin to those occurring among spiritualists, the director or actor, whichever he may be, being known among the Sioux as Ta-ku-an, the medium. It is strange but true, that many of the performances of modern mediums have been duplicated by the Sioux and other Indian medicine men, such as the mysterious untying of ropes or cords, handling of fire apparently unharmed, levitation and movement of articles, etc. Whether these performances are done by hypnotic suggestion, or illusion, or by sleight-of-hand, the writer has no knowledge, but that the most ignorant Indians have a power among some of their priesthood not yet fully understood by white people, he has no doubt, but in his efforts to obtain a full explanation, he has always been foiled by the answer, Wakan, or sacred, and no further progress could he make. The only way a white man can secure their full confidence is to join their medicine lodge and be initiated, like Frank H. Cushing, in the interest of the Smithsonian Institute, but few men like him exist, and are willing to bear the ordeal.

There are flint-cutting dances, rattlesnake dances, raw fish-eating dances and others that try the courage of the dancer, but none that requires the endurance necessary in the sun dance. A sun dance is sometimes given by an individual who has made a vow to the sun, and in such cases, after having gone through the torture of the ordeal, he gives away all his property and commences life anew, having faith in the visibly all-powerful deity of the universe, who, he thinks, controls his destiny and deserves his worship.

The high ground or prairie ridge to the north of Mr. H. W. Lambert's residence, was the summer dancing ground of the Wahpasha band of Sioux, and strange as it may appear, the scaffoldings for the dead were not far distant. The dance or altar-pole was erected on a level place, and various devices and totems were cut upon it and figured in yellow ochre and vermillion. Conspicuous among the hieroglyphics

was a central circle, with rays to represent the sun, and above all were flags and gay streaming ribbons. The ground was sanctified, after the usual Indian method, by incense, down and evergreens of cedar or juniper, though the flat leaf, or white cedar, is generally used. Distance marks were set up to indicate which portion of the ground was to be regarded as sacred from defilement. Sometimes young dogs were slaughtered and left at the base of the pole, with head a little raised and their legs stretched out, as if to climb up. The blood of those innocent victims was sanctified by the great high priest of the band, Mock-ah-pe-ah-ket-a-pah, just as an Egyptian priest might have done in olden times, at their sacrificial altars.

To show how much benefit the Indians had received from the teachings of Christianity, and their comprehension of it, I will repeat the explanation given me by an Indian, that the puppies were placed on the altar "just like Jesus." The Messiah or ghost dance is another Indian conception of what is pleasing to the great Redeemer. I do not mention these facts lightly, but to show how difficult it has been and is, to lift the Indian out of his savage state. The final preparations for the sun dance, a portion only of which I was allowed to witness, was made, but I gleaned from conversations at various times, that, for the most part, they consist of cabalistic utterances in dead or extinct languages, or perhaps that of some living but foreign tribes held to be more potent than their own. As morning approaches the camp is aroused and the whole village moves *en-masse* to the altar-pole. Here quick preparation is made to greet the rising sun with the dance of his votaries and the shouts of his red children. Incisions are made in the skin in various parts of the body of those who are to be tested, and thongs of rawhide are passed through and tied securely to the pole.

As the sun appears an universal shout is given as an all-hail, and the dance begins. Drums are beaten by relays of vigorous drummers, while each dancer pipes a shrill whistle

held to his mouth, while dancing. At intervals chosen bands of singers shout their approval of the tortures endured, while the dancer is stimulated to frenzy by his family and friends to tear loose from his fastenings and join in the honored circle of the braves who are dancing. After many plunges, the brave neophite breaks loose and dances until exhausted, when he is taken to the teepee of his family and cared for as a hero.

Should one of the poor martyrs to his faith fail to free himself, his friends reproach him, or throw themselves upon him, until their added weight tear loose the thongs, when, without a murmur of pain or reproach, he will join in the dance, and without sustenance of any kind, continue to dance until exhausted. Should it happen, a very rare occurrence, that the terrors of the ordeal should overcome the courage of any who have aspired to the roll of honor, he is at once cast out from among the braves, and told to fish or work, but never to bear arms.

The festival of the sun is held in mid-summer, and lasts several days. During its continuance the whole band join in games, and the orators of the medicine lodge receive large donations as a reward for their most important services. The young graduates of the dance have medicine bags presented to them, made up for the most part, of old relics of battles fought by their sires, together with anything most horribly disgusting that may appeal to the credulity of ignorance. With these sacks they deem it possible to impose a magic charm that will cause the death of an enemy, or chase sickness from a friend.

The sun dance is one of the many evidences of the Dakotahs' southwestern origin, as the same tortures in kind, are submitted to by the Indians of New Mexico. As far as I know, no northern or eastern tribe submits to the torturing pain of a sun dance, except in a few instances, when it was imposed upon the credulity of one tribe by fanatical emissaries of the Sioux.

The Dahkotahs have a very high opinion of themselves, which leads them to be somewhat quarrelsome. They are generous and hospitable, but given to romantic tales of prowess which it is a great offense to doubt. They ascribe the divisions among themselves to the grasping avarice of those who were in possession of the Chert or Knife-stone quarries near Mille Lac, who they say demanded tribute for the use of the stone by other bands. In like manner, the band nearest to the Pipe-stone quarries, demanded pay from all who came for the stone, and it became a subject for barter, which extended to the remotest tribes, and peace pipes, or calumets made from it, had a fictitious value. When one of these pipes were offered in friendship, if it was accepted, a dance was given, and it was known as "The Dance of Peace."

There are many dances of special significance, but I will mention but two more: In company with my old-time friend Major E. A. C. Hatch, who has now gone to a higher plane of existence, I once attended a virgin's feast and dance at Ke-ox-ah, (Winona), presided over by Wah-pa-sha. The whole band was assembled, and after elaborate preparation and sanctification of the ground, by invocations and offerings placed at a sacred stone, or altar-pole, the chief speakers of the band, in a sonorous address, lauded the virtue of chastity, and warned "the denouncers" against the great sin of bearing false witness against those who had withstood their importunities. "But," said he, "If any young brave knows of the lapse from virtue of any virgin applicant for vestal honors, it is his duty as an *honorable and brave* warrior, who would not offend the great spirit, to denounce her, for in that way only can the tribe preserve the favor of Wah-kan-tan-ka."

At the conclusion of Mock-ah-pe-ah-ket-a-pah's address, Wah-kon-de-o-tah, the great and well known war-chief of the band, addressed his warriors in a quiet and affectionate manner, and told his braves to maintain the truth as sacred, and not offend the spirits of their ancestors. Wah-pa-sha then

called for the virgins and matrons to come forth from their "moon te-pees," which were near at hand, and they came, after the manner in vogue in Mexico at a virgin feast, amid the silence of expectation. Again the call was made for any virgin to come forward and receive her reward. Two maidens came partly forward, but, upon reaching the line of denunciation, faltered and turned back from sheer modesty. At this crisis, We-no-nah, the wife of the speaker, and eldest sister, or really a cousin of Wah-pa-sha, motioned to her youngest daughter, Witch-e-ain, a maiden of perhaps fifteen summers, and then in confident tones challenged the assembled throng to say aught, if they could against the purity of her maiden child. No answer was given to this challenge, and when Witch-e-ain came forward with modest assurance, she was crowned goddess of the feast and dance that followed.

Witch-e-ain made a fine appearance. Her head was encircled with braids of rich garniture, and the sweet-scented grass so highly prized by the Sioux, and the presents of ribbons, colored cloths, calicos, worsted yarns and beads, showed her to have been a favorite in the Wah-pa-sha band. But her fame went out among the traders, and soon she became the wife of a trader at La Crosse. Like a caged bird she soon pined for her prairie home, and died of consumption of the lungs ere the leaves of the next spring bloomed to welcome her coming to the next feast that followed.

Her eldest sister, We-no-nah, had been secured by another trader, but not until the writer had declined an alliance with the Wah-pa-sha family. Again the opportunity was offered of a royal alliance. An unusual thing for a proud chieftain to do, and a coy Indian maiden to say, was that Wah-pa-sha had intimated his continued liking for me, and Witch-e-ain told me frankly that she detested the trader and the engagement made for her, and asked me to take her as a free offering, saying that as she was the niece of Wah-pa-sha, she would be allowed to choose between the trader and myself. I was compelled to decline the maiden's offer, but in kindly

terms told the girl that her mother was a good woman and knew what was best for her welfare. We had met about opposite the Queen Bluff, she with her mother, on her way to La Crosse, my brother and myself coming up from there in a canoe. As We-no-nah, the mother, saw us, she made a motion for a halt, and Witch-e-ain, who was steering, brought the bow of their canoe to that of our own. The opportunity for conversation was given us by my brother's talk with the mother, who told him of Wah-pa-sha's good opinion of me. It was all to no purpose, for I had other objects in life, but not Rachel herself, in her highest tragedy, could have thrown from her sparkling orbs such burning glances of hate and scorn as were shot forth upon me, at my final refusal to become one of the Wah-pa-sha band. Such withering, yet silent anger, can only be expressed by a woman scorned.

At the next virgin feast, Thomas A. Holmes secured the virgin prize, but his matrimonial alliance with the Wah-pa-sha band will be referred to in another chapter.

I have only now to refer to the "ghost dance" of the Dahkotahs, which is also known as the Indian Messiah dance, a dance that displays the real Indian in an insanely cataleptic state, self-induced by his conception of ill treatment by the whites, the hypnotic control of medicine men for sinister purposes, or an unconscious disregard of pain not understood. At times all physical sensibility seems to have vanished. It is rare that a white man is allowed to see any part of the ghost dance, and therefore I avail myself of a portion of the published account of one by Mr. Sam Clover.

Mr. Clover says: "A party of us, accompanied by Half Eyes, a half-breed, started for Wounded Knee, South Dakota, to witness one of the famous ghost dances of the Sioux. . . . The trip was extremely hazardous owing to the frenzy of the hostiles. . . . As near as Half Eyes could estimate, 182 bucks and squaws were in the dance. A big tree stood in the middle of the circle formed by the Indians. Squatted on the ground within a radius of sixty yards, were 400 other

Indians who were chanting with the dancers. Many of the reds were in war paint. Some of them were naked to the hips, and across their big, muscular breasts were streaks of red and yellow paint. . . . Beads tinkled from their porcupine-fringed legs, and eagle feathers hung from the crown of their black, glossy heads. Some of the dancers were robed in white cotton cloth, which was pinned at the breast and drawn over the head in the form of a hood. Five medicine men sat on the ground outside of the circle; they were old men, with wrinkled, skinny faces, and as the chant rose and fell according to the vigor of the drumming they waved medicine sticks above their heads. These sticks were painted green, with handles fashioned after the shape of snakes. The dancers held one another's hands, and moved slowly around the tree. They did not raise their feet as high as they do in the sun dance. Most of the time it looked as though their ragged moccasins did not leave the ground, and the only idea of dancing the spectators could gain from the motion of the fanatics was the weary bending of the knees. Round and round the dancers went with their eyes closed and their heads bent toward the ground. The chant was incessant and monotonous. 'I see my father, I see my mother, I see my brother, I see my sister,' was Half Eyes' translation of the chant as the squaw and warrior moved laboriously about the tree. The spectacle, ghostly as it could be, showed the Sioux to be insanely religious. The white figures bobbing between the painted and naked warriors, and the shrill, yelping noise of the squaws as they tottered in grim endeavor to outdo the bucks made a picture in the early morning never yet painted or accurately described. Half Eyes said the Indians had been dancing all summer, but that this particular dance had been going on all night. Stretched upon the ground close to the tree were two warriors and one squaw. They were in a fit which was of a cataleptic nature. Their faces were turned to the sky and their hands clutched the yellow grass. One of the warriors was a tremendous fellow, whose breast was

scarred and painted and whose ears were pierced with rings. The dancers paid no attention to them. Their eyes were closed. Of a sudden one of the warriors on the ground leaped to his feet, and exclaimed: 'I have seen the Great Father, but he will not talk to me because I smell not good.' Then the other warrior got up and cried: 'I have seen the Great Father, but he will not talk to me because I have no ponies.' The squaw was the last to get upon her feet. She was a young woman, with bells on her blanket, and a red ochre streak marked the line where her raven black hair was parted. In a shrill voice she cried out: 'I have seen the Great Father; he sent an eagle, which picked me up and carried me to a far-away mountain. The Great Father told me that the whites would be driven from the country; that the Indians would rule the land, and the buffalo and deer would return.' The Indians now danced with greater vigor and their cries were louder and more vehement, but they never opened their eyes. Round and round they danced, some of them so fatigued from their exertions that they pitched forward on their faces on the grass. The strain on others was so great that their faces were distorted with pain, but there was no stop for food, drink or rest. The ghost dance is simply a dance of cruel endurance, which is far more barbarous than the sun dance, where the breasts of the warriors are torn open. One by one squaw and warrior fell unconscious upon the ground, and as they did so they beat their heads against the tree and on the sand and stones until blood spurted from their wounds. One big Indian, whom Half Eyes recognized as Big Road, rolled and tumbled on the ground until his splendid face was a mass of cuts and swellings. As one of the dancers fell the circle was reformed and the dance resumed. Nearly all the dancers were covered with wounds from previous exertions. One of the bucks, who wore a white hood and cloak, was smeared with blood, and he danced in his bare feet. The sun had been up two hours when the dance closed from the sheer exhaustion

of the Indians. They fell in all kinds of positions, and many of them in cataleptic fits. The fires burned dimly and the medicine men nodded over their wards. The dance was over for an hour at least. This is an accurate description of one of the famous ghost dances, and to see one of which in this country is attended by the greatest peril, because of the hostility of the Indians, whom Government interference has rendered even more savage and vindictive than ever, to the intrusion of the whites."

How much "missionary influence," there has been in reviving the old ghost dance of the Sioux, or the skeleton dance of other savages, I leave my readers to judge. I will say however, that as far as I know, all Indians have some idea of a future state, and of some personal accountability. Their ideas of vicarious atonement, only relate to this life, by one relative being held responsible for the act of another, as in a case of murder. Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, has, with a poet's fore-sight, given a good description of the Indian's religion in the stanza following:

"Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind.
His soul, proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet, simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-capped hill, an humbler heaven,
Some safer world, in depth of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste, ~
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christian thirsts for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire—
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire—
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

CHAPTER VII.

The Struggle of the English to Hold the Fur Trade—Dickson Most Active—One American Sioux in the War of 1812-14—Tah-may-yah.

The British fur traders used every means at their disposal to hold their trade with the Indians of the Mississippi. They treated Lieut. Pike with the consideration due his rank as an American officer sent, in 1805, to take formal possession of the country bordering upon British territory, and to secure important points for defense, but soon after he left and descended the Mississippi to make his report to General Wilkinson, the traders, who still occupied their old posts, began plotting to unite the Indians of the various tribes against the Americans. As early as 1807, the Indians showed their discontent, and in 1809, it was stated under oath at St. Louis that British traders were supplying Indians with guns and amunition for hostile purposes. Messengers from the Prophet and Tecumseh, went among the Chippewas to enlist them in a war against the Americans. The trader Dickson expressed the opinion that the Indians would oppose us, in the event of a war with England. Dickson used his influence with the Dahkotahs, as a brother-in-law of Red Thunder, to have the Chippewas and Dahkotahs unite in warfare, as comrades, against the Americans. Dickson was a loyal Scotchman that anticipated war or else was informed in advance of the impending conflict.

Two Indians on May first, 1812, were arrested at Chicago, as suspected messengers to Dickson with letters of advice, but they had cunningly concealed the letters, and were allowed to go free. They afterwards delivered the letters at the Portage on the Wisconsin, when Dickson declared to Mr. Frazer of Prairie du Chien, that the British flag would soon float over the Island of Mackinaw. The garrison then was composed of but fifty-seven soldiers, commanded by Lieutenant Hanks. Before Hanks was notified of the existence of war, he was surprised by a force of British soldiers, Indians and traders, landed from a vessel belonging to the North-west Fur Company, by means of batteaux and bark canoes, and on July 17, 1812, capitulated without resistance.

Lieutenant Hanks was overwhelmed with superior numbers, for there were forty veterans of the "royal battalion," two hundred and sixty Canadians and voyageurs, and several hundred Dahkotch, Ojibway, Winnebago and Menomonee Indians. Among the traders present, were Askin, Langlade, Michael Cadotte and Joseph Rolette Senior, from Green Bay and the Mississippi. Those in command of the Indians were Robert Dickson, trader, John Askin, Jr., Indian agent, and son, both of whom painted and dressed like Indians. Those in command of the Canadians, were John Johnson, Crawford Pothier, Armitinger, La Croix, Rolette, Franks, Livingston and other traders large and small, who had been for some months previous, smuggling British goods and amunition into the Indian territory, and urging them to take up arms. Dickson, Renville and some others from Minnesota and Prairie du Chien, remained with the Dahkotas from Kaposia, Red Wing and Wahpasha's bands, and took part in the siege of Fort Meigs. Renville and Wapasha, one afternoon, with some other Dahkota chiefs, were invited to a feast with other allied Indians. Frazer, one of the traders, told Renville that an American was to be eaten at the feast. As Neill says: "On repairing to the spot, the flesh was found carved up, apportioned in dishes, one for each nation present. The bravest

man of each tribe was urged to step forward and partake of the heart and head, and only one warrior of a tribe was allowed to partake of these rarities.

Among those assembled there was a nephew of the Kaposia chief, known among the traders as the Grand Chassuer (Great Hunter) who was pressed by a Winnebago to partake of the human flesh. In a moment his uncle told him to leave the feast, and, arising, made a speech creditable to his humanity:

"My friends," said he, "we came here not to eat Americans, but to wage war against them; that will suffice for us; and could we do that if left to our own forces? We are poor and destitute, while they possess the means of supplying themselves with all that they require. We ought not, therefore, to do such things."

Wahpasha then spoke in these words: "We thought that you, who live near to white men were wiser and more refined than we are who live at a distance, but it must indeed be otherwise if you do such deeds."

Col. Dickson sent for the Winnebago who originated the horrible feast, and asked him why he had prepared it, but his answer was entirely evasive. Traditions of barbarity among other tribes, can scarcely parallel the disgusting act of that Winnebago. Col. Dickson was perhaps somewhat nauseated by the cannibalism exhibited by his Winnebago warriors, but there were trunks found belonging to Dickson at Prairie du Chien, in 1814, that contained papers showing this memorandum: "Arrived, from below, a few Winnebagoes with scalps, gave them tobacco, six pounds powder, and six pounds ball." Dickson was branded as the worst of savages at the time of the war, and his papers seem to justify the opinion formed of him, notwithstanding the venerable Ramsey Crooks of New York, in a letter to Hon. H. M. Rice, dated October 16th, 1857, declared. "I was proud to call Robert Dickson my friend."

During the shocking barbarities perpetrated by Indians acting under the guidance of British traders and officers, one Indian at least of the author's acquaintance rose above the influences of his birth and surroundings and showed himself a true hero and a devoted friend to the American cause. It was *Tah-may-yah*, The Pike, as known to the Dahkotas, or *Nazeekah*, The Pike Fish, in Winnebago, and so called by members of that tribe. His French name was L'Original Levee, meaning in English the "Rising Moose." One other Sioux of Wah-cou-ta's band joined the Americans in the war of 1812. His name, as given in Neill's History, is Hay-pee-dan, but he was not known to the writer. Tah-may-yah was said to have been a friend of Lieutenant Pike, and it is possible that in accordance with the Indian custom, he may have taken the name of Lieut. Pike as a mark of his friendship for that officer. And that friendship, moreover, may have prompted the Sioux warrior to espouse the cause of his friend's government, for there must have been a strong impelling motive for Tah-may-yah to have done so.

Dr. Foster, of Hastings, in speaking of Tah-may-yah, says: "Pike says he was a war-chief, and that he gave him my (his) father's tomahawk, though what he means by that, passes my comprehension." Dr. Foster continues: "I believe this war-chief to be identical with the aged Indian with whom most of the old settlers are familiar, by the name of Tah-mah-haw, whose characteristics are, one eye and his always wearing a stove-pipe hat. He is remarkable among the Sioux, and it is his greatest pride and boast that he is the only American in his tribe. . . . He has now in his possession, and carefully keeps a commission from General Clark, dated in 1814, as a chief of the Sioux; the commission says he is of the Red Wing band of Indians, which was originally part of Wahpasha's band."

The most puzzling problem for Dr. Foster is, I think, easily solved. In my childhood days, there were two kinds

of iron or steel pipes in common use, a small one of French manufacture, used mostly by voyageurs, one of which, found at the site of the old Indian blacksmith shop in Homer, I still preserve, and the other was a tomahawk pipe of British manufacture, an emblem of war or peace, and in common use by traders and others upon the Canadian borders in early days, and a present highly prized by a chief as a badge of authority. It is altogether probable that the father of Lieut. Pike had such a tomahawk pipe, that he gave it to his son when he started for the Indian frontier, and that Lieut. Pike gave it with his friendship to the one-eyed Sioux chief. I have also a tomahawk pipe given me by Dr. James M. Cole, of Winona, that was found by one of his sons on the site of Winona in early days, which I treasure as a memento of olden times.

Tom-my-haw, as most of the early settlers persisted in calling the old medicine chief or priest, (as he became near the close of his life), always carried with him a tomahawk pipe and was very expert in its use, disarming, on one occasion, in Homer, a dragoon settler who boasted of his prowess with sword or single stick. I have no doubt but that the Indian referred to by the historian Neill is the person known to Major Hatch and myself in olden days as the friend of Lieut. Pike, and who was a true friend of Americans. His eye was lost in an encounter with a wounded elk or moose, that rose suddenly from the ground as he was about to dispatch it in a thicket. His greatest feat of heroism was in saving the American flag, captured at Prairie du Chien in 1814, and raised again on May 23, 1815, by the retreating British, who fired the fort with the flag flying, intending it should burn with the fort. Tah-may-hay, who was but just released from imprisonment, rushed into the burning building and saved the flag from destruction.

CHAPTER VIII.

Part of Prof. Keating's description of Major Long's expedition of 1823—Chicago, as it appeared then—A Bear Dance and test of courage—Mount Trempealeau—Wapasha and his village on site of Winona—Personal appearance of the chief, and his foppish son—A lookout for enemies—The maiden Wenona's leap to death.

William H. Keating A. M. etc., Professor of Minerology and Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, who was with Major Long in his expedition of 1823, as Geologist and Historiographer, and who published, in 1824, a work of two volumes compiled from notes of Major Long and others of the expedition, had as interpreter among the Sioux, Joseph Snelling, a son of Colonel Snelling, for whom Fort Snelling was named. There was also with the expedition, which ascended the Minnesota river to its sources, and thence on to Lake Winnepec and Lake of the Wood, etc., Joseph Renville, a half breed Sioux, who also served as interpreter, so that Mr. Keating had every advantage then attainable, in English and French, to obtain correct interpretation of Dahkotch words. The author of this volume, has also had good opportunities for the study of Dahkotch names, for he had in his service a half-breed son of Louis Provencalle, a French trader, of Traverse des Sioux, and of Mendota, where Thomas, the son referred, to was born. Renville, Snelling and Thomas Provencalle, more commonly called La Blanc, because of his

white blood, all agree that Minnesota river, means a river of "turbid, clouded, or smoky water," the very reverse of the signification given by some writers of "clear, or sky-tinted water."

"La Blanc," said that "Mendota," was from Minne, or Min-d'o-tah, meaning plenty of water, a name given by General Sibley to the location of his trading post at the mouth of the Minnesota river, and poetically rendered as "the meeting of the waters." La Blanc said, that coming down the Minnesota river at a low stage of water, over reefs and shoal stretches of river, in overloaded canoes, when Sibley's post was reached the Sioux would sometimes exclaim with a sigh of relief, "Min-d'o-tah, Min-d'o-tah," as much as to say, "*now we have plenty of water.*" La Blanc, in his youth, worked for General Sibly, and for Hon. H. M. Rice, about three years. He was a very intelligent half breed, who spoke French and English almost as well as his mother's tongue, and to La Blanc, I am much indebted for nice shades of meaning in the Sioux language, only to be acquired by a long residence among the different bands. Keating says that the St. Croix river was "so called from the name of a Frenchman, who was wrecked at its mouth." In his description of his trip up the Minnesota, he mentions "a block of granite of about eighty pounds weight painted red and covered with a grass fillet, in which were twists of tobacco offered up in sacrifice."

There was a similar altar-stone at the Wahpasha village at Winona, upon which bunches of sweet grass and tobacco were offered up, said to have been a boulder or "*Rolling Stone.*" It is interesting in view of the wonderful growth of Chicago, to read what Prof. Keating had to say of the location, importance and prospects of its growth when he visited Fort Dearborn in June 1823, on his way to Minnesota. He says: "We were much disappointed at the appearance of Chicago and its vicinity. . . . The appearance of the country near Chicago offers but few features upon which the eye of the traveler can dwell with pleasure. . . . The village presents no cheer-

ing prospects, as, notwithstanding its antiquity, it consists of but few huts, inhabited by a miserable race of men, scarcely equal to the Indians from whom they are descended. . . . A fort is said to have formerly existed there. Mention is made of the place as having been visited in 1671, by Perrot, who found 'Chicago,' to be the residence of a powerful chief of the Miamis. The number of trails centering all at this spot, and their apparent antiquity indicate that this was probably for a long while the site of a large Indian village. As a place of business, it offers no inducement to the settler. . . . It is not impossible that at some distant day, when the banks of the Illinois shall have been covered with a dense population, and when the low prairies which extend between that river and Fort Wayne, shall have acquired a population proportionate to the produce which they can yield, that Chicago may become one of the points in the direct line of communication between the northern lakes and the Mississippi; but even the intercourse which will be carried on through this communication, will, we think, at all times be a limited one; the dangers attending the navigation of the lake, and the scarcity of harbors along the shore, must ever prove a serious obstacle to the increase of the commercial importance of Chicago."

How little could Prof. Keating at that early date imagine the effects of railroads centering like the Indian trails, into the windy city, and of transportation by "whalebacks." At Prairie du Chien Major Long secured an escort of a corporal and nine men, and selected Lieut. Martin Scott, of the 5th U. S. Infantry, to command it. Also, he obtained the services of the half Sioux, half French trader, Augustin Roque, as interpreter. As stated: "The object of taking this man was to afford the gentlemen charged with the collecting of Indian information an opportunity of acquiring from him an insight into the manners and customs of the Dakotah Indians previous to the party's traveling through their country. They were, however, very much disappointed in the character of this man, who enjoys, in the country, a much higher

reputation for intelligence and observation than they were led to ascribe to him, and as the information which he contributed was but trifling, it has been thought proper to embody it with that resulting from personal observations, and conversations with the interpreters who subsequently accompanied the expedition."

The expedition under Major Long left Prairie du Chien in two detachments, one by land under Major Long, the other by water in a row and sail boat, in command of Lieutenant Martin Scott, who became noted, in England, as the best pistol and rifle shot in the world, and who had Irish wolf dogs that killed the big grey wolf, the only dogs capable of doing so. Captain Martin Scott was subsequently killed in the Mexican war. The writer fell heir to one of the Captain's dogs, which he gave to his brother, Willard Bunnell. "Turk" became almost as famous on the Mississippi as Captain Martin Scott among sportsmen. Another noted man, though said by Prof. Keating not to be very agreeable, was their land guide, Tammo. He was said to have been "a listless, indifferent kind of a man; an incessant smoker; his pipe, which was connected with his tomahawk, was in constant use; it was made in the form of a shingling hatchet. The part which corresponded with the hammer was hollowed out for the bowl, and the handle was perforated so as to serve as the stem of the pipe. He adverted to the pipe as the Indian's only solace in hunger." Though no mention is made of his deeds of valor or his friendship for Lieut. Pike, (nor his loss of one eye, which must have occurred later). "Tammo," without doubt, was Tammia, Tah-may-yay, or Tommyhaw, as he was best known to the early settlers here. He was highly recommended to Major Long as a reliable guide, but not for his sociability. It is probable that if a little extra attention had been given to the old guide, he was then about fifty, he would not have been morose. I knew the old medicine chief well, and if his dignity was not assailed, he would talk to you interestingly.

Tammo, Tamia or Tah-may-yay, was a good guide, and from the description given of the route taken by Major Long from Prairie du Chien, it is clear that the most direct trail was taken where water could be had, and from the crossing of Root river, the party came up Money Creek and down Pleasant, or Burns, valley, to Winona, though an old trail came down by George Clark's. Mr. Keating says: "The route from Prairie du Chien to Fort St. Anthony, (now Snelling), was attended with greater difficulties than had been anticipated. . . . These difficulties arose from their traveling, for the most part, at a distance from the river, with a view to shorten the road; the highlands which they had attempted to keep, were frequently cut by transverse valleys, opened by streams, tributary to the Mississippi. In the crossing of these streams, much difficulty was experienced from the swampy nature of the ground, in which the horses were frequently mired, (back water from June rise near mouths of creeks). The distance at which they traveled from the Mississippi seldom exceeded five or six miles. The guide said it would be difficult to travel at a greater distance, although it might shorten the route, because the country was too thickly wooded, and water very scarce. . . . The forests traversed by the party, consisted principally of oak, bass wood, ash, elm, white-walnut, sugar-tree, maple, birch, aspen, with a thick undergrowth of hazel, hickory, etc. In the bottoms the wild rice, horsetail, may-apple, etc., were found. The eye is charmed by the abundance of wild roses which are strewn over the country, and the palate is not less delighted with the excellence of the strawberry, which is remarkable for its fragrance, and which was, just at that time, in a state of perfect maturity. A small Indian village of five lodges was passed on the 26th (June); it is situated on a stream, supposed to be the upper Iowa. . . . A large herd of elk were seen in the morning by the boys of the party, while in search of the horses, that had strayed during the night-time to a distance of eight miles from the

camp. . . . At the encampment of the 27th, observations were taken at three o'clock, a. m. (of the 28th) by which the latitude of this place was determined to be $43^{\circ} 47' 57''$ north. About one mile north of this, the party crossed a river, called, in the Dahcota language, Ho-ka, (Root), (Hut-kan, is root in Dahkota, and Ho-ka, is a kind of fish, while Ho-k'a, is the name of a heron.—Author).

“Major Long’s party passed, on the 28th, down a valley bounded on both sides by high bluffs and precipices; their ride was a picturesque one; the green sward of the ravine contrasted richly with the grayish hue of lime and sandstone bluffs, which rose like high walls on either side of them. At last the valley widened, and they found themselves almost instantaneously in sight of the majestic Mississippi, in whose broadly extended valley nature displayed herself with gigantic features. The river, one of the largest in the world, rolling its waters with an undiminished rapidity, in a bed checkered with islands, was a spectacle which, however often observed, always filled the mind with awe and delight. It was impossible to behold the great devastation in the earth’s surface, whether considered as caused by the Mississippi, or as pre-existing to it, without being induced to look back to the causes which may have produced this phenomenon. But here man finds himself baffled in every attempt to dive into the abyss of past times; he may contemplate the scenery, but cannot unravel the mysteries of its creation. Deep strata of sandstone and limestone are disclosed; they have preserved, as yet, the elevation of the hills undiminished, but have not protected their sides from waste.”

“When we entered on the prairie, towards the close of the day,” says Mr. Colhoun, from whose notes this description is chiefly extracted, “a landscape was presented, that combined grander beauties than any I ever beheld; far as the eye could follow were traced two gigantic walls of most regular outline, formed as it were, by successive faces of pyramids. Between them, extended a level verdant prairie, (Winona), the scene of

the Python flexures of the Mississippi. My sensations were prolonged by the reflection that I had before me one of the grandest rivers in the world; they were enhanced when I saw the evidences of a grand catastrophe. Majestic as is the Mississippi, there was a time when it swept along a stream more than a hundred-fold its present volume." Mr. Colhoun's appreciation of the site of Winona, Wahpasha's Prairie, shows him to have been a man of artistic tastes and a keen observer. But Mr. Keating speaks: "Whatever might be the reveries in which the party were indulging, they were soon re-called to the dull realities of traveling, by the howling and barking of a band of dogs, that announced their approach to an Indian village of twenty fixed lodges and cabins. It is controlled by Wah-pa-sha, an Indian chief of considerable distinction. In his language, (Dacota,) his name signifies *The Red Leaf*. A number of young men fantastically decorated with many and variously colored feathers, and their faces as oddly painted, advanced to greet the party. One of them, the son of the chief, was remarkable for the gaudiness and display of his dress, which, from its showy appearance, imparted to him a character of foppishness. In his hair he wore two or three soldier's plumes; his moccasins of stained buckskin were tastefully puckered at the toes, and his breech cloth was quite tawdry. The chief is about fifty years of age, but appears older; his prominent features are good, and indicative of great acuteness, and of a prying disposition; his stature is low; he has long been one of the most influential of the Dacota Indians, more perhaps from his talents in the council than his achievements in the field. He is represented as being a wise and prudent man, a forcible and impressive orator. His disposition to the Americans has generally been a friendly one, and his course of policy is well spoken of.

The Major's party, having no other interpreter than Wade, (a boy from Fort Crawford), who proved less serviceable than had been expected, could hold but a short conversation with him, and therefore proceeded on their journey,

and encamped two miles above the village. Near this place a number of mounds were seen, arranged in nearly a right line along the margin of the river. They were of inconsiderable height, but covered a large surface. Indian remains were observed in great plenty, for the ensuing two days, extending along the banks of the Mississippi, and especially near the shores of Lake Pepin, along which the land party traveled on the 30th. These mounds and remains attest, of course, the former existence of a very dense population along the lake. It must have been a stationary one, for these works could not have been executed in a short space of time."

It should be remembered that the Wapasha referred to by Prof. Keating's narrative of Major Long's expedition of 1823 was not the noted chief who once offered himself as a sacrifice to the British for a murder committed by his people, and who, in 1779, was received with great distinction at Mackinaw, but a son of that chief, who became noted as an orator, and took part in the treaty of 1837, with Winnebagoes and Dahcotahs, for the cession of their lands on the east side of the Mississippi. The foppish youth referred to was the Wahpasha of the treaty of 1851, and he never lost his taste for high-colored fabrics and paints.

I have compared statements made to me by Thomas La Blanc, with various accounts given by Col. John Shaw, and others, of Wapasha, and I am satisfied that the original chief of that name, who was conspicuous in the war of the Revolution, was Wa-pa-ha-sa, as given by Rev. S. R. Riggs, in the Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language, as "n. of Wapaha, a hat, cap, bonnet; a covering for the head," and that his name was derived, as tradition says, from a red cap of Scotch pattern, given him at Mackinaw by a British officer. Mr. Riggs says that Wa-pa-ha-sa is "*the hereditary name of the Dakota chief* at the lowest village on the Mississippi, commonly pronounced by the Dakota, Wapasa."

Mr. La Blanc told me that Wapasha was originally known as Wa-pa, *The Leaf*, because of being the chief of the seven

bands of the *New Leaf* Dakotas living south of Mille Lac; and that the French always spoke of him and the successive chief of his family, as "La Feuille," or *The Leaf*, not liking the change given to it by a British captain, but with apparent inconsistency, because of its form, they applied Wa-pa-ha-sa, his new name, to the once noted and beautiful bluff, fast disappearing, that dominated his homestead, now called "Sugar Loaf." How many chiefs had preceded the great and noble Wa-pa-ha-sa, it is impossible to learn, but that the Wapasha of the Revolutionary war was not the chief of the war of 1812-14, nor the Wapasha mentioned in the report of Major Long's expedition of 1823, is made quite certain by the reports of Prof. Lyman C. Draper, L. L. D., and Prof. Keating.

Prof. Draper noted down the statements given by Col. John Shaw, in 1855, who was blind at the time, and says: "He possessed a fine memory of historical events." Col. Shaw says of Wa-pa-sha, in about 1816, (see Wisconsin Historical Collections Vol. X. page 214): "La Feuille was then apparently about twenty-eight years of age, and very nearly seven feet high, of great muscular frame, though not overburdened with flesh; with coarse features and long visage." This description would apply well to Wahkondeotah, Wahpasha's great war-chief, with whom the author was well acquainted. Col. Shaw mentions another visit made by Wahpasha to Prairie du Chien in 1822, but which Prof. Draper very properly assumes to have been in 1825. He says in a note: "The treaty at Prairie du Chien in 1825, is doubtless referred to, where the name of Wa-ba-shaw, or *The Leaf*, heads the list of signers on the part of the Sioux Indians. He is unquestionably the chief mentioned on page 414, Vol. II., Wisconsin Historical Collections, who aided in bringing the Sauk war of 1832 to a close."—L. C. D. (By murdering the Sauk women and children).

The Wapasha who signed the treaty of 1825, had a great dislike for the Winnebagoes, but in later years allied himself to some French families and to Winnebago half-breed

Sioux families, which caused dissensions that led him to abdicate in favor of a son, who was the one described by Prof. Keating. As the treaty of 1825 was signed two years after Major Long's visit to Winona prairie, it may be that Wapasha, the father of the one described by Prof. Keating, left his retreat on Root river purposely to sign that treaty. Traditions concerning him say that he would not live with his family at Wapasha prairie at the close of his life, and that he died at a favorite encampment on Root river. The Wah-pa-sha described by Col. Shaw is the only one of the name I have ever heard of as being unusually tall, and it is possible that the great war chief, Wah-kon-de-o-tah, the tallest man in the Wa-pa-sha band, may have been mistaken for *his* chief, Wa-pa-sha.

The division by water under Lieut. Martin Scott, had better opportunities for recording their observations, for they not only had Augustin Roque as interpreter, but Prof. Keating and others of the scientific corps were of that party.

They were somewhat annoyed upon leaving Prairie du Chien by the drunkenness of the boat's crew, but Lieut. Scott was equal to the occasion and brought his men under control, though for a time one of his men had *mania a potu*, from excessive drinking of liquor stolen before leaving Prairie du Chien. The first day's journey carried them only a little above the Painted Rock, about nine miles. The "Painted Rock" is a rock daubed over by Indians with emblematic characters, that have been renewed from time to time beyond the age of tradition.

On the 27th of June the boat party reached La Crosse, which name Mr. Keating was told had been "derived from a game of ball very much in favor with the Indians." On the 28th they reached the Trempealeau bluffs and mountain, which was not appreciated as a curiosity by Prof. Keating, for he says: "The party reached the spot which has been described by all travelers as a great natural curiosity, though, in fact, it presents nothing extraordinary." Mr. Keating, then, in a

few words, shows clearly that he did not see or examine the "soaking mountain," for he says: "As well as the party could judge from the opposite bank, along which they were coasting, there was at that time but little or no water between the 'mountain' and the left bank." As a matter of fact, a large branch of the Trempealeau river pours into a lake that separates the mountain from the range of bluffs on the east, and the lake in addition to its supply of water from the Trempealeau and Mississippi rivers, is fed by springs that seem never to diminish in volume. Besides, at the date of the 28th of June, the day of the arrival of the river party, the high water of the Mississippi would add to the lake's volume. Again, Mr. Keating is wrong in ascribing error to Mr. Schoolcraft's statement that "the island on which it (the mountain) stands is four or five miles in circumference." It is fully that, but the mountain itself is probably "about a mile in circumference," as measured by Lieut. Scott. Again, Mr. Schoolcraft could not have supposed, (even if the types said so in his Narrative Journal of Travels), that the Trempealeau mountain and bluffs "divides the river into two equal halves, and gives an immense width to the river." for it does not divide the river at all but divides the *valley* of the river, (the word valley was probably left out) and is a land mark from a distance and by contrast with other portions of the Mississippi river valley, the river valley seems very wide. North of the bluffs the Trempealeau prairie is from three to four miles wide, and is no doubt a lake bed of the glacial period.

Prof. Lyman C. Draper, in his article on Early French Forts in Western Wisconsin, referring to Trempealeau Mountain, says: "It is a singular mountain, cut off, by some powerful convulsion of nature, from the range of bluffs to which it belonged. It stands conspicuously, solitary and alone, in the Mississippi river, near the eastern shore; rising sheer out of the water, and is covered with timber. It rises to an altitude of five hundred and sixty feet, and is about a mile in circumference. 'Nothing,' says Bryant, 'can be conceived

more beautiful than the approach to this most romantic and picturesque spot.' "

"Between this mountain island, as it is sometimes called, and the Wisconsin shore, is a body of still, clear water, half a mile wide, usually termed Trempealeau Lake; directly east of which, somewhat above the river bottom, on a beautiful plateau gushes out from the foot of the bluff, a noble spring."

This description shows appreciation of the beautiful in nature, but it is not exact. There are two large springs breaking out at the foot of a low sand bluff on the east side of the lake, that was known as the "Pictured Rocks," now defaced, and water limpidly pure feeds the pond outlet from those springs. But "the mountain," is not so high as stated, for actual measurement by W. A. Finkelnberg, Esq., of Winona, makes the highest bluff of the Trempealeau range but 548 feet high, and that of Mt. Trempealeau but 398 feet.

On the 29th of June the party reached Wapasha's village, but found that Major Long had left about an hour before their arrival. Wapasha had just heard from some of his scouts of a war party of Chippewas having been seen above, and declined an invitation to accompany the party to Fort St. Anthony.

Mr. Keating says: "Being anxious to become better acquainted with an Indian who is held in such high esteem among the powerful and extensive nation of the Dacotas, as Wapasha is, they gave the old chief an invitation to enter into their boat, which he readily accepted. . . . The gentlemen were interested by the apparent calmness with which he spoke of the approach of his enemies. . No consternation prevailed in the village; the men, it is true, all painted, as for war, and a number of them were absent; but the old chief was lying down with great unconcern; his preparations for departure, however, were soon made, and he accompanied the party in the boat, his son-in-law and another Indian paddling his canoe in the rear. Wapasha spoke of the advantages of the arts and agriculture; of his wish to see

them introduced; he expressed his desire to accept the invitation, given him by the Indian agent, to accompany him to the seat of government, as he was anxious to see how everything was managed by white men. One of the objects of which he spoke with the greatest rapture was the steamboat, which had ascended the river in the spring, (the Virginia), and which he considered as a wonderful invention. We were told that when this boat had come up, he was taken on board and the machine was exhibited to him; he appeared to take great interest in the explanations of it, which were given him. During Major Long's visit to Wahpasha's village, in 1817, he witnessed part of a bear dance.

"It is usual to perform it when a young man is anxious to bring himself into notice; and it is considered as a sort of initiation into the state of manhood. On the ground where it was performed, there was a pole supporting a kind of flag, made of a fawn's skin dressed with the hair on; upon the flesh side of it, were drawn certain figures indicative of the dream the candidate had enjoyed; for none can go through this ceremony, who has not been favored with dreams. To the flag a pipe was suspended as a sacrifice; two arrows were stuck up at the foot of the pole, and painted feathers, etc., were strewn upon the ground near it. These articles appertained to the religious rites, which accompany the ceremony, and which consist in bewailings and self-mortifications; the object of these is that the Great Spirit may be induced to pity them and assist them in the undertaking. At two or three hundred yards from the flag there is an excavation which they call the bear's hole, and which is prepared for the occasion; it is about two feet in depth, and has two ditches, each one foot deep, leading across it at right angles. The candidate places himself in this hole to be hunted by the rest of the young men, all of whom, on this occasion, are dressed in their best attire, and painted in their neatest style.

The hunters approach the hole in the direction of one of the ditches, and discharge their guns, which were previously

loaded with blank cartridges, at the youth, who acts the part of the bear; whereupon he leaps from his den, having a hoop in each hand, and a wooden lance; the hoops serving as fore feet to aid him in characterizing his part, and his lance to defend him from his assailants. Thus accoutred, he dances round the plain, exhibiting various feats of activity, while the other Indians pursue him and endeavor to trap him, as he attempts to return to his den; to affect which, he is permitted to use, with impunity, any violence that he pleases against his assailants, even to taking the life of any of them. (This occurs rarely as in foot ball, by accident, only under great excitement.—Author.) This part of the ceremony is performed three times, that the bear may escape from his den and return to it again, through three of the avenues communicating with it. On being hunted from the fourth, or last avenue, the bear must make his escape through all his pursuers, if possible, and fly to the woods, where he is to remain through the day. When caught, he must retire to a lodge prepared in the field for his reception; there he is secluded from all society during the day, except that of one of his particular friends, whom he is allowed to take with him, as an attendant. There he smokes and performs various other rites which superstition has led the Indian to consider as sacred; after this ceremony is ended, the youth is considered as qualified to act any part, as an efficient member of the community. Wahpasha informed the gentlemen in the boat, that the Chippewa Indians had been very troublesome, frequently descending the river that bears their name, and cutting off small parties of the Dacotas that were hunting. He spoke also of the advantages of having a mill built at the rapids of the Chippewa river, as had been promised to them by the American Government; finally, after a few hour's conversation, he left the boat, and crossed over in his canoe to the spot where his out-posts were supposed to be. The party encamped that evening on a sandbar in the Mississippi, opposite to the mouth of the Buffalo river."

The boat party were detained the next morning, at their encampment by strong head-winds, but in the afternoon the wind came up from the south, and they ran up to the "Grand Encampment," and above, where they hunted for the "*fortifications*" described by Captain Jonathan Carver in his book published in Philadelphia, in 1796. It is strange, having Augustin Roque with them, and also having consulted Mr. Rolette, a partner in the old American Fur Company, that neither knew anything concerning any mounds or earth-works in the neighborhood. Mr. Rolette thought that "a well-known spot on the river, called the "Grand Encampment," situated a few miles south of Lake Pepin," might contain some, but he had never seen any there. After considerable criticism of Captain Carver, "Mr. Keating was led to the conclusion that Carver had really seen the works which he had described, but that they probably were not at the "Grand Encampment."

It is well known to all familiar with the locality that Wabasha is the only possible place for the earth-works so extravagantly described by Captain Carver, as in no other place near are there works of the mound-builders worthy of consideration. Those mentioned by Major Long were at Winona and along the west shore of Lake Pepin. At the site of Winona there were several mounds along the river front, from Center street down, and on the old Huff premises; and at old Wah-pa-sha's homestead, on Burns creek, there was a numerous cluster of mounds levelled down in building the road to Pleasant Valley and to Homer, and by Andrew Hamilton when he came into possession of the Burns farm.

The party seem not to have halted long at the "Grand Encampment," or the other place above, for Mr. Keating continues: "At a late hour in the afternoon they reached the southern extremity of Lake Pepin, and proceeded until sunset, when, the weather appearing stormy, they encamped upon a sandy point that projects about six miles above its Southern extremity. They had not been there many hours

before a high northerly wind began to blow, which proved the propriety of their encamping there, for the navigation of this lake is represented as very dangerous whenever the wind blows fresh. . . . The lake is about twenty-one miles long, and its breadth, which varies from one to three miles, may be averaged at about two and a half. . . . The general direction of the lake is from west-north-west to east-south east. The scenery along its shores contrasts strongly with that of the river. . . . Nothing limited the view but the extent of the lake itself; the majestic bluffs which enclose it, extend in a more regular manner, and with a more uniform elevation than those along the river. When seen from the top of one of these eminences, the country is found very different from that in the vicinity of the mountain island, (Trempealeau), passed on the 28th of June, for it is rather rolling than hilly, and the quantity of timber upon it is comparatively small, especially to the west, where it assumes the general character of an elevated prairie land. About half up the lake, its eastern bank rises to a height of near four hundred and fifty feet, of which the first one hundred and fifty are formed by a perpendicular bluff, and the lower three hundred constitute a very abrupt and precipitous slope, which extends from the base of the bluff to the edge of the water. This forms a point, projecting into the lake, and bounded by two small basins, each of which is the estuary (outlet) of a brook that falls into the lake at this place. The wildness of the scenery is such that even the voyager who has gazed with delight upon the high bluffs of the Mississippi, is struck with uncommon interest on beholding this spot. There is in it what we meet with on no other point of the far-stretching valley of the Mississippi a high projecting point, a precipitous crag resting upon a steep bank whose base is washed by a wide expanse of water, the calmness of which contrasts with the savage features of the landscape. But this spot receives an additional interest from the melancholy fate which is connected with it, and which casts a deep

gloom over its brightest features. Cold and callous must be the heart of the voyager who can contemplate, unmoved and uninterested, the huge cliffs that enclose this lake, for "wild as the accents of lovers' farewell, are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell."

"There was a time," our guide said, as we passed near the base of the rock, "when this spot, which you now admire for its untenanted beauties, was the scene of one of the most melancholy transactions, that has ever occurred among Indians. There was in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wahpasha, during the time that his father (Wahpasha the first) lived and ruled over them, a young Indian female whose name was Winona, which signified "the first born." (first born girl.) She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to a union in which all their hopes centred; but on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied; and his claim superseded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The warrior was a general favorite with the nation; he had acquired a name, by the services which he had rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; yet, notwithstanding all the ardor with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parents and brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favor of the warrior, she replied, that she had made choice of a man who, being a professed hunter, would spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence, while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail, and her parents, having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties, that she should not be forced into a union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed

a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more, than is usual with females among Indians. Being a favorite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclinations. With a view to remove some of her objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet.

“About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village to Lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the Company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake that her brothers offered their presents to the warrior. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language and even used threats to compel her obedience. ‘Well,’ said Winona, ‘you will drive me to despair; I said I loved him not, I could not live with him; I wished to remain a maiden; but you would not. You say you love me; that you are my father, my brothers, my relations, yet you have driven me from the only man with whom I wished to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone, he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough; you would have me do more; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man; with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so; but soon you will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor relation, to torment with your false professions of affection.’”

As she uttered these words, she withdrew, and her parents, heedless of her complaints, decreed that very day Winona should be united to the warrior. While all were engaged in busy preparation for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the top of the hill; when she reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover. "You" said she, "were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen, you endeavored, by deceitful words, to make me faithless to him, but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience; you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs." She then commenced to sing her dirge, the light wind which blew at the time, wafted the words toward the spot where her friends were; they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms (?), while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised that no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But shew as resolved, and as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell, a lifeless corpse, near her distressed friends. "Thus" added our guide, "has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity. It is still called the Maiden's rock, and no Indian passes near it, without involuntarily casting his eye towards the giddy height, to contemplate the place whence this unfortunate girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents."

Prof. Keating further states that "Wazecota, who was there at the time, though very young, appeared to have received an indelible impression from it, and when relating it to Major Long, in 1817, the feelings and sensations of his youth seemed to be restored; he lost the garrulity of age, but spoke in a manner which showed that even the breast of the Indian warrior is not proof against the finest feelings of our nature."

I had heard several versions of the story of the "Lover's Leap," until I had discredited all romance connected with it. Mr. James Reed and some of my old-time half-breed friends had declared to me that there was no authentic tradition even of such an occurrence as attaches to the "Maiden Rock," but the story told by "Wazecota," to Major Long, as early as 1817, would seem to entitle the romance to credence.

CHAPTER IX.

Personal Recollections of Pioneer Life by the Author—Detroit in 1832—
Trip to Green Bay and to the Mississippi in 1842—Prairie du Chien,
La Crosse, Trempealeau and Vicinity.

It is perhaps as well now as at any time in the course of this compilation and narrative to give some account of the means by which the writer has acquired a personal knowledge of matters not generally known to the historians of the upper Mississippi.

At eight years of age, that is, in 1832, I came with my father and our family to Detroit, Michigan. My father, Dr. Bradley Bunnell, had been in Detroit as early as 1828, and had practiced his profession there, and had made acquaintance with most of the pioneers of that day. He had been so favorably impressed with the prospects of the early settlement of Michigan that he had made purchases of land, so that upon our arrival we were not in an entirely strange land. Detroit then was but a small French village, dependent for its trade, for the most part, upon furs and peltries, and a gradually increasing demand for the white fish caught in the river, and the pine and black walnut lumber cut from the virgin forests.

Eastern settlers began to come into the then new territory to occupy a part of the large area of vacant land, and, with their arrival, some money was put in circulation, but there was a good part of trade carried on by means of barter.

I had Asiatic cholera just before going up to Detroit from Buffalo, and remember well of its outbreak among the soldiers of the regular army on their way to take part in the Black Hawk war. They were under the command of General Winfield Scott, and were destined for Fort Dearborn, now Chicago, but some were quarantined at Detroit for a time, which caused some alarm among the inhabitants. I had got the date of my arrival somewhat confused, but it has been cleared by a reference I have recently seen in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of January, 1896, to the death of the very Rev. Gabriel Richard, on September 13th, 1832, and whose funeral I was allowed to attend, with some of the Campau boys. The loss of "Good Father Richard," as he was lovingly called by his parishioners, seemed to me, then, a greater calamity than the deaths from cholera or other misfortune, for the whole French population was in tears, and the funeral cortege, composed of all faiths, followed his remains and did honor to his memory as a public benefactor. I also remember the appearance of the principal officiating priest, who, I am now convinced, was the no less lovable Father Baraga, afterwards famous for the good influence he exerted among the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians, but as I was not a Catholic, only attending the O'Brien Catholic school when old enough, because it was the best, Father Baraga's name had escaped my memory. Father Richard was the founder of the Indian missions of the lakes, and was a priest of the old church of St. Anne at the date of his death. The military reservation of Mackinac has been donated by act of Congress to Michigan, for a State park. The United States flag was lowered in 1895, after floating over the island for a century. But, as a writer in the *Catholic Review* has truthfully said, "wheresoever the footprints of Father Richard and of his missionaries, and of Father Baraga and his assistants, had marked the advent of these saintly men on the mainlands of the coasts of Lake Michigan, the most wonderful transformations have taken place. Take for example, Chicago, Grand

Rapids, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Muskegon and many other cities on both shores of the peninsula of Michigan." Both Fathers Baraga and Richard were looked upon as saints by the French people at large, and some of the incredible stories of the period told of them by my Catholic boy associates concerning their goodness and miraculous powers of healing the sick by a simple touch, made a lasting impression upon my memory.

But what interested me most, was to see the cleanly and sober Ottawa Indians, that had been converted to an honorable religious life, by the Catholic Missionary Fathers, in contrast with some in a very wild state; victims to their appetites for raw whiskey, that they drank not as most white men drink, but poured down their throat until oblivion cast its mantle over all that was human in their actions. At that date, and for several years after, until removed to the territory west of the Mississippi, the Ottawas, and the older Chippewa bands of the upper lake region, assembled at Detroit to receive the annuities given them by our Government, and then, some of the Indians of the same bands, would cross over to the Canada shore of the strait, and there receive the subsidy that the British policy had continued as a reward for their services in scalping Americans, and harassing our frontier during the war of 1812. It was this tampering with the Indians of our frontier, that made it difficult to win and secure their loyalty to our Government and when intoxicated, they would sometimes boast, Indian like, of their prowess in behalf of England; it was but natural that a feeling of dislike was aroused; not alone against the Indian, but against his employer as well. No doubt, this feeling was a most potent cause of injustice having been done to the Indians of the frontier; still, the struggle would have been inevitable between progressive civilization and conservative barbarism, with all its superstitions, and as the Indian would not yield, and accept civilization with his whiskey, he was driven out into far off territory, to be again and yet again removed.

Those that remained in contact with the whites, and had raw and cheap whiskey distributed among them, soon fell victims to their uncontrolled appetites; nor could the zealous and self-sacrificing fathers, or the much more devout sister teachers of the church, maintain their pristine influence over them. The Protestant ministers of salvation were even less successful, for their rigid manners and lack of pictured ceremonies were not at all in consonance with the Indian's own ideas of worship of a mysterious and powerful spirit God, that claimed his adoration, and the Indians of most of the missions relapsed once more into heathenism. I have talked with a few well educated Indians, who, knowing that I could understand their sensitive, yet stoical natures, have told me that the farther they advanced in knowledge, the more they were able to realize the difference in mental as well as physical construction of the two races, and they had concluded that do what they might, they could not have an equal chance with the white people, for with many, they would be simply "a damned Injun." Another, a half breed, in all sincerity, told me that when he was sober, he was all right, and thought like a white man, but when drunk, in some stages, he thought like an Indian, and the injustices heaped upon his mother's race, he felt like avenging with spear and tomahawk. I asked one full blood who had returned to his tribe from college, why he so soon put on waist-cloth, leggings and paint, and his reply was, "I could not endure the ridicule of the medicine men and women of the tribe, and as I was too lazy to work like a white man, I concluded to play *wise Indian* and interpreter, and make the best of my situation." I have given a few reasons why hitherto, Indians *would be Indians*; now that the Federal Government is proving to be in earnest; if schools are established in their midst the malign influence of the medicine men, and the old men and women, will have to succumb to a wiser government than has hitherto obtained among these peculiar people.

During my early residence in Detroit, I was in close sympathy with Indian and mixed-blood boys and French traders, who had not that prejudice against color that usually prevails among Americans. I was vain enough not to allow an Indian (*for I was a white American*) to do what I could not. Or if he did, it was not for long, for I practiced his art of swimming in the swift cool current of the Detroit river, paddled his birchen canoes until I could excel him in speed and endurance, and when the ice formed on that treacherous stream, I would skim over the thin ice on skates where his instinct would not allow him to venture. My folly, upon one occasion, met its reward in a very cold bath in the river, during which I was nearly drowned, but the lesson I remembered. The spirit of rivalry soon extended itself to my French boy companions, and the result was that, by this close association, I soon "picked up" a pretty good knowledge of *bad French*, and some good Indian.

By this time, I had become well acquainted with the families of the old French fur traders, especially those of Old Daniel Campau and his brother Barnabas. The younger Daniel was a pretty regular visitor at my father's house but Barney and "Jock" were my favorites. Old Daniel had accompanied General Cass to the sources of the Mississippi in 1820, and afterwards became a trader, and put every surplus dollar he gained into land. The Cass farm and the Campau lands comprised the greater part of Detroit at that early date.

The Beaubian and Desnoyer families, and others that left the city to settle in the rising city of Chicago, and other places, were all known to our family, and my brother, Willard Bradly Bunnell, married Matilda Desnoyer, a daughter of John B. Desnoyer, a fur trader of long experience. Another branch of the Desnoyers was a druggist of wealth and good repute on Jefferson avenue. But it was the conversations of Dr. Douglas Houghton, during his visit at our house, that interested me most. My father would induce him to talk about what he had seen in the lake country and at the sources of

the Mississippi during his visit there with Henry R. Schoolcraft in 1832, and he was very entertaining. My mother was a cousin of the noted State Geologist of Michigan, her maiden name having been Charlotte Houghton, a daughter of James Houghton of Winsor, Vt., and a relative also of Edward Houghton to whom was conveyed the supposed title of Jonathan Carver to the large tract of land known as the "Carver Tract." Dr. Houghton, in later years, became satisfied of the hopelessness of the claim, as well as one our family had to a part of a block on Houghton Square, London, England.

Most of these conversations were overheard by an observing child of good memory, and they made him ambitious of adventure, and just a little romantic. They were not in the least injurious from a moral point of view, for he thought to emulate Dr. Houghton in usefulness, but alas for boyish imaginings. Dr. Houghton's skill as a geologist pointed the way to millions hidden in the earth, and he was drowned in Lake Superior, a victim to its angry waters, on its rock-bound shores.

I was, for a time, in boyhood, employed by Benjamin Le Britton, a druggist at Detroit, and while so employed, I was boarded at what was the American Hotel, and when that house was destroyed by fire, at the Wales Hotel, erected on the site of the American. During that time I had frequent opportunities of seeing Henry R. Schoolcraft, who was engaged in preparing his manuscripts for publication, while his wife and Chippewa Indian maid attendant and himself were guests at the same hotel. Mrs. Schoolcraft was an invalid, undergoing treatment, and, as I understood, finally died of tuberculosis, not an uncommon fate for mixed bloods. Boy-like, I was interested in talking to their little waiting maid in Chippewa, for she seemed lonely and pleased at my notice, and she was a nice, modest, attentive girl, too. I perceived that her language differed a little from mine, and she explained it by saying that *my* Chippewa was French Chippewa, while hers was real *old* Chippewa, and I have never forgotten her

distinction nor its usefulness, when I hear Indian names lacerated. Mr. Schoolcraft was again married, and his widow was a resident of Washington, D. C., for many years. I think that the influences that surrounded my boyhood gave me a taste for frontier life, and certainly "Old MacSob," an *American Chippewa*, as he proudly called himself, while annually staying with us during payments, gave shape to my determination to visit the upper lake country.

"McSob," a fanciful name my father gave him, because he would sob like a child when drunk, would tell of silver and copper he had seen on Lake Superior while hunting and fishing, and in proof, he had specimens to show. He told of old workings that since have been found and he described the silver islet, now so famous. MacSob got some of the old pioneers of Detroit and Pontiac aroused to the importance of his discovery, and a secret expedition started for Lake Superior to be shown the mine or spot from whence old Mac's specimens were taken, but at Thunder Bay the party encountered such rough weather and waves as to make nearly all of them sick, and "Old MacSob," forgetting his Christian devotions, began to "*make medicine*" in true Indian fashion, and when he had done, he declared that the old Indian spirits of his ancestors were angry, and to appease them, he had promised never again to go near the silver mine. No promise the party could make would swerve the old Indian from his purpose, and the explorers for native silver were forced to turn back in disgust, convinced that old MacSob was a cunning old fraud. My father and my brother Willard had faith in the old Indian's statements, and they were later partly verified by the explorations of Owen, Whitney, Foster, Houghton and others, but if the subject was touched upon even, by any of our family, old Mack would sob like a Sioux brave weeping for a lost comrade, and cry out, "*bad medicine.*"

The old fellow once taught my father a lesson in hospitality that I have never forgotten. MacSob, who had been fishing through the ice with his little band, and selling his trout to

shippers, came down to Detroit on the first boat. On that vessel were some excellent Mackinaw trout packed in ice, a large one of which my father bought, and had it baked for dinner on the day of old Mac's arrival. Thinking to please the old Indian, after we had left the table he had Phyllis, a Mulatto serving-woman that had been in the family for years, place a plate for the old warrior, and invited him to partake of the trout. Old MacSob looked at the fish and then at "Black Meat," as he always called Phyllis, and cried out, "Take him away! too much fish! all winter, fish, fish, damn the fish! 'Black Meat,' give me some pork!" My mother and sisters were communicants in the Episcopal church, but the word "damn" in no wise disturbed their enjoyment of my father's discomfiture. But he turned the tables by saying sententiously, "Moral: never give a guest what he has been feeding upon at home."

My brother Willard, who had been on the lakes, as cabin boy, wheelman and pilot, gave up the "dangers of the deep," after his marriage, and after having assisted in the survey of a military road from Detroit to Mackinaw, went into the fur trade. He was at Little Bay du Noquet, near the present site of Escanaba, in trade with the Chippewas of Sau-gut-tah-gun's band, and he wrote my father that he wanted me to come up and assist him, for a time at least, as he was in poor health, and his wife, Matilda, not in the best of spirits. I was but seventeen years old, but had been one of the *original drummers* and collectors for the drug house I was with, and for my age, was a pretty good student of human nature; so that after some considerable delay, my father gave his consent to my going. I wrote my brother, notifying him of my intentions, and took the steamship Milwaukee for Green Bay, on her last trip up, and, as directed, called on Captain George Lacey for instructions. There were two brothers Lacey, Henry and George, but I think that George was the captain, though I am not sure, and hence will use the term captain alone. Captain Lacey informed me that my brother Willard,

despairing of my arrival, had got his winter outfit of goods, and with his Indians and bark canoes, had departed, leaving all necessary instructions for me in case of my arrival. Captain Lacey also informed me of arrangements made for an early expedition in the spring, with his sloop, Rodolph, just released from a Government survey of Sturgeon Bay and Death's Door, and he wished me to remain and accompany him, offering to find suitable employment for me. My instructions left me free to choose, and as I did not care to take a long, lonely journey on the ice into the wilderness, I accepted the Captain's kindly offer, and was thus prepared, with the first movement of the ice, to follow it down the bay.

I had been able finally to communicate with my brother through some lumbermen up on the ice from the Menominee river mill, and by his instructions I remained to make some additions to the goods already ordered through Captain Lacey. At my father's house, in Detroit, I had heard of the beautiful scenery along the eastern shore of Green Bay, and the Snellings, of Detroit, of the family of Col. Snelling, for whom Fort Snelling was named, would sometimes launch out into poetic descriptions of the beauties of the upper Mississippi, so that I was impatient of delay. However, we finally started with a full cargo of goods suitable for the trade with the few white people and mixed bloods at Sturgeon Bay, the Peninsula, Washington Island and the Menominee river, as well as at the various sugar camps on the west side.

At Sturgeon Bay, many of the heavier goods were disposed of for furs of value—martin, fisher, lynx and foxes, besides wolves and other furs. There was some coin in use, generally five frank silver pieces, which passed readily for one dollar, but furs were more desirable than coin. A violent gale kept us in the harbor for a day after our trading was done, but the Indians encamped across the Sturgeon Bay were slow in bringing out all of their furs, but when they concluded to sell, neither white caps nor spray had any terrors for them, and it was a sight long to be remembered to see them battling with

the winds and waves, sometimes on the crest and then plunging out of sight into the watery troughs, emerging only to renew their battle, and when they finally reached the Rodolph's side and came over the rail, their scant clothing was dripping with the drenching spray.

Our next point for anchorage was a little land-locked bay, in the north end of an island, now called Ellison Bay. Captain Lacey had been there before, but there were then no inhabitants. Captain Lacy was afraid to pass the night in the channel between Washington Island and the bay, so anchored in the beautiful little harbor. The captain was anxious to reach the lighthouse on Washington Island, to get his bearings from there to the mouth of the Menominee river and Little Bay du Noquet, for it seems to me now that the coast line at that date had not been surveyed, and consequently, without chart, he had to take his own observations. I rarely forget incidents and localities, and remembered the wood yard in view of our anchorage where the Milwaukee had renewed her supply, for coal had not yet become the standard fuel. As night came on the wind died out, and I told Captain Lacy that I could row his little skiff ashore and notify the keeper and the fishermen of our presence. Captain Lacey knew nothing of my training as a canoeist or boatman, and doubted my ability to reach the land, for, said he, "the wind will soon change to an off-land breeze, and there will be a chopped sea that might swamp you." I told him that if the breeze came off shore too strong I could easily return, and he let me go.

I reached the land in safety, after a hard pull, for the breeze came in strong puffs that made my light skiff dance, but I found the lighthouse-keeper an old soldier of 1812, by the name of Corbin, as he was lighting up his beacons, and he was overjoyed to see me. His salutation was in substance: "Who the devil are you, and where do you come from, and have you got any ter-bac-er, for mine's all gone." I told him that Captain Lacey had had the forethought to send him a

plug of Cavendish with his regards and a small bottle of spirits to remind him of his last visit. "Captain Lacy," said the old soldier, "is a gentleman, and he reminds me some of the captain under whom I fought at Plattsburg, but I must tell you about that some other time." I had been told that the keeper would be sure to tell me something about his military career, so expressed myself as delighted with his promise. Corbin finished his duties at the lighthouse, and we started with lantern along the forest trail to the cabins of the fishermen on the northeast end of the island. On the way over Corbin once or twice illustrated by aid of lantern and trees the *exact* positions of the two forces engaged, and the part he took in that famous battle, and finding me an interested auditor, he continued his narration until our light was greeted by a whoop from the fishermen and a "Well, I declare!" from their brave wives. I had been fully posted by the captain as to the peculiarities of the islanders, but I was not prepared to find such brave and sensible women as those proved to be. When I told them the purpose of my visit they seemed to know the probabilities of the weather as well as their husbands, for they said: "You did just right, for we are sure to have a change of weather soon, and when the wind does come back again from the north, *mebbe* it will blow for all it's wuth." Expressing surprise at their knowledge, they both asserted that it "got so confounded lonesome on the island" that they often went out with their husbands to their gill nets "for a change." They hurried the fishermen back with me in their good, safe boats, and advised a portage across a long, gravelly point, that they might soon return, "for," said they, "we want some of the Captain's good, *real* tea, for we are tired of spice-wood substitutes."

Captain Lacey was surprised, but glad, to be aroused from his sleep, for when he was greeted by the men with, "Ship Ahoy!" he knew that all was well.

The Captain took his telescope and compass and returned with the fishermen, giving them in exchange for their com-

modities, such *real* things as pleased them most, and I was left as super-cargo of the Rodolph during his absence. Captain Lacey returned in good time, having taken his bearings from the lighthouse, and paying the fishermen well for their aid with their boat, he turned the prow of his racer across to the mouth of the Menominee, where I found my brother and his wife, who had passed the winter there.

I found my brother in poor health, and my dream of a conquest of a fortune rather rudely dispelled. Willard, thought himself likely to become a victim of the family's hereditary disease, consumption of the lungs, and had made up his mind to move to the upper Mississippi, where he was assured by some *voyageurs* that the climate was dry and salubrious. Exposures and excesses frequently incident to a fur trader's life, had left their marks upon Willard, and I at once decided to aid his removal to a dryer atmosphere. Will had a good stock of furs on hand, which he sold to Captain Lacey for cash and in payment for the lighter goods ordered, and with those of heavier bulk, and Captain Lacey's goods, he joined us in a coasting voyage to the various Indian camps, where he was well known; and but a few days were required to load the Rodolph with mo-kucks, or bark boxes of pure maple sugar, and enough was offered to have laden two such vessels. Most of the furs were also purchased, but we were told that other Indians would soon be in from their camps back from the bay, and would bring furs with them, but the Captain said that he dare not overload his boat, though he would like the furs, and after attending a grand scalp dance at Sah-gut-tah-gun's camp at the head of a land-locked cove on head of Little Bay du Noquet, and a second trip to a big camp on site of Escanaba, the Captain sailed for Green Bay. Will bought of the Chippewas two of their largest bark canoes, and, waiting a few days, he got such assistance as was needed, and closed out the remnants of his stock of goods to the Indians that had returned to the shores of the bay, taking in payment their choicest furs and peltries. In the cove at

"Spunk's" camp, for that is the translation of Sah-gut-tah-gun, the name of the Chippewa chief whose village was there, the herring could be seen like clouds passing over the water, and after a gale that swept into the bay, wall-eyed pike lined the shore under the lee of the point in such numbers that in crowding, their backs showed above the water, like salmon going over riffles. It was a sight I had never seen before, and could only be paralleled by the run of salmon in spawning time in western rivers. The sturgeon were also very numerous on the bars of the bay, in the season of their spawning, as we were informed by the Indians, and large quantities were cured by them with smoke and heat.

Willard closed out his affairs with the Chippewas, and at Menominee, and we took our departure for Green Bay. Off Peshtigo, just such a gale as had been predicted by the wives of the fishermen of Washington Island struck us, and though it had been tardy in coming to its climax, Will and I agreed that it was the most severe we had ever encountered. We were forced to seek shelter under the lee of a gravelly point, for we were afraid of being driven on the iron bound shore of the east side, if we continued our journey. The waves ran so high that when we plunged into the troughs of the swells, the sails of our bark canoes would actually set back becalmed, and the stay sheets or draw ropes, would momentarily lose their tension.

We were wind-bound for some time, but finally entered the safe harbor of Green Bay. Upon our arrival at the city of Green Bay nearly all of my brother's purchases from the Chippewas, were disposed of at large profits, including one of the bark canoes, capable of carrying about four thousand pounds, and almost as capable of riding a heavy sea as a life boat. The other canoe Will loaded with some light fabrics purchased, and some choice furs he had kept in reserve, because the dealers did not come up to his ideas of values. After a few days delay in procuring a suitable pilot for the rapids of Fox river, Willard, his wife Matilda, myself and a

Frenchman *voyageur*, who pretended to know the river, started for the Mississippi. over the historical route by way of the portage of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. The second day of our journey, it became absolutely certain that the French pilot knew *every rock* in the rapids of Fox river, and to prove his knowlege to us, which he had asserted at the Bay, he landed us on several, and Willard and myself had to aid him in getting off, in order to continue our journey. Before night arrived, we were compelled to land and go into camp for repairs, for the pitch had been rubbed from the seams, and one puncture made in the bottom of the canoe. The damage was trivial, and soon repaired, for we had extra strips of birch bark, and plenty of pitch, but our man was proven incompetent, and he was paid as a laborer and sent back to his home. While delayed at our camp, Baptist du-Bay, a half-breed *courieur* of the old trader, John Law, and of the Grignon's, came on in a bark canoe with two Menominee Indians, one of whom he said he would send back to us after passing certain rapids, and he did. The Indian proved a master pilot, and said he belonged to the band of Osh-kosh. He spoke Chippewa very well, and was pleased to talk with us and Matilda, who was a better linguist than Will or myself. The Indian, I am not now sure of his name, it might have been Osh-kosh himself, went with us only to the head of the rapids, or foot of Lake Winnebago, as agreed upon, but he gave us so clear a description and tracing of the route to be followed to Fort Winnebago that we reached that ancient portage without assistance or difficulty.

At the Buttes des Mortes (mounds of the dead) we found a most intelligent mixed blood trader named Augustine Grignon, a descendant of the French officer Langlade, who offered us generous hospitality and inducements for us to remain with him. I think that the maiden name of my brother's wife, Denoyer, influenced the old trader upon its incidentally becoming known to him, for he spoke in the highest terms of the Denoyer family as personal friends of his in troubled

times. Grignon told us that "the mounds of the dead" had no relation to the battle with the Foxes fought on the opposite side of the stream, but were ancient tumuli, of which none but the most vague traditions existed among the Winnebago Indians.

Grignon actually pictured to us, in graphic language, the lumber trade that would spring up, and the cities that would arise, and advised our securing a location at the mouth of the river, but we were too obtuse to see things from his point of view, and when I asked why he did not make the selection for himself, his reply was that for the fur trade his location was best, and that in view of his age, he had no new ambitions.

We enjoyed our rest at the *Buttes des Mortes*, and rearranging our cargo, prepared ourselves for propulsion up the crooked Fox river, with pole and paddle. Our cargo consisted, for the most part, of calicoes, ribbons, red, green and blue cloths, blankets, knives, awls, beads and other baubles, so that, upon the whole, our task was light, for our load was not heavy, and Will and I were experts in canoe or other navigation. I am aware that I may seem boastful, but it is unavoidable if I speak of things as they were, and Willard and I were both used to "*paddling our own canoes*" from childhood. Some of the Winnebagoes encountered on the way were at first inclined to be somewhat surly, and demurred to the prices fixed on goods they wished to purchase, and no doubt our firm and nonchalant demeanor was all that prevented an attack from one encampment, where it was intimated that a tribute would be acceptable for our passage up the river. This attempt at extortion angered my brother, and in a choice vocabulary in Chippewa that was understood by one or two of the band, utterly silenced them. The Ho-chung-ga-rahs, or "sweet singers," as some translate the name by which the Winnebago is known to themselves, changed their tune and brought out some late furs, and would have overloaded our canoe at our own prices had we not told them we had enough. Willard

had been told that the St. Louis company paid higher prices for fine furs than the traders at Green Bay, but at the Portage, or Fort Winnebago, as it was then called, the annual collections had already been sent down to Dousman, of Prairie du Chien, but we saw his confidential agent, Francios La' Bathe, who was on some special mission, and were assured that though late and a little out of season, Dousman would take our furs.

La' Bathe was a polished half-breed Sioux, a relative of the chief Wah-pa-sha, as we found upon arriving at Prairie du Chien, and at one time was almost supreme in his control of the fur trade with the Indians.

At the Portage, or Fort Winnebago, our canoe and its cargo were, by the courtesy of the commander, transported by wagon to the Wisconsin river, down which, after having been "pocketed" a few times in its misleading channels, we journeyed triumphantly. We had not been accustomed to those peculiar *coul de sacs* of navigation, called "pockets," but we soon learned to run by "draft of water," as it was called by the raftsmen on the river, and by the time we had reached "*La Prairie*," could follow the *draft* very well.

At Prairie du Chien we met Charles Le Grave, a merchant, whose family I had some knowledge of in Detroit, and who had left Detroit at an early day with other native Frenchmen, for the then village of Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. It was most agreeable for us all to talk over old times, and Mr. Le Grave exerted himself to aid us by his counsel.

We did not quite realize expectations in the sale of our Indian commodities, for, although shipments to St. Louis had not yet all been made, the lateness of the season was the excuse for not paying higher prices.

Consulting with Le Grave, after a conversation with La' Bathe regarding the upper Mississippi, Matilda and I favored the idea of going to Trempealeau, where we were told that James Reed and James Douville were living with

their families, and that the site was a better location for a city than Prairie La Crosse, where there was but one little hen-coop of a cabin, and no women. This last assertion secured Matilda's vote for Trempealeau, but Will was still possessed with the idea of his lungs being seriously affected, and wanted to go south. But, picking up a chip and spitting on it, after the fashion of school-boy days, he said: "*Wet or dry—wet up, we go up—wet down, we go down.*" It came down wet up, and, that being my choice, we started up the river. By just such absurd and unreasonable incidents are our lives sometimes directed.

We renewed our supplies of provisions, and added some trinkets to our stock in trade, and left "La Prairie" buoyant with hope, a south wind wafting our *bark* up the Me-ze-see-be, or great river of the Chippewas. We arrived in La Crosse at the commencement of the delightful month of June, 1842, and were received by the trading firm of Myrick & Miller in a very courteous manner, and while we were on the prairie looking over the ground we thought that Le Grave had not done injustice to the scene before us. There was absolutely no sign of any house, except a mere shanty or log cabin, the timber for which we were informed had been hauled across on a hand-sled from the island opposite during the winter preceding our arrival, but Myrick and some men were at work on the foundation for another building, which afterwards grew to a house of fair dimensions, though the architecture was somewhat of a *composite* order. There has been some discussion between Mr. Nathan Myrick, of the old house or firm of Myrick & Miller, and others, relating to the first settlement of La Crosse, and while I concede that there were *attempts* at a settlement, which will be referred to, no man can possibly deny the fact that Nathan Myrick and his partner H. J. B. Miller, were the first to build a house and establish themselves on the site now occupied by the city of La Crosse. Miller himself was very anxious for us to stop and make claims for ourselves, telling us he would aid us in every way

if we would settle there, and we walked all along the river front, going on to the top of the highest sand dune below the landing that he might point out a claim, a part of which I subsequently took, and if there had been a slab shanty or tent, even, I must have seen it; so, no matter how many might have *seen* "the advantages La Crosse offered for a city," Myrick & Miller were the first to put their plans in operation, and to Myrick especially, is the honor due, of originating the idea of crossing over from the island and building on the praire.

When Willard and myself announced our intention of going on to Trempealeau, Miller offered to wager us the "skoots" that we would not find another such a chance as La Crosse offered, and again said: "You had better remain and help build up our city." The one little house only in evidence of what had been done made his proposition seem a little wild. But Miller was an enthusiast, and added: "Come back soon and I'll break you a potato patch, if you don't like Jim Reed's town, for Dousman says the rattle snakes there are immense." Miller was a man of most generous impulses and strong attachments, but crosses rendered him very stubborn, and this trait of character subsequently marred his happiness. After a few *private* interviews, that mellowed the new-born friendship between Will and Miller, we again started on our way for "Reed's town," as it pleased Miller to call it. It was the loveliest month of the year, and the soft south winds often blew a steady gale for days without ceasing. We had been particularly favored since entering the Mississippi, and our big square sail hurried us on at the speed of a steamboat. We continued on up the broad river until, attracted by the exceeding beauty of "Queen Bluff," where, at the brooklet above, we stopped and took a lunch. This beautiful bluff was then known as the "Eagle's Nest." The remains of the nest may yet be seen, but Reed and some young Sioux dispossessed the eagles of their young, and the eagles never again returned to that eyrie, for the old ones

were killed, and seldom, if ever, will an eagle occupy another's nest.

At Catlin's Rocks, now Richmond, we saw the red paint put upon them by the noted painter, George Catlin, as told to us afterwards, when forced to leave his boats during his trip of exploration and portrait painting of Indians, in 1835. "George Catlin" was plainly discernible, in red paint, on the shelving and water-worn rocks for some years after our arrival, but the surface action of frost and spray finally obliterated the name. Some of Catlin's portraiture of Indians, formerly to be seen at the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, were masterpieces of their kind, and before fire had ravaged his works, I recognized several old Indian friends among his paintings.

After passing Catlin's Rocks and Crane Island, the wind had a longer sweep, and we ran on up rapidly to the foot of the Trempealeau range of bluffs, which we readily recognized by the descriptions given us, and, as we landed, James Reed, his son-in-law, James Douville, Joseph Borrette and others of the family, constituting then the whole population, came down to the river bank to receive and greet us with a hearty welcome, after we announced our purpose. My brother produced his letter from 'Le Grave, and then we were again welcomed by Mr. Reed and invited to his house, where soon the whole household were interested in our welfare. We were then invited to what might be called a game supper, and the manner in which the invitation was given precluded a declination of Mr. Reed's old-fashioned Kentucky hospitality. We retired rather early, after the excitements of the day, but not until a sheltered place for a winter home had been suggested by Reed and Douville, both of whom offered their assistance in putting up a log cabin. Mr. Reed himself was at our camp early next morning, and leading the way to a most refreshing spring in a little secluded valley above the present site of the village, Willard selected it for a temporary residence, until, as he said, he should be able to learn something of the

country. We asked Reed in reference to danger from RATTLE SNAKES, and were told that, to annoy him, or to retaliate for disparaging remarks he had made about a miserably poor dog having been used in naming "Dog Prairie," (Prairie du Chein). Dousman had retorted by calling his Trempealeau village site, "The Rattle Snake Hills," and so addressed his letters by steamboat to him, "and nervous people," said Reed, "will scarcely land here at all, the place has been so advertized by the name Dousman has given it." It was evident to Willard and myself, that Dousman's name was no fiction, and we returned to the subject by asking what suggested the name to Dousman. "Oh!" said our Kentucky hunter, "the Winnebagoes hold the rattle snakes sacred, and they call these bluffs Wa-kon-ne-shan-ah-ga, which means 'the place of the sacred snakes on the river,' for I suppose they know where to look for them." I drew him on, by a wink from Will, who always had a taste for the absurd, until he finally confessed that, old hunter as he was, *he stepped pretty high* in going through the ferns and tall grass. "But," said he, "I have a few hogs that seem to keep them away from the house." I then told him of a breed of hogs, used by the Campaus of Detroit, with wattled necks, that cleared an island in the Detroit river of "swamp rattle snakes," and Mr. Reed said he had heard of that breed at Prairie du Chien, and he would get some of them, and he did. For a time the snakes seemed to disappear, so much so that when Prof. Owen and Dr. Norwood, a few years after, camped there on a geological survey, and wanted to see one of the "*Sacred Snakes*" in order to determine its species, little John Reed's services had to be secured to bring one in for Prof. Owen, who, in the presence of us all, took out the fangs and poison sack in a few movements of forceps and scalpel; and holding them up to Dr. Norwood, who seemed never to have seen a rattle snake before, said: "Now the charmer has lost his charm." Which I understood to refer to some discussion already passed between those learned men.

Mr. Reed went over the gap back of the site selected by Willard, and soon we heard the report of his rifle, and, not long after, Mr. Reed returned with a small-sized deer upon his back, which he dressed and divided in expert fashion, giving us one-half. An offer of compensation from Willard seemed almost to offend our new neighbor, and he replied, "that is not the way we do here; and besides, the bluffs are full of deer; though they hide at this season of the year, but I shall be glad to show you some of their tricks."

Mr. Reed was not a linguist, for even his French and Sioux had an accent peculiarly his own, but he was a man of observation and good judgment, and of strict integrity of character, and his long residence as a soldier in the United States army at Prairie du Chien, courier in the Black Hawk war, and Indian farmer for the Wah-pa-sha band of Sioux, gave him great intelligence. Mr. Reed gave us much information which was verified by others, and by reading, and his alliance with Wah-pa-sha by his marriage to the widow Grignon, of Prairie du Chien, a cousin of the chief and a sister of Francis La'Bathe, the fur trader—gave him opportunities for acquiring traditionary lore not accessible to many.

Mr. Reed told us that while yet a soldier he had several times passed his location on the river, and had always admired it for the advantages it possessed for a range for stock, and after the treaty of 1837 he determined to locate where he had, at the earliest opportunity. Circumstances, however, he said, had delayed him until 1840, when he established himself, fully equipped for such farming as he cared to enter into. At the time of our arrival Mr. Reed had large droves of cattle and young horses, which the Indians never stole, but would ride his horses occasionally, to his great annoyance, as they galled their backs with great brutality. The log houses erected by the Swiss missionary, Daniel Gavin and his associates, in 1836-7, upon the land on the east side of Lake of the Mountain, now owned by Mr. Trowbridge, were used after the abandonment of the mission

in 1838, to catch the horses, as in fly time the horses would huddle in those dark cabins to avoid the pests. Just before our arrival Reed had set fire to the log buildings, but the plowed ground further east, Reed and his son-in-law, Douville had under cultivation upon our arrival, and my brother Willard and I, in a very primitive way, with horses driven in circle, helped thresh the crop of oats and peas raised that summer on the virgin land broken by the Swiss missionaries, but which their abandonment had left free for Douville and Reed to cultivate. A good share of the crop had been taken by wild pigeons, nesting in the bottom lands, before it could be gathered, and it was to save the remainder that we all turned out and secured it by threshing and removal. I am aware that some pretty strong statements will be found in this volume, but I have a duty to perform toward the wild birds of long ago, and must let the present generation see what devastation has taken place to reduce them to the few pigeons that remain.

I was returning in a canoe from a trip up the river, and as I came in sight of the oak timber then growing on the Wisconsin side below the site of the lower bridge, I saw clouds of pigeons settling to roost, when crash, would fall an oak limb, and then a noise would follow like the letting off of steam. It did not occur to me at first, what it was that made the latter noise, but as I approached nearer, and saw limb after limb fall, some of them of very large size, and then heard the increased noise, I saw, and heard, that it was numberless pigeons breaking down the limbs and chattering in glee at their having overloaded and broken them down. Some of the young Sioux were watching the "roost," to see if any had commenced laying, for some were already building nests, and when I told Mr. Reed of the Indians being there and not a shot fired at the pigeons, he told me that the Indians never disturbed pigeons or ducks by shooting at them when nesting, and that the life of a man doing so would not be safe among the Sioux, as the whole tribe would feast upon

the squabs as soon as big enough. The pigeon-roost extended for twenty five miles below La Crosse, as reported to us by up-coming steam boats, and where there was heavy timber, the same scenes were repeated that I had witnessed—the whole length of the roost being about forty five miles. Pigeons are easily disturbed and driven away when they commence nesting, but when they begin to set, they are not so easily scared.

Mr. Reed pointed out the mountain that Hennepin had given a French translation of as *La Montaigne, qui Trompe-aL'eau*, and said that *Hay-nee-ah-chah* the Winnebago name and *Pah-hah-dah*, the Sioux name, might have been given Hennepin, as allied families of Sioux and Winnebagoes were often camped on the lake. The Winnebago word indicated a “soaking mountain,” and the Sioux, a mountain that had been moved out, or separated by water. La Crosse was named for the game of Indian shinney, played there by rival Indian bands on the prairie, but the La Crosse river was known to the Sioux as *Chapa-o-be-day*, or *Beaverwood* (alder,) the word *Wat-pah*, meaning a river, usually being left out, just as Black river was generally known as *Minne Sap-pah*, meaning black water. La Crosse prairie, the back part of it, was a noted place for large, fine strawberries, and was known as *Wah-zoos-te-cah*, or *strawberry place*.

The Winnebagoes, more given to naming localities from peculiarities of formation, called the La Crosse valley to its junction with the Mississippi by one mouth, and Black river lake by the north branch, *E-nook-wah-zee-rah*, (a woman’s breasts,) because of the fancied resemblance of two prominent mound-shaped peaks north of La Crosse, to a woman’s breasts, and *Ne-shan-i-gah*, a river, is only added when desirable. It is with the Winnebagoes, as with the Sioux, there are many elisions in their conversations. Their name for Black river is nearly the same as that of the Sioux, *Ne-sheb-er-ah*, *ne* representing *ne-nah*, water, and *sheb-er-ah*, black. So it is with many names. The *Trempealeau* river was called by the

Winnebagoes, Ne-chann-ne-shan-ah-ga, or the overflowing stream, because it went out of its banks so frequently. But the Sioux called it Wat-pah-dah, or the moving stream of the mountain, because its eastern mouth enters the Me-day-Pah-ha-dah, or Lake of Trempealeau Mountain. For several years after our arrival the middle branch was the main channel, now the western branch is.

The small, clear water stream above Holmes' Landing, now Fountain City, was called Wam-ah-dee, meaning Eagle creek, or river, because the bluffs at its entrance into the Mississippi and those first below were a favorite resort for the war eagle of the Sioux, but known to the Winnebagoes as Ne-osog-e-rah. The next river above, entering into Beef Slough above Alma, Wisconsin, was called Tah-tan-kah-wat-pah by the Sioux, and Te-chay-ne-shan-a-gah, by the Winnebagoes, because both names indicate that the river was the resort of buffalo, as well as the eastern branch or outlet of the Chippewa, which was known to the French as Buffalo channel. The river proper was known to the Sioux as Ha-ha-tone Wat-pah, because it came from the country of the Chippewas, who were termed fall-men, because they dwelt at the falls of St. Marie, on Lake Superior; but the Winnebagoes called the Chippewa river Da-got-chee-ne-shan-a-gah, river of the gartered people, because the Chippewas wore a fringed and beaded garter peculiar to the tribe.

The Sioux name for Mississippi river was Wat-pah-Ton-ka, meaning, simply, the Big River; but the Winnebagoes had a more specific name, and called it Ne-oak-hut-tah-rah, or Big Bluff River; and Lake Pepin, Ne-nah-hah-tain, or the River Lake, understood to be large. The Sioux left nothing to inference, but called Lake Pepin Me-day-Ton-kah, which means Big Lake. The "Zam-bar-ah" (as pronounced,) was known to the Sioux as Ha-ha-wat-pah, or Fall River. The Whitewater was called Minne-ska, meaning white water, but the Winnebagoes called it Ne-scas-Hay-tay-rah, meaning the White-water of the white (or bald) bluff, which is so prom-

inently seen some distance below the mouth of the stream, and the village of Minneska (correctly spelled). The Rollington creek was called by the Winnebagoes Ne-scas-hone-none-nig-ge-rah, or the Little White Water, while the Sioux called the Rollington E-yan-o-min-man Watpah, meaning the creek of the rollington, a dark trap-boulder, which was said to have furnished the altar-stone of sacrifice for the Wah-pa-sha band. There are several granite and other well rounded boulders in the county, but my informant, Thos. La Blanc, said that the Sioux had a superstitious reverence for that particular stone, which, from its weight and color, they thought was Wah-kon, or sacred.

All of the small streams had names that it is not of importance to give, but the Root river has had so many that I give that in common use by Sioux and Winnebago alike; that is, Crow river, because the big, tall trees at its mouth were a favorite resort for those birds. The Winnebago name was Cah-ho-mon-ah, the river understood, and the Sioux, Cah-hay-wat-pah. While upon the subject I may as well say that by agreement, while hunting or fishing, Mr. Reed and my brother Willard applied nearly all of the names which the smaller streams and bluffs in our vicinity still bear. The Sugar Loaf was known to the Sioux as Wah-pa-ha-sha, or Wah-pa-sha's cap, on account of its rounded cedar-crowned summit's resemblance to a red Scotch cap given to the elder Wah-pa-sha, at Mackinaw, while an ally of the British, and because it dominated the Burns creek and farm, the homestead of Wah-pa-sha. The summer village of the Sioux, on the western portion of Winona, they called Ke-ox-ah, which Reed said he thought must mean the place of first gathering, or the homestead, but that it was often called O-ton-we, the village. Reed was not a good linguist, and never even tried to use the Winnebago language. The Winnebagoes called the village on the site of Winona De-cone-uck, and the prairie, Ose-cah-he-aitch-chaw, or village prairie.

James Reed was a remarkable man, and, in many respects, the best type of a pioneer hunter and trapper I ever knew. His first wife was a Pottawatomie woman, by whom he had five children, but two of whom are still living. His son, John, also a good hunter, died from a gunshot wound accidentally inflicted by his own hand while hunting deer. Reed's second wife was the Menominee mixed-blood widow of the trader, Farnam, a partner of Col. Davenport, who was murdered on Rock Island by the Murrell gang of outlaws in about 1844. She died in June, 1840, soon after her arrival in Trempealeau. Mr. Reed's step-daughter, Miss Mary Ann Farnam, a most excellent woman, married Mr. Charles H. Perkins, of Kentucky parentage, but raised in a French settlement near Prairie du Chien, becoming French in language and manners. Mr. Perkins has survived his wife, and is still living on his good farm, about five miles back of Trempealeau. To him were born a number of children, all, or most of whom are living, honored citizens. Mr. Charles H. Perkins was employed in work on the Wah-pa-sha farm, while Mr. Reed was the farmer employed by the Federal Government. James Reed's last wife was the estimable widow Grignon, mother of Antoine and Paul Grignon, of Trempealeau, both of whom were well educated at a Catholic college, as well as Arch Ange, now Mrs. John Reed. While writing an article for the "History of Winona County," I wrote to Mr. Antoine Grignon, hoping to obtain more exact data concerning Mr. Reed and his family than my memory would afford, and I give herewith the principal part of his answer:

TREMPEALEAU, Wis., July 2, 1884.

L. H. Bunnell, Homer, Minn. :

Dear Sir—Your note bearing date of 27th ult., reached me last Saturday, (29th), and as I could not myself give an answer to the questions asked, I have made diligent inquiry among Mr. Reed's daughters here, to find out their father's nativity, none of whom, however, seem to know, or ever did know, except that he was a Kentuckian. Neither could I find a single slip of his old transaction papers while employed as farmer for the Wa-pa-sha band of Sioux at Winona. It seems that he had two

bibles in which were kept the family records, etc., one of which, Mrs. Mary Chenevert took, and the other was taken by Mrs. Perkins. It is quite probable that some of his business papers were taken with the bibles. . . . In writing the history of Winona county, care should be taken in stating matters concerning the first house built in the county. The one built by Mr. Reed at Winona, A. D. 1841 or 42, *was the first built at Winona*, but not the first house built in the county. You, no doubt, are aware that our uncle (Francis La Bathe) had, many years prior to the above date, built a trading post at a place called by the Indians, E-nee-bo-sah-rautche, near but above Rollingstone, which, I think, is within the precinct of Winona county. Unfortunately, like many others, I am unable to give dates to my early reminiscences, but I can remember during my childhood, of hearing my uncle's principal trading post talked about, and, if I am not mistaken, his family were with him during the trading season, that is, from September to the following May or June. In regard to our mother's relationship with the young chief Wa-pah-shaw, I have heard her say more than once, that they were cousins, and from that it may be inferred that our grandfather La Bathe must have had for wife, a sister of the original Wa-pah-sha.

Respectfully yours,

A. GRIGNON.

Mr. Grignon, brother and sister, were but little children when I knew them first, but I thought that perhaps there might be found some papers that would aid my memory of events, or, as they had all remained continuously in this neighborhood, while I was passing through exciting scenes in the Mexican war and in the gold mines of California, their memories even might be better than mine; but I find that we remember well, only the incidents we have taken part in.

Willard and myself, with the help of Mr. Reed, as carpenter, and Mr. Douville, as teamster, soon had our log cabin up, and by the middle of July had finished, and we moved into it.

CHAPTER X.

A grotesque appearance—Two men in trouble—Two more led into dagnet—A savage attack—A trip to Holmes' Landing, and to the O'Galla river—Home again—A hunter's life and introduction to Indian methods—First elk and beaverhunt of Willard B. Bunnell—James Reed and his family.

We were down to Mr. Reed's one day, when there came in view a very strange sight. It was Captain Eaton, of the firm of Carson & Eaton, the well known lumbermen of the Chippewa valley, and a hired man, named Darby. Both Eaton and Darby had been soldiers in the United States army, and were brave men enough, but they had been out-generated by the Winnebagoes, near La Crosse, who had stolen in upon them at night and had taken their ponies with which they had been driving a herd of work-cattle and cows to the O'Galla river mill. The saddles, blankets and provisions, they had managed to pack on the work oxen's necks and backs, securing the kitchen utensiles to the horns, and the sight and noise made, as they came into view, scared Reeds's young colts, and the younger children of his flock. Captain Eaton himself, then a rather fleshy, stocky man, slid down from the back of an old ox he called "Bogue," and explained the absurdity of their appearance, by saying: "The damned Winnebagoes have stolen our horses, and I am so chafed that I can't walk. Put your own price on your services, but I must have help to drive my cattle on to the Chippewa." That is about the way Eaton express himself, but he got no answer to his appeal. Reed told Willard and

myself, aside, that if he espoused their cause, he was likely to lose every head of his own animals, and as he did not know the motive of the theft, he thought that we, Willard and I, had better help them if we would, and Matilda could stay with his daughters while we were gone; but let the offer come from you, he added. The secret of Reed's undisturbed occupancy of Trempealeau prairie, was his extreme cautiousness, and his alliance with his Indian neighbors. We soon arranged matters without extortion, and recommending a salt bacon rind *for special use*, to help the Captain on his hot and dusty way, we started with our strange outfit for the river O'Galla.

Near the head of what is now known as the Mississippi Slough, six gun shots were fired at us by a small party of Sioux, which we subsequently found were from men of the Red Wing band, one shot of which broke the leg of old "Boque," a most dilatory ox, but an excellent pack animal; and the other bullets, whistling over our heads, cut twigs that fell at our feet. While this interesting target practice was going on, I ambushed the Sioux with the only gun in our ranks, and but for the Captain and my brother, would have killed two of the *war party*, as I had them with empty guns at my mercy. As it was, I gave one genuine old Chippewa war •whoop, I had learned at the scalp dance at the Bay du Noquet, and it was diverting to see the young war fledglings take to their canoe and cross the slough out of reach. We reached Holmes' landing that evening, where supper was served to us by Mr. Robert Kennedy and his industrious wife, and while relating our experience to Holmes, I observed a peculiar smile and glance of intelligence from his wife, a beautiful and quick-witted woman, evidently out of place upon the Indian frontier, and when opportunity offered, we were told that the *complimentary* expression used by Captain Eaton when we first met the Indians was a gross insult, and the cause of their shooting at us, and that until we could use *better* Indian we had better talk English. Captain Eaton had picked up a few words of Sioux from half-breeds, who

had amused themselves at his expense, and very nearly our own, and if his efforts to talk Winnebago were no better, I could never blame them for stealing his ponies. However, as we subsequently understood, the Red Wing band finally paid for the disabled ox, which we were compelled to kill some distance beyond the Wam-a-dee.

We had no further trouble or adventure on our way, though we startled elk and deer in the Buffalo channel of the Chippewa, where they would resort, especially at nightfall, to rid themselves of insect pests, and we noticed the large trails of Buffalo, deeply cut into prominence, where narrow, sandy ravines debouched into the open ground.

Arrived at the Chippewa, both Eaton and Darby were "at home" in wading the stream, and as Willard and I were good swimmers, but cautious, we stripped for the crossing, but were able, by following directions, to cross obliquely to the opposite bank without any swimming. We were welcomed at O'Galla with enthusiasm, and when it was known that we preferred to return by canoe, we were given a small bark canoe at a fabulously low price, that had been used by a Mr. Knight in hunting deer, and he said as he intended going to Oregon with a party then making up in Missouri, he would sell us the canoe.

Some years later, the same man put me and my saddle mule across the Stanislaus river in his rope ferry-boat, at his famous ferry in California, known as Knight's Ferry. Willard and I had been so accustomed to the difficult navigation of the Wisconsin river, that the Chippewa seemed easy of navigation to us, and we ran rapidly on to "Hudson's Landing," now Read's, without interruption. From there we stopped but for a short time at Crat's blacksmith shop, and a little while at Holmes' Landing, as promised on our upward journey, and we reached home, finally, the same night. Holmes and his wife made Willard promise to visit his landing soon and bring his wife, and when Matilda heard of this, she was most anxious to have the promise fulfilled. I was

left alone for a few days, to keep house, while my brother and his wife visited at the landing, and on their return, I was informed of an arrangement for a grand hunting and trapping expedition to come off in September up the Trempealeau river, and of Willard's having rented a house for winter use built by William Smothers, one of the men who aided Holmes to build the boat, on Rock river, Ill., in which he came up the river and helped him to get out the timber for dwelling house and warehouse.

Mr. Reed showed himself pleased to have an American for a neighbor, and took great pains to go with my brother Willard fire-hunting for deer, a most murderous process of killing, but as it was only when meat was wanted that a deer was so killed, and Reed was in high favor with Wah-pah-sha; they were allowed to hunt in canoes where they pleased.

A favorite resort for deer in summer, was at the mouth of Homer valley, which they followed down at night-fall into the water of the creek near its outlet into the Mississippi, where, bewildered by the light, they could be silently and stealthily approached, until guided by their flaming eyes, the hunter's aim was sure. Rarely was a deer wounded, but it was a pitiful and ghostly sight to see the dead deer; for in the darkness, only relieved by the torch or candle, the red deer took on a wierd appearance in grey, and its innocent, weeping eyes, which in some cases was no myth, almost drew tears from my own. I witnessed just such a scene one night, while hunting with "Tom Holmes," and never went hunting again by fire-light. Nor had I been able to kill a deer with a rifle, but piqued by Reed by being told that I had "buck-fever," I aimed at the eye of the next one I shot at and laid it low. The charm was broken and I had no further difficulty in killing game of any kind.

Two other resorts for deer were seldom visited without one or two being brought back. Cedar creek was one of these, and was so named because of the abundance of dry red cedar, used by Mr. Reed and Willard in fire-hunting, but

Willard soon introduced instead, the Chippewa method of a shading-board and candle. Trout creek, at its mouth, was another good resort for deer, and as the Sioux seldom fished for any except large fish, which were killed with a spear, the spring creeks were filled with trout, and of good size. Willard brought home from "Trout creek," (which he named,) six dozen trout, which he had caught in a few hours. Then, as now, the larger trout were caught in the main stream, but they seemed to spawn most in the branch called "Little Trout." The Minnesota shore of the Mississippi was most accessible to canoes, and hence for hunting deer and catching trout, was a favorite resort, and, strange as it may appear, there were beaver caught by Reed at the Rollingtone and on Cedar creek, long after the Indians had been removed; and it is possible that some may yet remain, for they are a very wise animal when once disturbed, and unless the trapper is very cunning, the beaver will avoid his trap. It is traditionally reported that two Frenchmen, wintering on Beaver creek, above Galesville, many years ago, caught a large "pack" of beaver skins, but they did not catch them all, for Reed and Willard both caught a number there and named the creek because of the numerous beavers caught until their premises were invaded. And yet human habitations and noise seem not to disturb them much if not trapped for. I saw a beaver dam and cuttings of beavers on the Jefferson Davis plantation, below Vicksburg, Mississippi, in war times, and was told by the negroes there that there were plenty of beavers but that no one disturbed them. The La Crosse river, as its Sioux name implies, was once a famous resort for beavers, but in more modern times the Trempealeau river was the most productive of all; for being a kind of neutral ground for Sioux and Chippewa alike, only raiding or war parties were likely to be encountered there at the date of our arrival. Knowing this, a Menominee Indian came from Wolf river, Wisconsin, and going alone up the Trempealeau river with but few traps, he brought back fifty skins, as we

were informed by Mr. Reed. The grand-mother of Mary Ann Farnam, a Menominee woman, who camped near Reed's house, expected the return of the Menominee in the autumn to hunt again, and he came.

The Menominee Indian was in some way related to the old Indian woman, as was some chief of the band, and wished her to return, but she could never be induced to leave her daughter's child to return to her band, and died at Trempealeau, a good example of a grandmother's devotion. It was out of the order of our plan to go with Holmes, but it is as well to say here that the Menominee Indian and my brother Willard went up the Trempealeau river to trap and hunt, and that in order to escape observation and perhaps for convenience, he duplicated the Indian's costume throughout. At that time there was some danger of raiding Chippewas, and his knowledge of the Chippewa language and his costume he knew would be his best safeguard. The Menominee was known as of the family of Reed, and seemed not afraid, but his luck had left him. for he did not catch as many beavers as Willard. Finding himself out-witted by the beaver, and surpassed in skill as a hunter, he began a fast to propitiate the evil spirit he imagined had hoodooed his traps. Willard tried to re-assure and encourage the Indian, but without success; so turning their attention to the killing of what elk they chose for drying, they stretched the skins over a frame, and thus equipped, with their hunting canoes on each side of their skin float, they came down with a heavy cargo.

It seemed to us at home, that Willard and the Menominee had made "a big hunt," I have now forgotten how many beavers were caught, but it was found out through Reed, that the Indian was most chagrined at his lack of beavers, because, though a *Christian*, he had used a sacred *Indian charm* to catch beavers on his previous trip, that his hunt with my brother had shown to be inoperative. The Indian trappers use the castor secretion at times, but any strong-smelling substance—gum camphor placed on shore to attract

the curiosity of the beavers, without disclosing the trap to be placed under water where they land, is all the "*medicine*" required. When caught, the beaver first plunges under water, and if the stake that holds the trap has been driven deep enough, the beaver soon drowns, proof enough that the animal is not amphibious, as Webster says.

My brother Willard was generous with his Indian comrade, bought out his "catch" of beavers, meat, traps and canoe, and as the ice would soon run, he struck across the country he knew so well, probably to some winter camp of his people, and we never saw him again. The canoe Willard bought of the Menominee, was fashioned by the Indian himself, out of a butternut log, and was the most perfect model any of us had ever seen. In it Willard and I would make a fair start for a short race with any slow boat that came up the river, and beat her against the current, to the great disgust of her captain. Mr. Reed, who was a very fair carpenter of the frontier, made several attempts to copy the canoe's model in pine and in maple, but without success. The canoe was finally stolen, and probably taken below, and then Willard made several canoes that were light-running and steady, but no canoe on the Mississippi ever equaled the "Menominee canoe."

All game was quite abundant in those days, for there were no vandal hunters to wantonly destroy it, or if they did, the Indians were very likely to *destroy them*. Wild fowl and pigeons nested in the country annually, for the Indians always took pains to preserve the young of all birds, and hence there was little fear of man among them.

We had been on a visit with Mr. Reed to see Wah-pa-sha, Wah-kon-de-otah and Mock-ah-pe-ah-ket-ah-pah, the head chiefs of the band on Wah-pa-sha Prairie, as the site of Winona was then called, his Secretary of War and Prime Minister, as we might say, and our courtesy gained for us the privilege to go where we pleased, and hunt when we pleased; but Willard was told that it was against Wah-pa-ha's policy

to let any white man occupy the prairie, for if one were allowed, all would want to come, and for that reason, he said, he had excluded all. Reference was made to La 'Bathe, and he quickly replied that La 'Bathe, though a relative, was not on the prairie, but within easy reach of it. "But," said he, "when the fur season comes, visit us, if you will, with your goods, and we will have a tent prepared for you." We found occasion to test the sincerity of his promise, and he always proved himself hospitable.

Understanding from Reed that my brother's wife was French, and that I was her brother, he said that he liked the French, and would call me Wah-sheets-sha, and after finding that Willard had been a trader among the Chippewas, he said, "We will call you Ha-ha-tone, the Chippewa." Notwithstanding the favor with which we had been received by Wah-pa-sha and his staff, the young Sioux warriors, to test our nerve, would fire at us at times, when the opportunity offered, but if in a canoe, we observed the shots were always fired a little ahead or a little over us, and the very humorous laugh that very often followed, showed that the young savages regarded their performances with guns as very funny.

I was left alone one day at Willard's cabin, when, going out for some purpose, five rifles of a hunting party of Winnebagoes were turned upon me with steady aim. I knew it was useless to flinch, and opened the bosom of my shirt and stood erect. I was too angry to be much afraid, and a lightning flash of thought told me it was my best policy. After holding their guns at an aim for some seconds, they threw them on their shoulders, and advancing with extended hands, they called out, "Shune-gua-shoo-shig-gah, How!" which may fairly be interpreted as, "Fearless one, how are you?" I would like to have replied with gun and knife, "well enough for you, you demons," but it was the climax of our annoyance, for, while it was almost certain that any other white man new to the country would be robbed, we could go where we pleased unmolested, and I don't remember of anything

being stolen from us while at Trempealeau, though afterwards, as will appear, I had to teach the Winnebagoes manners at La Crosse.

Willard had favorite hunting grounds, which he visited again and again with great success. On one occasion he killed three bears in one day in a "Jack Oak" grove, just above the site of Dodge, on the Green Bay railroad. His young dog, one I had given him, of good blood, obtained from hunting stock, kept by Captain Martin Scott, U. S. A., brought the bears to a stand, and he killed them in quick succession. But the dog would not take hold of one of them wounded, and Willard thrashed the dog, calling him a coward. I took back the dog, trained him, and before I would restore him, made him promise he would never whip the dog again. A dog, like a horse, can be easily spoiled if he does not know what he is whipped for, and the way to manage either when they are frightened is to soothe them. Willard's dog "Turk" was traditionally remembered by Indians and whites alike for years, for in the coldest time of winter his scent was so keen that in the big timber of the Mississippi bottoms, then almost untouched by axe or saw, he would hunt out coons and fisher, then numerous in hollow trees, and of great value, and if his well-known bark did not attract his master, he would return again and again until the game had been secured. He died from accidental poisoning while my brother was killing wolves. The family wept for poor old Turk as if he had been a human being.

To Mr. James Reed, my brother and myself were indebted for many kindnesses and much information, and whenever opportunity offered, I always tried to show my appreciation. He was getting on in years, even before I went back to Detroit, and so I subdued for him an iron-grey stallion which he had raised from Kentucky stock, thereby winning from him the privilege of riding or driving the horse when I pleased. As a Kentuckian, he was a good judge of horses, and when he found that I, too, liked a good horse and his

horse would obey me, I think that fact won most upon him. After my return from the war of the Rebellion, I visited Mr. Reed at his farm on the "Little Tamarack" in Wisconsin, and stayed over night with him, talking over old times till a late hour. I have always regretted that I did not then note down some of his recitals, but I knew that he was sensitive, and did not want him to realize that I thought him in such poor health as he was. My memory of our conversations in olden and later times is good enough as relating to essential facts but not of dates, which for any record are to be expected. However, it will be sufficient for me to say here, that I remember his having told me that he was born in Kentucky in about 1798. While a mere youth he enlisted in the United States army, and was sent to the command of Col. Zachary Taylor, then stationed at Prairie du Chien. He soon took to himself a wife, and by her were born to him five children, Elizabeth, Joseph, Mary, Madeline and James. The mother of these children died in 1830. His next wife, widow of Col. Farnam, bore him two children, Margaret and John, and died in June, 1840. His last wife, who was the widow Grignon, bore him no children and died January 29th 1864. Mr. Reed himself died in June, 1873. At this date, 1897, there are but two of James Reed's children living—Elizabeth, aged 77 and Madeline, aged 70—though there are several grand-children.

To the intelligent family of Mrs. Grignon-Reed I am much indebted for interesting facts, and to Antoine Grignon especially for precise interpretations of Indian words. Mr. Antoine Grignon has been an interpreter for the Federal Government, and has made exactitude of comprehension of the Winnebago language a study. Willard's preparations for his hunt with the Menominee were necessarily secret, but he managed to send word to Holmes that his contemplated hunt with him would have to be delayed. We hurried forward the house so that we could occupy it if necessary in winter, but Matilda could not bear the thought of her wintering so far away from any of her own sex while Willard and I were

- away from home. Nor was there any such intention on my brother's part, but he had given undue importance, as it turned out, to what he might gain by a hunt with the Menominee. I took a run down to La Crosse after some things wanted, saw that Myrick & Miller were hurrying on their Indian house for winter trade, and made some arrangements for trips to winter encampments for furs, when called upon to do so by Mr. Myrick to Wah-pa-sha's band. I gave my attention to learning all I could of the Sioux language, which was very much facilitated by my visits to Mr. Reed's family, where I was always welcomed. Matilda had obtained the services of Mary Ann Farnam, Reed's step-daughter, but she was a timid girl, and they would mutually nourish their fears when alone. I had my plans of action and visited various localities, unsettled as to what was best to do, but all the time inclined to make a claim at La Crosse. Willard finally came back from his hunt, as stated, during a cold snap, but the river did not close for some weeks after, and arranging matters with Reed for the care of his house, with our light goods and fixtures packed, we got on board the Rock River and went to Holmes' Landing. The Rock River did not return until the next spring, for she was caught in the ice, as has been stated in another part of this book.
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CHAPTER XI.

James Reed's house built in Winona in 1844—Anticipating treaty of 1837—Its influence on settlements on the Mississippi—An attempt to settle La Crosse—Nathan Myrick the first actual settler—First settlement at Trempealeau instigated by Francis La Bathe—Murder of Sheriff Lester, of Crawford County, Wisconsin—Murder exposed by La Bathe—Indian liberated crosses on ferry-boat to Iowa Shore, and soon appears at Wapasha village.

There had been so many erroneous statements concerning the stranding of the steamer *Lynx* and the date of the building of James Reed's house on the site of Winona, that I wrote to Mr. Antoine Grignon, thinking he might find official documents among Mr. Reed's papers that would confirm my recollection of the events that had occurred in 1844, so indelibly fixed in my memory, but I found no aid, for Mr. Grignon was wrong in supposing that the house built in Winona by Mr. Reed for a government store-house to hold the goods landed by steamboats for the Wa-pah-sha band, was erected in 1841 or 1842, for I aided in its construction, carrying up one corner of its white ash log body, by the process known as "half-dove-tailing," and as Willard and I did not come to the Mississippi until in June, 1842, the log house must have been built *after I, at least, had arrived here*. And so with La 'Bathe's principal trading post, Mr. Grignon's recollection is not exact. Both Mrs. Chenevert and Mrs.

Perkins are now dead, but I visited Mrs. Perkins before her death, and she was at my house, here in Homer, a few years ago, and I found our recollections of early events to coincide remarkably well. I also had the family bible given me for inspection, but save for the Reed family, it contained little of interest; so I am forced back upon memory, and the recollections of my own and a few other "*old*" families for much of what is not historical that will be found in these pages.

As far as houses that were not destroyed by fire or torn down, as La 'Bathe's trading post referred to was, and the house built by Mr. Reed, the house I now occupy was the first permanent house erected in the county, and Mr. Nathan Brown's was the next one.

La 'Bathe's children were Joseph, Michael, George, Bernard, Matilda and Harriet, and they were principally educated at Prairie du Chien, where their grand-father and father resided for many years, when not out at their posts during the season for trapping and trading for furs and peltries. La 'Bathe's first post was at the "Painted Rock," a few miles above Prairie du Chien on the west bank of the river, where he intercepted a large portion of the trade of the upper Iowa river and Mississippi bottoms, on its way below to "La Prairie." La 'Bathe soon extended his trade by putting in other winter or temporary posts, which consisted of rude, round log cabins, big enough only to shelter the trader and his goods from wintry storms, and protect him from the sudden violence of a treacherous or perhaps drunken savage. He put up one cabin at or near Warrior island, and another opposite Root river, to turn its trade into his establishment.

Root river was the favorite wintering ground of the elder Wah-pa-sha, and some of the Winnebagoes with whom he had allied himself by some of his numerous marriages, and he died there. Wah-pa-sha, in early life, had been violently opposed to the Winnebagoes, but after some of his family had married into the tribe, he frequently camped with them, as at Trempealeau mountain, and on Root river. His own

family seemed not to be opposed to the Winnebagoes, but others of the same band were, and his late association with that tribe was the cause of discord in his own. During the Black Hawk war of 1832, most of the warriors of the Wah-pa-sha band left their villages, and, going below, took part against their enemies, revengefully paying back by slaughter some of the raids that had been made upon themselves. La 'Bathe and his family went to Prairie du Chien, and all of the women and children of the band crossed over and camped for a time at Trempealeau lake.

In History of Winona County, page 146, it is stated that: "Of the hardy adventurers who in generations past engaged in commercial pursuits in this vicinity, nothing is known.

"The earliest of these traffickers, who had a fixed place of business in this county, of which there is even a traditional record, was Francois La 'Bathe. His business location was in the northern part of the county, on the Mississippi. The date of his establishment of a trading station in this vicinity is not now definitely known. He had trading posts in other localities along the river at the same time—one at Bad Axe, below La Crosse. His more permanent stations were usually under the charge of partners and assistants or clerks. Mr. O. M. Lord informed the the writer, (Dr. James M. Cole) that Hon. N. W. Kittson, of St. Paul, was in the employ of La 'Bathe & Co. for a year or two in 1840, or about that time, and had charge of a trading station above the Rollingsstone. The location of the station was described by Mr. Kittson as being above Minnesota City at the foot of the bluff, where the slough leaves the mainland, (Haddocks Slough). The land in this vicinity is now owned by D. L. Burley, who has occupied it about thirty years. Mr. Burley says he has never seen any indications that would lead him to think the locality had ever been occupied for any purpose prior to his taking possession of it. Others say La 'Bathe's trading post was above that place. Near where the river leaves the mainland about four miles below the mouth of the Whitewater, there

is a bluff and a location that resembles the description given to Mr. Lord. At that place the early settlers of 1852, found the ruins of a large cabin. The writer, (Dr. Cole) saw it frequently in 1854. There was a huge stone fire-place and chimney then standing entire, in a tolerable state of preservation, but the logs were a mass of ruins, and bushes were growing up among the logs where the house once stood. It is said that La 'Bathe spent most of his life with the Dakotah Indians; that though of French descent, he was in some way related to them either by birth or marriage, or perhaps both. His influence with the Indians was an advantage to him in his commercial transactions. He was intimately connected in business affairs with prominent traders. His history is unknown in this vicinity. La 'Bathe went with the Sioux to their reservation on the head-waters of the Minnesota river, where he was killed by the savages with whom he had spent his life. He was among the first victims at the outbreak of the Sioux massacre in 1862."

Dr. Cole, the writer of the foregoing statement, must have had, at one time, a pretty accurate knowledge of La 'Bathe and his location, though much of what he once knew evidently had escaped his memory. Dr. Cole was, in early days, my brother Willard's family physician, and as Willard, as well as myself, was acquainted with La 'Bathe and Kittson, it cannot yet be said of them, that "nothing was known." I have no doubt but that my brother had spoken of La 'Bathe to Dr. Cole, for he and Charles La Grave, as well as Dousman of Prairie du Chien, advised my brother to settle at Trempealeau. The old chimney mentioned by Dr. Cole, was the remains of La 'Bathe's principal establishment. His family usually resided with him there when they were not at Prairie du Chien on his farm there, or for the education of their children, some of whom were born at the Rollingsstone station, or post as it was called.

The bluff now known as Chimney Rock may have acquired its new name from the old chimney of La 'Bathe below it; but

in olden times, it was know to all as the "Bald Bluff," or E-nee-bo-sah-rautche. I have appealed to the relatives of La 'Bathe for more definite information concerning his return to the Rollingsstone post, after the Black Hawk war, but am thrown back upon my memory and the probabilities of the case. Kittson was with him at that post in about the date of 1842-3.

By the treaty of November 1st, 1837, the Sioux and Winnebagoes that had intermarried ceded to the United States all their territory on the east side of the Mississippi, and it was supposed by some of the old traders that town sites would become very valuable. Francis La 'Bathe, though a half-breed Sioux, had the energy, if not the business capacity, of a railroad magnate, and as a trader and collector of furs for the American Fur Company, or the Chouteau Company of St. Louis, he had become familiar with every point of importance for a steamboat landing on the Mississippi, and was himself a share-holder in the steamer "Chippewa." In addition to his trips for the fur company, he had personal interests to supervise, for he had established small posts and wood-yards at several points for trade on the Mississippi, between Prairie du Chien and Lake Pepin, some of which had only served as wintering quarters for trade with Indians on their favorite hunting grounds, while others were designed to be kept as permanent quarters and nuclei of commercial empire. La 'Bathe had associated with him in his business enterprises, (in what way, or with what interest, I know not), two very able men, Alexis Bailey, and a young man who afterwards became noted for his business sagacity and wealth, known in St. Paul as Commodore Kittson. Bailey was, for a time, at the post below La Cross as manager, and afterwards conducted an establishment of his own at the Half-breed Tract at foot of Lake Pepin, now Wa-ba-sha, where he was interested in the land granted by the Sioux to the mixed-bloods of the tribe. Young Kittson acted ostensibly as clerk at the establishment below "Bald Bluff," as it was then called, not far

from the Minne-ska, but in the absence of La 'Bathe he was the "head of the house."

An attempt was made to secure the site of the steamboat landing at La Crosse, as early as 1835, (anticipating the treaty of 1837), by H. L. Dousman, of Prairie du Chien, H. H. Sibley and Francis La 'Bathe, the latter of whom had his men cut and place at the landing a large pile of fence rails, to enclose a large portion of the ground as a means of securing it, relying upon their influence with the Indians interested, and probably some payment to them, to obtain their consent. But a St. Louis steamboat nipped that enterprise in the bud, by taking on board for fuel the dry rails—no doubt willingly paying for them out of the time of their increased speed.

It was not in the nature of La 'Bathe to be discouraged by so trivial an incident, but he had plans of his own, and probably anticipated that the development of the Black river lumber business would injure his fur trade, and never renewed his attempt to secure a claim at La Crosse, and abandoned a winter post he had used on Barron Island.

Col. Cubbage, in 1838-9 had a post on the island for a short time, and another trader named Kountz, in 1839-40 was there on the island, having an *intention* to locate on the Prairie La Crosse, but was discouraged by the annoyance and even danger he encountered from the Indians, and left the field open to Nathan Myrick. I am led to this conclusion regarding the claim set up by some for John K. Kountz that he made a *kind of claim* to part of La Crosse, by the discussion on the subject in the La Crosse County History, and by the statement of Col. J. D. Merrit, to the *Winona Republican* of July 24, 1876. But all the attempts made by others and the temporary occupancy by United States soldiers, who split out and erected a shelter of "puncheons," does not in the least detract from the credit due Nathan Myrick for his enterprise in dragging logs across to the Prairie La Crosse shore on a hand-sled, putting up and *continuously occupying*

the only visible house on the prairie, as late as June, 1842. Even if other claims were attempted, and some kind of a shanty erected and disappeared again, it would only show lack of management in the projectors, or lack of nerve in withstanding the assaults of Indians that were made, not only on Nathan Myrick, but upon all others on the prairie in those early days. From what I know from reports then current in the country, La 'Bathe gave up with good grace the idea of settlement at La Crosse, being convinced that the trade would be with lumbermen instead of Indians, and to cut off the fur trade from above that might flow down as far as La Crosse, in the winter of 1838-9 he added another string to his bow by planting Reed's son-in-law, James Douville, and Antoine Reed, a Canadian, upon the river front at Trempealeau, to hold the landing, which, in effect, was to hold the townsite. A wood-yard was established at the head of the island opposite Trempealeau and La 'Bathe vouched for the sale of all wood cut, by furnishing such supplies of food as were needed. To make sure that no trade should drift from the Wah-pa-sha band down beyond his reach, he placed his nephew, Joseph Borrette, in winter quarters at the oak grove then existing just at and below the crossing of the Burlington railroad bridge.

Nathan Myrick says that La 'Bathe occupied his winter post below La Crosse, represented by Alexis Bailey, in 1841-2, and as La 'Bathe established Antoine Reed and James Douville at Trempealeau, in 1838, and Goulet and other French wood-choppers a short distance below his post, below the "Chimney Rock," the same winter, I think he must have returned soon after the *scare* of the Black Hawk war was over, or upon the return of the Wah-pa-sha band to their homestead on Wah-pa-sha prairie, after their sale in 1837, of land held jointly by them and the Winnebagoes. I know personally that La 'Bathe was at Wapasha prairie in 1844, at the date of the murder of Sheriff Lester, for La 'Bathe pointed out the murderer, but my recollection now is that

when Dousman came up to attend the last payment *in coin*, held in the winter of 1844-5, that he closed out all of La 'Bathe's posts below and sent La 'Bathe to the Minnesota river.

It is perhaps as well to state in explanation of the mistiness that exists concerning the posts of La 'Bathe, that some of them were left vacant for a time and then re-occupied, as was the Rollingsstone post. La 'Bathe's post below La Crosse, was swept away by the high water of 1844 into the timber and was never rebuilt. There had been several attempts made by white men to break in upon the trade of La 'Bathe, by cultivating the friendship of the Indians, and establishing posts among them, but La 'Bathe's tact, and near relation to Wah-pa-sha, was sufficient to keep all rival traders off from Indian lands, even if it had not been the policy of the Government and the chiefs to keep the Indians separated from the whites. But La 'Bathe thought it good business sagacity to plant men whom he could control, at the most available points on the steamboat channel where steamboat wood could be "*banked*" without a team. Such a wood-yard was established in the winter of 1838-9, at the head of the island opposite the present Fountain City, and a Canadian named Goulet, was put in charge. Goulet thought the Prairie Island a secluded and safe place for a farm, and so, through La 'Bathe, obtained permission and built a cabin on the island prairie, which he occupied, together with the winter mail-carriers, for a few years after the white people began to settle the country. Poor Goulet could not bear *prosperity*, for with the money obtained from chopping wood, and the money paid him by Mr. Reed for working the land of Wah-pa-sha, etc., he bought whiskey from the steamers landing with goods, or for wood, and as whiskey was cheap, he bought enough to carry him into a cold winter, but not enough to keep him warm, and the Indians found him dead with his feet in the ashes of the fire that had burned him.

I have had some difficulty in impressing upon the minds of some of my pioneer friends, that my memory of events was more accurate than their own, and I have been told of the folly of disputing the History of La Crosse County. I am not writing my recollections here with any intention of displeasing or pleasing, but to tell the truth, and when in doubt, to show the probable facts. The La Crosse History mentions the murder of Robert D. Lester, sheriff of Crawford county, as "The first murder in present La Crosse county," and gives the date of its occurrence as May 21, 1844. Continuing, it says: "The report of this murderous shot, (from an Indian's rifle,) before its echo was lost in the distance, was heard by Francis La 'Bathe, who was ascending the river in a canoe, followed by his noticing the inanimate remains of the assassin's victim floating in the water, from whence it was recovered some weeks subsequently. . . . Just before this tragedy, it is said, the steamer 'Lynx' had been partially wrecked near Wah-pa-sha prairie, and the crew, upon being discharged, made their way down the river by other conveyance. While *en route*, their attention was attracted to driftwood in one of the eddies of the river, from which a peculiar, offensive odor floated, and upon examining the cause, unexpectedly recovered the disfigured and bloated body of the murdered Lester. It was taken to La Crosse, where it was temporarily interred, and the news sent to decedent's friends in Prairie du Chien. Upon its reception Mr. Lockhart, of that city, official successor to deceased, visited La Crosse, and, having reclaimed the body, caused it to be transported to Prairie du Chien, where it was buried.

"This was the commencement of 'Criminal Annals' in La Crosse county, and the summary dealing with criminals which has since obtained, dates from this period."

The murder of Sheriff Lester did not occur in La Crosse county, but in Minnesota, about opposite the "Queen bluff," just after Lester had partaken of a lunch at the spring brooklet above the bluff. Mr. Lester was returning from an official

visit to the Chippewa mills, and on his way down in a canoe, stopped at Trempealeau. His old friend, James Reed, offered him hospitality, which he declined, but accepted a lunch to eat on his way. Lester stopped at the spring mentioned and was eating from his scanty store of food, when an Indian of Little Crow's Band, named O-mah-haugh-tay, who had been on a visit to La Crosse and to a camp of Sioux and allied families of Winnebago Indians near the mouth of Root river, landed and asked the Sheriff for part of his scanty fare. Mr. Lester declined the invitation, or demand, and the Indian sulkily retired. Lester finished his lunch, probably paying no attention to the Indian, and had barely renewed his journey when a bullet from O-mah-haugh-tay's rifle sent him into eternity. Lester sprang up in his canoe and fell over into the river, his body instantly disappearing from view. La 'Bathe, who was coming up in his own light canoe, the way we all traveled in those days when not on a steamboat or on the ice, heard the shot, saw Lester fall and disappear, and coming up the shore a little farther, saw the canoe of O-mah-haugh-tay, which he recognized, but the Indian had fled out of sight, where he remained until La 'Bathe had resumed his journey. La 'Bathe, on his journey up to his Rollingsstone house, informed Reed of all the circumstances of the case, which he repeated to us, and the impression was so horrible that I have never forgotten the details.

Reed went up to the Wah-pa-sha village next day and happened to be in the tent of Wah-pa-sha when O-mah-haugh-tay came in. Reed noticed that the murderer was received with consideration and it angered him. When, as usual, the pipe was passed to him, he declined it, which noticing, with devilish malignity in his eye, the murderer in person offered the pipe to Reed. The audacity of the Sioux fired the old Kentucky blood in Reed's veins, and he struck the pipe to the ground and told the Indian that there was one white man who was not afraid of a dog. That epithet applied to a Sioux was the greatest insult that could be offered, but it

was not resented and O-mah-haugh-tay soon took his departure from the village.

Reed then told Wah-pa-sha of the murder in detail, as he had it from La 'Bathe, and warned him against harboring the murderer. After considerable delay and the use of an escort of troops to capture hostages, the murderer was delivered up and taken to Prairie du Chien. He was kept there in prison for some time, and then, for reasons best known to the authorities of that period, perhaps for want of jurisdiction, he was taken across the Mississippi to a landing above McGregor and was turned loose, as stated by himself to members of the Wah-pa-sha band on his way up. The only reason ever given for the murder was Lester's refusal to share his meal with the Indian. La 'Bathe's testimony was inconsequential, because circumstantial. In a recent conversation held with Nathan Brown, of Dakota, Winona county, I was told by Mr. Brown that he himself was running the ferry boat that transferred O-mah-haugh-tay across the Mississippi, and that a military escort was required to get the murderer safely on the boat. It was the intention to allow no other person to cross with the Indian, but a brother of Sheriff Lester, with rifle in hand, sprang upon the ferry boat as it was pushed from shore. Mr. Brown told Lester he must make no assault upon the Indian while on his boat, and he promised not to, but as the Indian sprang ashore and ran up the bank, Lester jumped also and fired his rifle at the Indian, but without effect.

There was another murder committed that summer by Mock-ah-pe-ah-zee, a dandy of the Wah-pa-sha band, but he killed a rival to his affections for a daughter of the Red Wing band, and his relative settled the affair without bloodshed.

The murder of Lester fixed the date quite sure in my mind of La 'Bathe's final removal from his Rollingstone post, as well as the date of the Lynx's grouding below the Burlington bridge, or Keyes mansion, for some of the impatient passengers and a part of the crew of the Lynx, on their downward trip in a small boat, found the body of the Sheriff and towed it to La Crosse, as stated.

CHAPTER XII.

Rev. J. D. Stevens' attempt to civilize Wa-pa-sha and his band of Sioux
—Stevens is lost and is nearly starved, but is rescued by the Indians
—Statement of Mrs. H. R. Gibbs—Thomas A. Holmes and his wife
—Their settlement at Holmes' Landing—Robert Kennedy and his family—Wm. Smothers, the builder of the first house at the Landing, but subsequently transferred it to "Tom" Holmes—A temporary home or shelter for Rev. Stevens' family—Peter Cameron's night voyage through Lake Pepin—Claim made at La Crosse—A Mormon Elder's temperance (?)—Trip to St. Louis a useful one—Insight into navigation.

In a letter to Mr. L. Kessinger, written by Mr. J. A. Johnson, publisher of the "Alabama Tribune," of Culman, Culman county, Alabama, dated March 5th, 1887, in answer to one written to obtain knowledge concerning Thomas A. Holmes' settlement at "Holmes' Landing," Mr. Johnson says: "Dear Sir:—In reply to yours of February 7th, Mr. Holmes says, that he landed there late in the fall of '39 with Robert Kennedy and family, the whole party consisting of thirteen. I intended to go to the mouth of the St. Croix river, but met the ice at that point and stopped. Rev. Stevens, a Presbyterian missionary, was on the other side of the river at the Prairie of Wabasha, the head of the Wabasha band of Indians. He moved him to the Landing and built him a house. . . . Mr. Holmes looks older now, of course, but is well preserved for one of his age. (He was

then 83 years, and if alive, is now 93—Author). He still champs the bit to be on the border, and points with pride and pleasure to his early and rough life. Mr. Holmes is now sitting at my side while I pen these lines.”

Mr. Holmes also says in reference to the account of his settlement at his landing, that it is generally quite correct, etc., but I think it well to go into details here that his wife may be vindicated from any unkind doubts that have been cast upon her for leaving her husband; Holmes himself sent her away to Dubuque. It will be well to say also, that the house referred to as *built* for Rev. J. D. Stevens’ family, was not built for them especially, but *fitted up* for their temporary use as winter quarters. Stevens had already crossed over to the site of Winona, from a rude shelter he had occupied as winter quarters during 1838-9, on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi, opposite Winona, but I state the matter more in detail in what follows:

I had had a distinct memory of what had been told me by James Reed, the successor of Rev. J. D. Stevens, as the Indian farmer of the Wa-pa-sha band, as well as what I had learned from Thomas A. Holmes during two winters passed at his landing, but some of the details of Rev. Stevens’ experiences had passed from my memory. Fortunately, I saw in the St. Paul Dispatch a very interesting article written by Charlotte Whitcomb, relating to Mrs. H. R. Gibbs of St. Anthony Park, an adopted daughter in the family of Mr. Stevens, and I at once wrote to the lady, who graciously replied to me in the following letter:

ST. ANTHONY PARK, Minnesota, July 7, 1897.

Dr. L. H. Bunnell, Homer, Minn. :

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 5th inst. is to hand. I have never been very successful in remembering dates, so my reply may not meet your hopes. Even if I could ordinarily remember the exact time at which events took place, the circumstances attending my life sixty years ago were not calculated to impress me in that way. First, I was too young to think of dates; and again, the struggle with hunger and the varying

humor of the Indians were the chief subjects of thought in those days. However, fitting the pictures of my early memory with facts upon which there seems to be no disagreement, my answers to your questions are about as follows:

In the summer of 1838, Mr. Stevens with at least two men left Lake Harriet for Wa-pa-sha's band, *with a herd of cattle*. The cattle were chiefly oxen to be used in teaching the Indians farming. The whole party lost their way *going down*. When they found they were lost, Stevens left the men and cattle, and set about finding the way. Thus it happened that he came so near starving to death. After being cared for by the Indians, he succeeded, with the aid of the Indians, in getting the cattle near to the Wa-pa-sha village. He then left the men in charge and came back to Lake Harriet. We got ready *at once* and all went down the river from Fort Snelling. It was late in the fall—there was some ice—when we reached there. This was when we went to live in the hut—the fall of '38. But as I recollect, we lived in the hut only long enough for them to build a log house. We lived in the house that winter. It was that winter that Mr. Stevens went below for provisions. In the spring ('39) the log house was moved from the island, where it and the hut had been, to the prairie near Wa-pa-sha's headquarters. I think we spent the summer there. In the fall or early winter of that year ('39) we moved on the ice to the Wisconsin side—Holmes' Landing. I recall Mr. Holmes, and a Mr. Kennedy, and I think the man Smothers you spoke of. We left the landing and went to Prairie du Chien—so we were there in 1840. Some of this may be a little wrong, but this is my recollection.

Very truly yours.

MRS. H. R. GIBBS.

The above statement very nearly agrees with my recollections of what had been told me of of Rev. J. D. Stevens' attempt to establish himself on the present site of Winona, though I had supposed his first effort was made in 1839. The cattle mentioned were never put to farm work, and, according to report, were finally consumed by the Indians as food. The house mentioned as having been brought over from the island in the spring of 1839, was never completed, and the opposition met with by the missionary farmer, Stevens, to convert the Sioux, or even to instruct them in farming, was such as to discourage all further efforts in their behalf, and it was clearly made known to him that he was not wanted. The Switzer missionaries had, the year before, at

Trempealeau lake, reached the same conclusion concerning themselves. Mrs. H. R. Gibbs was, as stated, an adopted daughter of Rev. Stevens and his wife, and was known as Jane De Bow Stevens, De Bow being her parents' name. She was said to have been a very bright, intelligent girl, of French extraction, and very attractive. She was but about fourteen years old on her arrival at Lake Harriet in 1836, and was about seventeen when she passed the summer of 1839 on the site of Winona. She is still well-preserved, and has the distinction of having been the first lady occupant of what is known as Winona, living. Mrs. Stevens and a sister of the Rev. J. D. Stevens, were there also, but both of these ladies have long since passed to the new life.

The Historian of Buffalo County, Mr. L. Kessinger, who, though a man of ability, seems to have a morbid distrust of everything not demonstrated mathematically, says, page 225: "All the parties whom I had a chance to consult with regard to the particulars of the life of Thomas Holmes, himself included, were persistently silent on this one point, (concerning Holmes' first wife), and so, after nearly half a century since the event took place, (leaving Holmes), it may be well to imitate their example." It is precisely because Mr. Kessinger was *not silent*, but left the reader of his book to imagine what he would, that I, as the friend of Mr. Holmes and of his unfortunate wife; "Ursula," will try and give my readers a just view of the situation.

Thomas A. Holmes was a generous, manly pioneer of our north-western frontier. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1804; but was taken to Ohio by his father when a child, where five more children were added to the family. It seems that "Tom," as he was known to most, had the roving, or migratory instinct implanted in him, for while yet quite young, he went to Milwaukee, and being a pretty good frontier carpenter, he got together some sawed lumber, and built one of the first frame buildings put up in that city.

In 1835, he went to Rock river and looked over the site of Janesville and made a claim on the right bank of the stream, and called his place St. George. "Tom's" brother, John, with a party of others, made a claim also on the left bank of the river and the next year sold his right to entry when the land should come into market, to Mr. Janes of Racine, whose name was given to the place which it now bears of Janesville. It should be understood that by custom, a law unto pioneers, a claim-right was transferable and held sacred, if the claimant made improvements or showed a good intention to do so. It would seem from a communication from Mr. Milo Jones, a surveyor of that period, to Mr. Kessinger on the subject, that Thos. A. Holmes had purchased the right to the claim he had made on Rock river, for Mr. Jones says: "I met T. A. Holmes in Milwaukee, who informed me he had purchased a piece of land on Rock river, unsight and unseen—thought he had a town site and water-power, and wished me to locate it for him." Mr. Jones adds, "At that time the Rock river was unknown, as there were no settlements above Rockford, (Ill.)."

Thomas A. Holmes was the leading spirit in his father's family, and induced them to come, in 1836, to his embryo city, or to Rockport near St. George, and after a three years' residence there, according to a letter from Mrs. Catherine A. Atwood, a sister of Holmes, to Mr. Kessinger, the father of T. A. Holmes moved on a farm he had secured one mile from Rockport. In about 1839, Holmes sold out his interest in Wisconsin, and went down to the Pickatonic, where he operated in land claims, and finally in one of his trades at Rockford, Ill., got hold of a small stock of dry goods.

There was a *demon* of unrest in Holmes, partly inherited, and partly the result of a mis-alliance with a woman entirely unfitted for frontier life. Ursula Kennedy, to whom Holmes was first married, was the petted daughter of a hotel keeper, of Baltimore, Maryland, and had come west with her brother, Robert Kennedy and his family of a wife and two children.

Mrs. Holmes was much younger than her husband, and had, no doubt, married upon expectations of wealth and a return to her beloved Baltimore, that she soon saw would never be fulfilled. In addition to her dislike of frontier life, she was subject to periodical attacks that almost made her frantic with pain, and in the absence of competent medical advice, she had resorted to the use of opiates, which finally enslaved her. When Holmes finally decided to go to the upper Mississippi, ever kind and indulgent to the wife who had no marital love for him, he made it an object for Robert Kennedy to go with him, and furnished transportation for him and his family. Holmes built himself a strong trading-boat of hard-wood lumber, partly covered with a deck, and after floating it down the Rock river over rapids, he loaded up his goods above the rapids on the Mississippi, and was towed to Dubuque, Iowa. Holmes stayed at Dubuque for some time, his wife being under treatment for what was termed heart-disease by the attending physician, while "Bob Kennedy" attended to the sale of goods on the trading boat. Holmes finally turned his attention to the St. Croix river as a good field for new operations, and made such arrangements at Dubuque as would insure the filling of any orders for goods he should want forwarded. After making some changes in the superstructure of his boat, by putting on side plank and sail, Holmes, with wife and a partially adopted child with a very little Indian blood in her veins, Kennedy, wife and two children, and six men as laborers on the boat and prospective men of all work on their arrival at St. Croix, they started up the Mississippi. Even when I first met Holmes, three years after, he had not learned the art of navigation by keel or sail-boat, and with the exception of William Smothers, from what Holmes himself told me, any one of his men were better qualified to navigate the Great Sahara desert than the waters of the Mississippi, *up stream*. However, they passed the sand dunes of La Crosse without being attracted to the shore, and sailed on up to the Wah-pa-sha prairie, where a

sudden change of temperature and wind caused "Tom" to halt and survey the scene. Upon the shore was the Rev. Jedediah D. Stevens, who had been appointed "Indian Farmer" for the Wah-pa-sha band of Sioux, and at the same time had thought to exercise his *gifts* as a missionary in converting the savage band to the beauty of Holiness. But neither Wah-pa-sha nor any of his people would receive him permanently in any capacity, and he had the winter before been compelled to make a shelter for himself and family on the Wisconsin side of the river, opposite the domain of the Sioux, until an appeal could be taken to the agent, Talliaferro. The Swiss missionary Rev. Daniel Gaven, had failed in like manner, at the Trempealeau lake, and had left in disgust; but, marrying Miss Lucy C. Stevens, a niece of the missionary and farmer, with renewed hope, he settled at Red Wing soon after leaving his lake station in 1838, and remained there until 1845.

Mr. Holmes was very much pleased with the trade he secured from the Wah-pa-sha band, and even from La 'Bathe's own men, at Borette's station, who came to see and then to buy some of Holmes' novelties. But when he proposed to erect an establishment on the prairie, he was told, as Stevens and others had been, that it was best for the river to divide them. Holmes was told of the Wam-a-dee bluffs, and advised to go there and winter, as it was too late to venture through Lake Pepin, which was liable to close in a night, and having no choice, he went on and tied up in the bay or slough below the mouth of the Wamadee creek or river as it was called in olden times. Winter was near at hand, and only a small cabin was put up by Wm. Smothers, which was stated to have sheltered Mr. Stevens' family, that was brought up by Holmes' men on the ice.

Holmes and Kennedy, with their families, made the boat comfortable and wintered in it, while some of the men who stayed, Wm. Smothers and James T. Ruth, I remember as among them, built a cabin in near proximity to La 'Bathe's

wood-yard, and wintered there, establishing a big wood-yard that was in use for several years, to supply steamboats. On the return, or downward trip of the first steamboat in spring of 1840, Rev. Stevens went to Prairie du Chien, while Holmes and his wife went to Dubuque. Holmes brought back some new goods, while his wife was left with previous friends for treatment, and hence the statement of John Adam Weber to Mr. Kessinger, "that in 1840, Holmes' first wife left him," was true, but he had learned only part of the truth, and when Mrs. Holmes returned again in 1841, after Holmes had returned from his trip up the river with lumber, and had built himself a comfortable house, Mrs. Holmes, who seldom appeared, had rooms assigned her by her brother Robert Kennedy and his wife, who kept the house for Holmes, as a hotel.

I have been told by Holmes himself, that at first, he had no thought of locating permanently at his landing, but after a trip or two made out in the neighborhood of what is now Rochester, with some of the Wah-pa-sha Indians on hunting trips *for meat*, he saw the advantage of a location at Wah-pa-sha's prairie, and establishing himself at his landing, he had got as near to the prairie as he could; not to invalidate his rights as a claimant, if the land should soon be ceded, which his experience had taught him would be done, he had Wm. Smothers put up the cabin occupied by my brother Willard for two winters, 1842-3 and 1843-4, and then in July, 1844, by Major E. A. C. Hatch, as a trading post, until winter payment of 1844-5. Holmes knew that if desirable, he could buy Smothers out, but the cabin was known as Smothers' cabin for some time after Holmes had paid Smothers for it.

My recollection (as told to me) is distinct, that while the wood-yard and claim-cabin of Smothers was retained and occupied by Smothers, Holmes and Kennedy, with trading boat in 1840, went on up the river, and that after spending part of the summer in trading and looking over the country, returned to the landing and again went into winter quarters.

During the winter they resumed their trade with the Sioux, put more men at work chopping steamboat wood, and got out most of the frame timbers for the large dwelling house and warehouse, which was erected in 1841, the latter of which for lack of sawed lumber, was still incomplete when Willard, his wife and myself wintered in the Smothers house in 1842-3. We were on the most intimate terms, and Matilda was the only one called for when Mrs. Holmes had her almost insane attacks of pain and aversion—not only to her husband but brother as well—for he had no sympathy for, or appreciation of her real condition, and called her most violent attacks of disease “tantrums.” In defense of a helpless, though as kind-hearted a woman as I ever knew, I feel justified in repeating the substance of what her brother, Robert Kennedy, said to me in November, 1843, when I was about to start down to Trempealeau with Mrs. Holmes to attend my brother’s wife in her anticipated confinement. It was thought to be dangerous for me to take Mrs. Holmes and her adopted little girl with me in a light hunting canoe, but the “Menominee canoe” that has been referred to, was so constructed that its full “bearings” would only serve when fully loaded, and was consequently steadier than when light. But I had no choice, Mrs. Holmes would not leave the child at home, and I would not fail in my mission; so as we were about to depart from the landing, and the wind rising, Kennedy called me aside and said, “*If you get swamped, save the child first.*” Coming from a brother, the warning angered me, and I replied that both persons and their lives would be held sacred by me. The remark showed me that Mrs. Holmes was not without cause for a distrust of her brother, even though they thought her insane at times. But I was able to relieve all anxiety for the time, for a large canoe came out of the Wam-a-dé before we got started, and hailing the occupants, we soon made arrangements with them, (two squaws) to take Mrs. Holmes and the child to their camp in the big oak

grove once near the location of the Burlington bridge, now no longer there.

Mrs. Holmes, while with the squaws, had gotten pretty wet, and went into a tent to change her clothing, having brought some extra garments with her for herself and child. I tried to get a larger canoe from the Indians, as the wind was still high, but they did not like to let their canoe go, as they needed it to ferry over from Keyes' Point, camp equipage for their winter encampment, when the wind should lull. I thought it would be best to stay over night with the Indians, but Mrs. Holmes said she preferred to go on if I thought the canoe was safe. I told her then, frankly, that the canoe would be safe if she would consent to ride *as freight*, and if sprayed a little, must keep still, otherwise, in such a gale, it would not be safe. She promised to go to sleep if necessary, and we started. I kept down the Wisconsin shore in the lee of the islands, and crossed to the Minnesota side under the island above Minneowah, to avoid the long sweep of channel reaching to Blacksmith's island; but before I had completed the crossing, the spray had dampened the clothing of both Mrs. Holmes and child, so that I was forced to land near the spring at the old blacksmith shop of Francis Du Choquette, and build a fire to dry and warm them, lest they would chill. Fortunately we had a substantial lunch, and when I had a good fire burning, and out of reach of the wind, we soon became quite comfortable. But as night approached the wind did not die out as usual, but increased in violence, and I knew we had no choice but to stay; so I gathered an abundance of wood, and told Mrs. Holmes that we would have to content ourselves until there was a change for the better. It was after midnight before the wind whipped around to the east, and then lulled for a time. But I had learned the habit of a north-west and north wind becoming an east wind and blowing back, sometimes, as hard as it had blown down, and telling Mrs. Holmes there was no danger if she would keep still in the canoe, we started, and reached my brother's house,

where an addition to the family had just been made, through the kindly administrations of a German physician from La Crosse.

I have often thought of Mrs. Holmes' bravery, and devotion to Matilda, and of the experiences I encountered while in pursuit of *a nurse*, and when, soon after Mrs. Holmes' next visit to Dubuque, I heard of her sudden death from heart-disease, or heart-failure, I felt that it was better so, for she died without a cloud upon her honor, and there was no hope for any reconciliation or adaptation to the frontier life of her husband. Mr. C. A. Stevens, of the *Shakopee Courier*, in a letter to Mr. Kessinger, quotes from "Uncle Tommy," as he was lovingly known, a saying of his, which, while it shows Holmes' character, shows the greatest cause of difference between him and his fastidious wife. Mr. Holmes says: "While I can only just about write my name now, *I can skin a musk-rat quicker than an Indian.*" It was the skinning of musk-rats and the smell of the Indian camp, instead of a civilized life, that was the greatest cause of complaint; but Holmes was always kind and *silent*. So were all of us, for we admired her good qualities, and death had cured her of diseases.

We passed the winter of 1842-43 quite comfortably, and had a very good trade, though it was becoming pretty well divided.

We heard at times of Millerism, for the mail carrier would come by way of "Holmes' Landing" when directed to do so, though, being a Frenchman, he usually stopped on Prairie island with old Goulet, or with La 'Bathe. However, by making it an object of interest, we could send for packages of papers, or other light parcels, and, though our news was somewhat stale, we were not uninformed as to the movements going on in the world.

The only one in our little community inclined to believe that *after all* Father Miller might be right, was Mrs. Kennedy, and she was cured instantaneously by a Sioux squaw. I

happened to be present and witnessed the method. After a very cold spell until late in the fall, that had closed Lake Pepin, there came several days of mild, dry weather, and then a sudden change and a strong westerly wind. In a few hours, time it was almost as dark as night. All of the men folks were away but myself, and I had but just returned, when Matilda told me that she did not know what to do with Mrs. Kennedy, for the coming darkness and smoke had led her to think that the world was coming to an end sure enough. Just then an old squaw with some of her people came up to the house, and asked what was the matter, and Mrs. Kennedy told her. Indians do not swear, but they have strong expressions of contempt, and the Sioux woman withheld none in her language, and ended her harrangue by saying: "Thou foolish white woman, canst thou not smell the burning grass of our buffalo prairies? Thinkest thou that our people are fools not to prepare early food for them?" And Mrs. Kennedy was cured. It was the best *Indian remedy* I ever saw applied.

We passed our first winter at "Holmes' Landing" in comfort, for we had been told how to prepare our house for the winter. Our expectations, however, of *chilliness* were more than realized, and we have always looked back upon 1842-43 as the longest and coldest winter in our life-experience. Nevertheless, it was a clear, dry cold that we had not been accustomed to east, and when the wind did not blow neither Willard nor myself were restrained from going to and fro at will. We had made for us blanket suits with buck-skin leggings, not very unlike the Canadian toboggan suits, and when very cold we raised the cape of our capotes, and laughed at the contrast our winter presented to the predictions of "Father Miller." The comet, too, was a never-failing subject of admiration and conversation, and, unlike the ordinary comet, it stayed with us nearly all winter. We organized a glee club, a whist club, and then we all took to gambling for hickory nuts, which we bought of young Robert Kennedy,

and when we found that the women folks would cheat, even the angels, if there had been any there, Tom Holmes and Willard became deliberate gamblers and gathered in all of the hickory nuts of their opponents. But not for long did they triumph, for Matilda caught on to their *dark* game, and, taking Mrs. Holmes into her confidence, they organized a game that kept the walnuts on their side of the table for several evenings in succession. Nor were we destitute of books, for "Tom's wife" had a fairly good supply, and, although not of the highest order of merit, they helped us through the "long winter."

As soon as the ice left the river we went back to our Trempealeau cabin, and, putting it in order by inserting a window obtained from Holmes, and putting in a puncheon floor—a great improvement for that time—we put in a nice garden, and never before had we seen such rapid growths of vegetables. I never saw any finer in my life, and Willard, who had never had any experience as a gardener, caught the secret of the art at once, by never allowing a weed or blade of grass to grow in his garden.

Willard had not attempted very much in the way of trade with the Indians during the winter, and as spring advanced nearly the whole of the male members of the Wah-pa-sha band were disabled by snow-blindness. Willard had Matilda make him a green silk shade, and he escaped the blindness so common. As for myself I have never yet been afflicted with weak or sore eyes, but I took what pains I could to avoid the glare. Still, I moved about considerably during the winter, and finding it paid, I made a number of trips to the Indian camps for purposes of trade, *en derouine*. Captain Scribe Harris had told me he would take all the white-ash wood I would bank. Having observed a large quantity in close proximity to the channel three miles above La Crosse, I put some men at work, and, working myself, with hand-bars we banked several ranks of about ten cords each of ash and maple, and during the summer the latter became dry and was

nearly as good as ash. Captain Harris did not take it all, for the little Otter did not consume enough at a wooding, so when Captain Throgmorton came on to the yard with the General Brooke, I told him to take what he pleased, and his boat, on its downward trips, soon took all my wood. I happened to be at La Crosse when Captain Scribe Harris came up on a trip after my wood was gone, and coming up with him, he began saying that I would have to hold over some of my wood, as he could only burn a limited amount. I told him that I had made that discovery already, and had sold all my wood. He seemed surprised, but said that a number of men were now putting on wood, so he would be able to get what was needed. I had already found out that, as a business precaution, he had encouraged others to put on wood, so there was no special obligation or contract to be regarded. I only speak of the matter here to show what means we had at hand to get *ready cash*, if we would work.

I was always well paid by Nathan Myrick, when I went out with him, for I could get on with the Sioux better than he could, though he succeeded best with the Winnebagoes. I was quick to learn the sign language, when in default of words, and sticks often represented numerals above the capacity of the fingers and memory of the Indians to carry. Upon one occasion, while Nathan Myrick and myself were attempting to reach the camp of Decorah, the one-eyed Winnebago Chief, upon the "Broken Gun Slough," a branch of Black river, during an exceedingly cold night in the winter, Myrick drove his horse into an air-hole that had been filled by drifted snow, and but for the commanding war whoop of the noted chief, who I had informed of the event, upon running to his camp, the horse would have disappeared under the ice, for Myrick was nearly benumbed by the cold when I returned to him with the aid the war whoop had instantly called to our assistance. A few minutes sufficed to get the horse out of the Mississippi, but being unable to rise to his feet, the horse was dragged to the shore, blanketed, and rub-

bed until warmth was restored, when he was taken to Decorah's camp and a fire built for his comfort by order of the chief. It is due to savage hospitality that the event be recorded. But the Indians of those days were not always as humane and considerate as Decorah, for some, simply for amusement I was told, would test my courage in various ways, and I satisfied *some of them*.

Very early in the spring of 1843, after I had got my wood-yard started, Peter Cameron came to La Crosse as a transient trader and fur buyer, and after taking possession of an unoccupied cabin, put up by Coons & Scott, made proposals to me for a trip to the St. Croix, in a long low-gunnelled flat-boat he had bought from some one who had built it on Black river. Cameron's proposition was satisfactory, as he agreed to pay me a stipulated per diem and the privilege of taking such goods as were not in his cargo. which I had named to him. My prospective usefulness induced Cameron to make me a good offer and I accepted it. He then told me that he had engaged me upon recommendation, and should be greatly dependent on me as he was not a boatman, but he had secured the services of a first-class voyageur, Le Vecq, who would aid me, as well as a half-breed, Charles La Point, from "Cratte's Landing," now Wah-ba-sha. I told him that was all right, La Point was a good man, but the other I knew nothing of. Peter Cameron made arrangements with Asa White, a new arrival, to manage his affairs, and we soon got ready for our trip to St. Croix. The boat selected by Cameron for the voyage was built for a supply boat to run on Black river, and for that purpose, in swift shoal water it was well enough, but the gunnels were low, and in Lake Pepin in a storm of wind, it would be sure to swamp, and I told Cameron so. "Those that know nothing [about boats] fear nothing," and I found that the old adage was true. The boat was forty-five feet long, and seven and a half feet beam or width, and buoyant enough, being of pine, to serve as a raft, and I said no more as there was no remedy. I had but few packages of my own

and they were light, but the goods were always saleable, because attractive to the virgin tastes of the *brunettes* of the prairies. Cameron piled in barrel after barrel of whiskey, pork, flour and other heavy articles, that greatly endangered our safety, but Cameron said, and it proved true, that we would be pretty well lightened up by the time we reached Lake Pepin.

We started as soon as loaded, with the understanding that Le Vecq, the voyageur, a burly Frenchman, would be the first officer and pilot of the craft. We rigged a large square-sail, and had a long line to *cordelle*, if necessary, but were so favored by the southerly spring winds that we ran up to the foot of the lake without difficulty or labor. We had sold some goods on the way, but by my advice Cameron sold a few barrels of pork and flour to the widow Hudson and others at Hudson's Landing, now Reed's Landing, to still farther lighten our boat through the lake. As the nights had been clear, we determined to attempt a passage through the lake by moonlight, if the wind should go down with the sun. The night came with weird stillness and gloom, but later on, toward midnight, the moon came through the clouds. The half-breed, La Point, had been given permission to go down to Augustin Rock's, but was told to be back at night-fall if the wind should die away. The wind lulled but La Point did not come. Cameron left many *benedictions* for him at our camp, and we started up the open water on the northeast shore. I knew the risk we were running, but barely referred to it, as I did not want to appear too timid. Cameron said: "If we get past the ice in the lake before the Otter does, we will make a good trip, hence we must take the risk."

The upper air had given token by scudding clouds that the calmness might be broken at any time. Cameron was very deaf, and unconscious of any danger that did not appeal to his sight. As to Le Vecq, I soon saw that he was lacking in judgment, and I had lost all faith in his courage before we reached the lake, but I *had not lost confidence in myself*. As

we reached what is now North Pepin, we were forced out from the shore by ice piled up on the sandy point, but discovering a narrow opening in the floe that seemed to extend to open water above, we ventured in, rowing most lustily. We had gotten almost through the icy straight, when I heard a roar, as if Dante's inferno had been invaded, and the troubled spirits let loose. There appeared as yet no wind in our neighborhood, or at least only a very gentle breeze; but I reflected that what wind there was would act upon the whole body of ice, and that the noise was probably from ice that was landing on the shore above.

We were not long in doubt, for our channel was perceptibly narrowing. Time is required to tell the story, but not much was needed for the crisis to reach us. I was steering the boat, while Cameron and Le Vecq, were rowing. Cameron did not at first heed my warning to prepare for danger, and showed more courage than discretion, but when he saw that we would be crushed like an egg shell in the ice, he appealed to me by saying, "My God, Bunnell, what shall we do?" I replied, "Face the danger like men, our goods, not ourselves are in danger, for we can run ashore on the ice." The ice was thick enough to have borne up a horse. Our worthy bishop (Le Vecq) seemingly, was not of my opinion, for he dropped on his knees and *chattered* his prayers in tones pathetic enough to have moved anything less cold than ice. The ice, however, came crowding on, and I instantly formed a plan to save the boat. All appeals to the devout Frenchman I found to be useless, so I motioned Cameron to my aid, and we drew the boat to the edge of the ice on the north side of the narrowing channel, where we awaited its close. My plan was to tilt up the shore side of the boat as the ice approached, and thus make use of the overlapping ice to carry us up on the inclined plane of the ice depressed in tilting up the boat. I unstepped the mast, and placed it in readiness for use as a lever and placed an oar beside our pilot voyageur for use when his prayer should end. But he could

not be aroused from his mumbling incompetence. Cameron offered his services, but I told him to secure his valuables, and exasperated beyond endurance, I jerked our paralyzed guide from his prayerful stupor out upon the ice, and having made him comprehend my intention, he took the oar, and I the mast, and at the right moment, the boat was tilted up, and all was saved.

We were swept toward the shore with great steadiness of power, but as the ice was smooth, without injury of any kind. Le Vecq was sent to sleep on land, where we had transferred our lighter goods, but Cameron and myself returned to the boat and slept soundly until daylight, when a storm of wind and rain came to break up the ice, and we were able before nightfall to cross to "Bulley Wells's," (now Frontenac), in safety. It was April, and the wind that had subsided with the fall of rain sprang up again. The lake was open above, but we were held wind-bound to enjoy the pioneer stories of olden times, for Wells had had a long experience on the Mississippi, and had married the half-breed daughter of Duncan Graham, an old trader, and by his right by marriage, had commenced to build himself a stone house on the Half-breed Tract.

Cameron was only able to sell Wells a few goods, for he frankly said that La 'Bathe had engaged his furs, so the stories that Wells was able to entertain us with soon lost their charm for Cameron, and he chafed at their recital. I was amused, for I always had a strong sense of humor, and when Cameron was at last determined to leave, I asked him if he could not see the danger for himself. Wells told him then, that if we attempted to round Point-no-point, we could scarcely clear that iron-bound shore. I was able to hold Cameron in check until about two o'clock in the morning, when we again started.

We got well out into the lake and had made a good offing before we caught the swell, when it was soon made manifest to me that a sail should be put up to give us more headway, or

we would be swamped before reaching the point. I proposed the sail, but Le Vecq said to Cameron, "Suppose you hize ze sail, you go to the dev sure." Just then a white-cap broke over the bow of the boat, and taking a wooden bucket in hand, Cameron gave it to the voyageur and told him to bail, and without further reservation gave me full charge to do what I thought to be best.

I at once called Cameron to the tiller while I bent on sail and in a few minutes we were skimming the water of the lake like a gull. Dropping a lee board, I had taken the precaution to rig, we crawled off Point-no-point, and rounding into the cove above, landed as daylight appeared. The second display of incapacity on the part of Le Vecq, ended his career as a master boatman, and he became obedient to my orders until our return to La Crosse. We hastily prepared some breakfast, and then ran on up to Red Wing village, where we soon disposed of a quantity of our heavier goods, and were doing a fairly good business generally, when the cry of Pata-wat-ah from some young Indian attracted our notice, and looking below we saw the Otter steaming up to the landing. La Point was on board, so we soon pulled out for the St. Croix. La Point had not come back to camp at the foot of the lake as promised, because all at "Cratte's Landing" had told him that we could not yet go through the lake.

We made a good run to the mouth of the St. Croix, where we traded some, stopped at a half-breed settlement on the west side of the lake, passed the site of Stillwater, and entered the river above, where we met parties to whom we sold some goods, and at Marine we sold most of what was left. However, Cameron went on up to the falls, and, having nothing left but some Indian goods, he commenced buying furs for cash.

Upon our return voyage we did not hurry, sometimes floating with the current, while at others merely pulling for steerage way. We stopped at every house and encampment

on the way, and at Wah-pa-sha village, now Winona, camped over night in a new skin tent, that Indian hospitality and custom prepared for us, for it was raining. I knew the woman well who had given us the tent. She was We-no-nah, the cousin of Wah-pa-sha, and when I tried to pay her in goods, and then in money, both of which she refused, she said that the Otter had not landed any flour, and if I had any she would buy it. I showed her the little we had left from our voyage, a large panful, and gave her half of it. Cameron was off at some of the lodges when I gave the flour, but on his return and my telling him the payment I had made for the use of the tent, he was furious. He asked if I wanted to starve before getting back to La Crosse, and why I did not ask him, etc. That made me angry, in view of what I had done, and I told him to charge me all he thought the flour was worth and I would pay him. On our settlement at La Crosse, he had me charged seventy-five cents for the flour, about six quarts, and after paying him, and an otherwise fair settlement was made between us, I gave him a lecture on his lack of appreciation of the intention of We-no-nah in giving us the use of her tent, and told him that he would never succeed in dealing with Indians if he showed a parsimonious spirit, and he never did. Some time after my return, he wanted me to go with him again, but I told him nothing would induce me to do so.

A year passed, and then Cameron brought to La Crosse a woman with whom he lived in adultery. At my suggestion he was invited to marry the woman or leave the prairie, and he married her. Major E. A. C. Hatch, then quite young, without any intention of doing so, offended Cameron and he attempted to administer corporal punishment, but I stopped it by pulling him off of Hatch, and telling him that I was the cause of the offense. He never would resent anything I ever said to him, but I knew that he was treacherous, which was proven by his killing a man, sometime afterward, most brutally.

There is a full account of the later career of Peter Cameron in the History of La Crosse County, which I have no disposition to repeat; but our voyage through Lake Pepin, I have thought to have been worthy of record.

Soon after returning to La Crosse from my trip with Cameron, I engaged a reliable man, as I supposed, by the name of Johnson, to manage the wood-yard, and took my departure for St. Louis. My Indian memory for localities enabled me to fix the course of the Mississippi as far as Galena, in my mind, and I made my trip useful to me afterwards. There were but two steamboat pilots in those days for the entire river above Prairie du Chien, and the services of those were retained by the American or Choteau Fur Company, or by the supply steamers of the United States contractors for Indian and military stores. Louis Morrow, one of the pilots, was in the full vigor of mature manhood, but the other, Lewis De Marah, was old, and his sight was failing him, and he knew that he would soon be compelled to leave the river to younger and better eyes than his own. Finding me interested in the course of the channel, De Marah would point it out to me, and in a short time after our first acquaintance, he offered to teach and take me as an assistant on the river. I declined the offer, but my taste and passion for beautiful scenery led me to study the river whenever I was traveling upon it.

There was an increasing demand for steamers and with their coming, there was an increased demand for pilots. Sam Harlow, Pleasant Cormack, Rufus Williams and George Nichols, came to the front and proved themselves as capable men as their French predecessors. Of the lower river pilots, I remember Hugh White as one of the best, and Alex. Gody, afterwards a guide for Fremont, and whom I met in California a wealthy ranchero. Alex. knew the river well from St. Croix to St. Louis, but preferred the lower river, as he had continuous employment. In those early days, there was a feeling of comradeship among river-men, and no rivalries

to mar friendships, for pilots were in demand. As yet, there had been no overproduction, and when it was seen that I could take the wheel and strike the centre of the channel, I was always a welcome guest on any of the boats I happened to travel on. Once, in the night time, I saved De Marah from riding over a sand bar with the steamer Falcon, and another time, after an ice gorge, I kept Cormack from going wrong on the same boat. I never received pay for allowing the *one pilot* employed, who knew the river, to rest and sleep while I run his boat, (it could not be done now,) for I would take nothing, but the exhilarating pleasure I experienced in directing the steamer, was ample reward, for it was a new experience to me, *though I never halted long on a bar*. I afterwards, upon several occasions, made my knowledge of the river useful in running steamboat spars to St. Louis. and hard-wood logs for furniture, to other places, and received considerable money from others for a like service for them. The spars were the most profitable.

As autumn approached, I made up my mind definitely to make a claim at La Crosse, and did so by plowing a furrow with six yoke of cattle around my claim of 160 acres that took in the greater part of the lower portion of the present city of La Crosse. Cameron held the cabin and a narrow strip of land running back from the river that he had taken possession of upon his arrival. Philip Jacobs and Dr. Snow held the next claim above and put up a house on it. And Asa White had made another claim below Cameron, having taken to himself a princess of the blood royal of King Yellow Thunder's band. White only cared for a narrow strip back from the river, as his dependence, he said, would be upon the fur trade; consequently, I was invited by White to plow my furrow close up to his line a little below his house, which I did.

The Mormons, under Elder George Miller and Elder Lyman Wight, of Nauvoo, had come up to obtain lumber for their temple and their brethren at Nauvoo, and, after renting

the Spaulding mill, at Black River Falls, they cut a raft or two and ran the lumber down to their new city. In September about twenty families came up, and after some delay, located at what is now known as "Mormon Coolie," or valley. They were very poor, and wanted to work for whom they could. My friend "Scoots" Miller told me to employ them on my claim and he would attend to the business part of it. So I engaged them to *break* ten acres of my ground near to White's house, and to fence it with a good eight-rail fence of river oak with a heavy rider, that would keep out Indian ponies. I made arrangements for payment by depositing money with Miller to be paid when the work was completed. It was done satisfactorily, and once after, I had a transaction with them. When they were almost starving I traded them a yoke of fat oxen for beef, they giving me a yoke of poor oxen, a cow and a small stack of hay, and the beef so helped them through the winter that they expressed the kindest feeling for me, and, like the Indians, they at least would never disturb anything belonging to me. Others gave them a hard name. After the murder of Joe and Hiram Smith, they left their claims in the "Coolie," and setting fire to their cabins, the light guided them on their way.

That elder Wight was a moral and a temperate man in his habits I am sure, for I heard him give his son a most pathetic exhortation on the evils of indulgence in whiskey. The son was moved to tears, and left the room and a half pint of whiskey in a tin cup. The youth had barely closed the door, when the elder with twinkling eyes, took up the cup and said: "It is wrong, very wrong, for an immature youth to drink whiskey, but (tasting it) it is not very strong, 'Scoots,' and I don't think it will hurt the old man at all," and he drained at a draught every drop of whiskey in the cup. In 1849, I passed by Wight's colony near Fredericksburg Texas. There were others who came during the spring, summer and autumn of 1843, that will be noticed in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A hunt on Trempealeau river, in 1843, with Thomas A. Holmes, William Smothers and Willard B. Bunnell—Flight of an Aerolite by night—Another winter at Holmes' Landing—A fall rise in river, with no reservoir nor rip-rap, insured good ice—Anticipating what occurred later and describing it—An Indian's sense of justice and gratitude—First acquaintance with John McCain—Enter into business with him and open east channel, or outlet, of the Chippewa—Another lumber camp established on Chippewa—Aided in raising timbers of first saw-mill on Eau Claire—Visit to Chippewa Falls—A ruined crop and a truant raft—Return to Detroit, a disgusted lumberman—Goes into the Mexican War.

During the latter part of September, 1843, in company with Thomas A. Holmes, Wm. Smothers and my brother Willard, I went up the Trempealeau river for the purpose of hunting elk, while the others of the company had big expectations of trapping a number of beavers. I never yet had much fancy for trapping, though I have caught raccoons, wolves, foxes, and even musk-rats, rather than be idle, but the glowing accounts of the elk that were roaming over the prairie slopes of Elk creek, tame as cattle, so excited my imagination, that I even planned the willow model of the skin boat we were to build to bring the meat home.

Up to that time, I had never killed any large game, and after a six days' paddling against the swift, snaggy stream, and camping in hearing of the elk's whistle, for they were *en ruit*, it was a sore disappointment for me that I was not able

to kill either elk or deer. It rained incessantly while we were on Elk creek, where Holmes and I remained, while Smothers and my brother went on up to Pigeon creek. Both of those streams had been named by Willard the year before, and the grounds or range of our hunt were well known to him. Willard killed a few deer, the fleshy parts of which were "jerked," or dried, by Smothers, over fire, but the elk seemed to leave their range on being disturbed, and wandered off toward the Chippewa river, where in later years I was able to kill one. I was a very good shot with a rifle, and in the intervals of sunshine that sometimes appeared, I killed some pinnated grouse, and by a chance shot, brought down a goose flying over camp while I was left in charge of it. Our party had once more assembled together in one camp and I thought to surprise them with a dish of good, fat goose and peas, on their return at night. We had Canadian peas in abundance in those days, but were seldom able to get beans, so with goose dressed and peas in the kettle I set the mess a cooking; and it was a mess. I had never attempted any cooking before, except to roast some meat on a stick, or broil some venison on coals, and make some "flap-jacks;" but having killed the goose with a rifle, I was proud of the feast I had in contemplation as a surprise.

When they returned and attempted to eat of my feast, they were all *surprised*, and so had I been, for the peas rattled like shot when poured into the tin pans to receive them, and instead of praise, I received nothing but *chaff* for my cookery. The fact was, that I had never once thought of the chemical action of salt, and had put it in the kettle too early, as Willard said, and none disputed; my oily goose and rattling peas, were a strange and inharmonious mixture, and I was never allowed to do any more cooking for the mess. I became a "hewer of wood and drawer of water" for "Bill" Smothers, who was appointed *chef* until our return.

Neither Holmes nor Smothers killed anything, but they caught a few beavers and muskrats, the skins of which were

not prime; but I do not remember to have set a trap, after the first few days of waiting for the September rain to cease. For several days in succession the rain would pour all day, and at night the moon would appear with great brilliancy. Being forced to keep within the tent for the greater part of the day, we would come out and sit by our camp-fire, on the site of what is now Independence, and then "Tom" would relate to me some of his marvelous experiences as a pioneer. He seemed to me as simple and unreserved then as a boy, and told me of his first attempt to build up Milwaukee; then of his disappointments in not being able to carry out his plans; then of his experiences on Rock river, and of his resolve to start anew on the Mississippi; his visit to St. Croix and other places, and his final determination to settle at his landing until such time as he could make a claim on the Wah-pa-sha prairie. It will naturally be asked, why Holmes did not carry out his intention of making a claim on the site of Winona, when the opportunity came for him to do so? I reply, that in my opinion, it was because of the entangling alliance he had made with the daughter of one of the chiefs of the Wah-pa-sha band that seemed to necessitate his removal with the Indians. His wife, Ursula, had no love for him, but his Indian woman had. After the death of his wife, at Dubuque, "Tom" seemed a different man, and seemed to be really devoted to the maiden he had obtained at a virgin feast; and I think it was she who drew him, as a magnet, into the far western frontier, even taking him in his wild search for wealth into the then far-off Montana. Be the cause what it may have been, there were peculiarities of character in Holmes, unsolvable to his best friends, and concerning his domestic affairs, he always maintained a proper and dignified silence.

While sitting out in the moonlight one night at the mouth of Elk creek, Tom Holmes and I were startled by the sweep of an aerolite that passed us toward the southwest. It came with a rattling, rumbling sound, not unlike the discharge of

musketry, followed by a sound, not of thunder or artillery, but as much like a wagon rolling across a bridge as anything I can liken it to. It was seen by my brother Willard and Smothers at their camp, fifteen miles above, at the same time and under the same conditions of observation. On our return we were told that others had appeared, within the memory of some old Indians, and that in one instance, at least, down somewhere in Iowa, a black stone had buried itself in the ground, and had been dug out again and kept in the band as sacred. Such stones are said to exist as "thunder stones" among some of the bands, and are given superstitious reverence.

Soon after Smothers and Willard came down to our camp we gave up the hunt for that season, for it still rained enough to prevent trapping in creeks that were influenced by a shower, and packing our effects we each took to our canoes and ran down to the mouth of the Trempealeau and home in one day, a distance we had been six days in overcoming while going up stream.

Willard had completed his arrangements while on the hunt to re-occupy the Smothers house, as it was called, and went up to Holmes' Landing and prepared it for occupancy, as during the winter before. He left such rude furniture as belonged to the house at Trempealeau (in the log cabin) with the full assurance that nothing would be disturbed; and it was not, during his entire absence. It may be said that there was nothing in the house that was wanted by an Indian. That may be true, but I will venture the opinion that no cabin could be left among white people unoccupied for two winters without damage being done to it, and if no other injury was sustained, a few lights of glass, at least would have been broken by throwing stones or shooting pebbles with a bean snapper, by boys. The Sioux would seldom, if ever, steal among themselves or from those whom they accepted as friends, and hence our security. The same could not be said of the Winnebagoes, who, besides being naturally given to

vicious habits, were badly corrupted by their longer contact with white people; but both Willard and myself knew how to deal with Indians, and we commanded their respect when they were sober, and when not, their own people, their women especially, would hide their knives and guns and all weapons with which they could kill.

Matilda, my brother's wife, was fortunate in securing the services of Miss Farnam. Reed's step-daughter, for the winter, and, being a good cook and housekeeper herself, was a very good instructor for the girl. Willard had learned something by his previous winter's experience, and had been up, and with Smother's aid, had made the house quite comfortable, having added a wood shed, which was well filled. The birth of the boy, the first unmixed-blood in the vicinity of Trempealeau, delayed his final departure until the ice became good, when, with Douville's assistance with carry-alls, or French Canadian sleighs, the transfer of ourselves and our belongings was soon made.

There were no reservoirs in those days to hold back the floods of autumn and consequently when the river closed, there was water enough to make thick ice far above the warm springs that exist in some parts of the river bed and that weaken the ice at a low stage of water. Nor were the large sheets of floating ice broken into fragments by river booms or bridge piers, and when the river closed, but a few days elapsed before the experienced French and mixed-bloods felt it safe to drive their single-horse vehicles anywhere. Usually there would be long trains of goods of various kinds coming up from Prairie du Chien, a few days after the river had closed; each man had a choke-rope in readiness to *choke* his horse to make him float if he broke in, and I never knew a horse to be drowned on any of those voyages. I was to and from La Crosse during that second winter, 1843-4, a good deal, and learned to judge of ice as well as water. It is anticipating an event which happened a year later, but I have room for its recital here and therefore insert it.

John Levy, before he moved up to La Crosse, was in the habit of buying goods at Prairie du Chien, and with the first ice run them up on French trains to the posts along the river, and to the pineries. I had bought a horse of Myrick & Miller, and had had James Reed make me a good strong carry-all, a kind of toboggan sleigh, to run on top of snow when necessary; and had loaded it with shelled corn, ready to start up the river, when word reached us that Levy was at La Crosse, on his way up to the lake and the Chippewa river with a long train. I was advised by Reed, at whose house I had gotten the corn, to await Levy's coming, and did so until one o'clock of the next day. I then started alone, taking the Strait slough up past Prairie Island, for it saved distance, and as I came out on to the main channel above, I met young Gilbert, son of Rev. Gilbert, of Gilbert's creek mill on the Menominee of the Chippewa, and we were mutually pleased, each to have a track to follow, for we were the first up and down that winter. I felt that it would be best to rest my horse, for he was young, and went into camp a little above the "Bald bluff," on the Wisconsin side, where I found good, dry wood. The next day I followed Gilbert's trail for the most part, but as he meandered considerably, I cut the corners in many places. Just below Cratte's, now Wah-pa-sha, I saw where he had come on to the ice from the Chippewa bottoms below Nelson's Landing, and as there was no snow, I knew that my already tired colt could not draw its load up on bare ground. It had been extremely cold, and there was a narrow strip of ice that bordered the shore of the steamboat channel on that side, that I thought would pass me up safely a few yards, when the ice widened and I could go on. I had but one place of doubt, and that was to get past a projecting tree top that had frozen into the ice in such a way as to completely block my way. I finally decided to drive around the tree top, and had nearly succeeded, when I found that the outer portion of the strip had split some distance above the tree, and was swing-

ing with the current, a huge ice raft on which I was floating. The gap above was widening, but I had discovered the separation at the moment of its occurrence, and swinging my horse to the right, with a cut of my whip, he leaped over the narrow crack and we were saved. I drove on up past the danger, and *then became cautious*. I tied my horse to the shore, and then ran on up to a place where I could see my way on by a safe route to Nelson's.

Returning and driving my horse up to Nelson's, I put him into a good place of shelter, and then got my supper. Sitting before the warm fire at Nelson's, the wind howling outside and the mercury going down, as it did before morning, to thirty-six degrees below zero, it occurred to me, that, relying on the safety of my trail, Levy might have driven into the water at the tree top. And yet, I reasoned, those Frenchmen know that it is seldom that the Mississippi freezes over for some distance below Lake Pepin, and when they come to the tree top they will see the black water, or the leading horse will, and stop. That was precisely what the horse did, I was told, but the cold and impatient Frenchman, with capote pulled over his eyes, gave the horse a cut with his whip and he lunged forward into the river, but the draft being outward, he did not go under the ice. If there is any such thing as telepathy, I must have received a message, for I could not rest, and, getting a lantern of Mr. Nelson, I felt relieved as I started down to the place of danger. I found the horse and bales of goods had just been pulled out, and a fire was being kindled for encampment there, but Levy, with the wet horse and his lighter goods, leaving his pork and flour guarded by one of the Chineverts, a son-in-law of James Reed, followed my lantern through the bottom land up to Nelson's.

Alexis Bailey was with the train, with a load of goods for posts on the Chippewa, and stayed with Levy and his men three days, waiting for the cold wave to pass, but finally started with me for the Chippewa river, where, seeing nothing

but snow and no track broken, he wisely turned back to Nelson's, while I, not so wise, but headstrong, pursued my way.

I found a great difference, and my horse also, between traveling on the Mississippi with but little or no snow, and on the Chippewa river, where the sheltering willows on the west side had held in place all of the accumulating snow of the winter that had thus far fallen, and my horse soon showed such weariness, that I was compelled to seek shelter and dry wood in the bottom lands on the east side. I had had no doubt, of being able to reach an encampment I had in view, (and had not an extra blanket,) but finding it impossible to do so, and having no faith in being able to return to Nelson's, even without my load, I made such preparations for the night as would insure comparative warmth for myself and horse, and was kept fairly busy until daylight feeding my fire. I did not founder my horse, but gave him all the corn advisable, and started again at daylight. After getting up the Chippewa a few miles, the snow began to lessen in depth, and the shore ice became smooth for most of the way, and I was able to reach my destination—the encampment of some men I had at work. I give this experience as illustrative of many that have been endured by the old pioneers. I had the energy to keep from freezing, but there were many with frozen ears and faces during that excessively cold period, Willlian Carson, whom I met coming down the Chippewa, being one of them.

I will mention one more peril passed through to exemplify an Indian's sense of justice, and then pass on to more agreeable topics. I had bought me a most excellent rifle upon coming to the Mississippi, a new one of latest pattern, and it would shoot just where it was aimed. The gun was the admiration of all who saw it, and when Tom Holmes was arranging to go out with some of Wah-pa-sha's people on a grand hunt for winter meat, which it was the custom to keep frozen for use, one of the most noted hunters of the band asked to borrow my rifle. The Indian, Mock-ah-pe-ah-sha,

or Red Cloud, as he was known, was said to be reliable, and the eagle feathers he wore stamped him a Sioux warrior of note. After consulting with Holmes, I let the Indian take my gun. Holmes had a long Kentucky rifle of homely make, which he preferred to any other, but would sometimes let certain members of the band use it, so I felt safe in loaning mine. Holmes was gone several days on the hunt, and brought back plenty of fresh meat, and the Indian came also with my rifle and a saddle of venison for its use. He was not very much accustomed to commercial methods; for he began praising the rifle beyond measure, and then said he would like to buy it as he was soon going out on another big hunt for elk while they were yet fat. I told "Red Cloud" that I would not sell my gun at any price, but that since he knew how to care for and shoot it well, he might again take the rifle for the next hunt that was to start in a few days.

My rifle was not returned as agreed upon, nor could I get a glimpse of my brave Sioux. A month or more had passed, when I caught him with ten good otter traps, worth in those times, in choice furs, at least two dollars and a half apiece. I had learned by that time, of James Reed, that Red Cloud was a nabob of the band, very proud of his prowess as hunter, trapper and brave, and I had been advised by Reed to be cautious in dealing with him. I at once made up my mind to recover my rifle, and I took the ten traps away from my unworthy Sioux. I don't think it possible for any countenance to show greater consternation and chagrin than was expressed in that Indian's. He first tried deceit by lying, and told me that he had let another Indian take the gun to go on a hunt, which I told him could not be true as the season was past. He then said he was going to the Wam-a-dee to catch some otter, which had their slides there, and if the Indian had not returned my gun when he got back, he would pay me with some skins that he had at his tent, and more even than I would expect. I was simply deaf to his promises, and put a finger in my ear, a sign that I would not hear him. The Indian had

a rare old English shot gun with him when I took his traps, and I put them out of his reach in a loft of my brother's house. My brother was not at home, and only his wife and Mrs. Holmes were present. I told them both I should not yield to the Indian's demand for his traps, and not to say a word. The Indian had exhausted his lies and his promises, and now turned to *implied* threats. He came to me after some thoughtful delay, with gun in hand, and asked if I would give him his traps. I answered simply, no! He then deliberately loaded the gun in my presence and again asked for his traps. I told him that when my rifle was returned the traps would be given him.

He eyed me for some seconds, and I have always thought that he saw in my eye a bigger devil than in his own, for his features relaxed and he went out of the house and fired off his gun. On returning immediately, he turned his gun with muzzle to the earth and said, "my gun is not now loaded," as if he thought conciliation the better plan, and asked pleadingly for his traps. I then told him that I had lost faith in him, as he had not kept his word, but the rifle must be brought back to me, as I was satisfied that it was at the Wah-pa-sha village. His eyes dropped and he left, after having again loaded his gun. By daylight next morning the indian appeared with my rifle in perfect order and as I gave him the traps, he said: "You should not have loaned me the rifle the second time, for you caused me to lie." The temptation had been too great for him.

I saw nothing more of Red Cloud for months afterwards, but one day, after Major Hatch had opened his trading post in the house we had occupied at Holmes' Landing, I being up there on business, the Indian came in while Hatch and I were talking. He first halted at the door upon seeing me, and then deliberately advanced, with hand extended, and said: "You are a very brave man, and so am I, but you made me lie." I told him that everybody knew that he was a brave man, and had a right to wear eagle feathers. That

he was a good hunter, and a good trapper, but that I did not want to sell my gun, and that since I could not loan it without making trouble, I would never loan it again to anyone. And I did not; but my wood-chopper Johnson stole it.

The foregoing statement will illustrate as well as anything the necessity of unwavering firmness in dealing with an Indian, and as a rule, not to tempt them to steal anything they covet.

Our second winter at Holmes' landing was passed similarly to the first, only instead of the Germans previously employed at the wood-yard above, Holmes had contracted with John McCain and Mr. Dickey to put on the bank at a stated price, a large amount of cord-wood. McCain and Dickey had other choppers engaged, among whom was an old soldier by name of James T. Ruth and a man by name of Ellis, who I supposed to have been killed afterwards by Peter Cameron, though I have not been able to make sure that it was he who worked for McCain & Dickey. McCain was a jolly, good fellow of the same age of my brother Willard, both of whom were born in 1814, and he had mixed with his jaunty air of good fellowship, a certain something that said, "I am your friend or your enemy, whichever way you like best."

McCain had come west in 1840, had been in a land survey in Iowa during the summer of 1841, and in the autumn of that year, got out a lot of square timber on the Menominee or Red Cedar river. He remained there until spring of 1842 working for others, then selling his timber as he could, below, some of it to Holmes, he went back to the Chippewa river and began running out rafts as a pilot.

James Reed had told me about the great drifts in Beef, or Buffalo slough, the accumulations of years, but principally caused by the lodging of rafts on a falling water by the wilfulness of Jefferson Davis, then a lieutenant in command of a squad of soldiers running lumber from the Red Cedar to Prairie du Chien; and this was confirmed by James T. Ruth, one of McCain's men, who claimed to have been a soldier at

Fort Howard at the time the fort was being improved or rebuilt.

I had made up my mind, by close study of the man, that McCain was an expert lumberman, and just the man to join me in an attempt to get out the logs and timber if still of value; and when I proposed the plan I had in view he readily agreed to undertake it if it was practicable. With a boat made for the purpose, as soon as the ice was out, McCain and Ruth, well equipped with provisions, started for Beef Slough, while I, with a shotgun I had procured from some German wood-choppers whose names are now forgotten, but who I remember had put up some wood for themselves, and my neverfailing companion, a bass-wood canoe that I could carry in my arms, started on up also to examine the logs and timber. There had been no exaggeration as to the quantity to be found there, but a large part of it that was annually left out of the water after the defluxion of the summer overflow, was so decayed that it could not be sold for use.

But that which was in the deep water of the slough, or in the ponds made by the flood-wood obstructions, excepting the sap of the upper surface, was as sound as when first cut in the forest. After going over the rafts considerably, and making careful estimates, McCain said that we had a small fortune in the saleable clear shingle and other logs there, to say nothing of the square timber and spar-poles that were packed in a solid body.

The question was how to commence work on such solid drifts. McCain decided that two yoke of cattle and a gang of men with saws would soon make an opening at the lower end; when, after a rise of water in the slough, we could run the logs down to a place where we could raft them in strings. We selected the shore of what is now Camp No. 2, but made our first working camp on Buffalo prairie, at the lower big drift. McCain, with ample means added to his own, started for Rock Island, where he knew of just such cattle as would be required for the work we were about to

engage in; one yoke of which was an immense pair of short-horn bulls that had been used in a lumber yard at Moline, and the other a very good pair of lighter cattle. I went into camp with Ruth and Ben Shaw, a man McCain sent to me, and, left to myself, I fortunately conceived the idea that it would be easier to break the drift at its head, when the water rose, rather than at the lower end, and finding a slough unobstructed south of the main slough that could be reached through low land by cutting a roadway through the timber, I set the men at work cutting trees on a level with ground for a few yards only, and when the water rose we had a channel below to the outlet of Buffalo slough through a lake. McCain was rather tardy in getting our cattle up for want of transportation, but when the Gen. Brooke came, he had them on board, and landed with them at "Nelson's Landing." By that time the water began to rise rapidly and soften the ground in the bottoms, and we were never able to use them in our work; but instead had to seek the shelter of the bluff land at Camp No. 2, as the whole bottom lands were being rapidly overflowed.

I was the "cow boy" of our firm and undertook to drive safely through the bottom lands from Nelson's Landing to the bluff land, our teams, not a very easy task, and at the outcome, though a good swimmer, I was very nearly drowned in the slough opposite Camp No. 2, by one of the bulls sinking with me twice in succession, when I caught it by the tail. I was strangled, but Ben Shaw came to my rescue, and after a moment of rest I was able to swim to the shore.

It was by the vivid impression the appearance of the shore then made on my mind, that I was able to describe it after 44 years absence, as mentioned in the chapter on Fort St. Antoine. As military knowledge, in case of need, it is well to know that horses will swim long distances with an Indian hanging to its tail; but I proved beyond a doubt, that a Devonshire bull was a most arrant coward in the water.

While waiting for the water to rise, I got out the set of hewed walnut and butternut house logs sold to Myrick & Miller with my claim, and which were used to form an addition to their establishment at La Crosse.

After we had gotten settled in our new camp at the site of the present camp No. 2, McCain and I passed up through and over the new channel I had picked out and made through a marsh lake, and with a pilot's eye, and a lumberman's knowledge and judgment, McCain approved my plan of operations. The water kept on rising beyond our expectations, and it reached so high a stage, that it was a gauge of measurement for all subsequent floods. But it was precisely what was wanted for our success; for with a good crew of men, McCain broke the drifts, letting the refuse stuff find its way to lodgement in the old channel below; while the merchantable timber was passed into the reedy lake, by sheer poles fastened to trees, and we reaped a high reward for our labor and investment.

We had made it once more possible to pass on up into the Chippewa river by way of Beef Slough while the water was high, but the old channel below our work, we left in a worse plight than before, though at a very low stage of water most of the drift raft could have been burned, which was probably the way in which the slough was partly cleared by our successors, the *Beef Slough Manufacturing, Booming, Log-driving and Transportation Company*, organized at Alma, Wisconsin, on April 27th, 1867, twenty three years after we had left it.

At the close of our operations on the slough and sale of the lumber to go to St. Louis, McCain, who had picked out a claim for a farm on North Pepin prairie, remained below in Illinois, where he was married, and finally settled on his claim in 1846, as stated in another part of this volume. As for myself, I was so elated with our success, that I heeded the syren song of hope, and put into a lumber camp on the Chippewa, a good share of the money made in the slough, and then started to bring my father and our family to

occupy my claim at La Crosse. I secured the Mills-Spaulling building, in La Crosse for a residence, until I could put up my own.

I arrived in Galena, Ill., during the campaign of Polk and Dallas, in the autumn of 1844, and heard Judge Douglass speak, and thought him the most able speaker I had ever heard. There were no railroads then, and goods were being hauled by wagons from Chicago, while passengers went by stage. Looking among the freighters, I found two men, Daily and Mason, who said they would like to haul loads for me from Chicago; and teams and terms both suiting me, I engaged them, and they transported from Chicago to Galena the furniture and household goods of my father's family. We had been in correspondence, and much against his will, my father had consented to a change of climate, in the hope of benefitting three of the family who had, as proved, incurable consumption of the lungs. They were a sister, a brother and a nephew, all of whom died in the spring after their arrival at La Crosse, that is, in 1845.

It seemed at first as if we would all be forced to remain in Galena for the winter, for the steamer Otter from above, came in with but one wheel. She had broken a shaft, but with the mechanical skill of the engineer, Keeler Harris, she got along very well. There was no possibility of repair, except by ordering from some foundry where the shaft could be made, for such work was not yet done in Galena. But fortunately for us, the freight for La Crosse, Black River and the Chippewa, had accumulated in such quantity that Scribe Harris, the captain, decided to venture another trip with his one wheel. We made the trip to La Crosse on very good time, and being much lightened by the freight put off there, the Otter completed her voyage without accident or difficulty, and returned to Galena to be replaced by larger boats the next year.

A Mr. Mason, one of my freighters from Chicago to Galena, came up to La Crosse during the winter, "to see the

kind of country we were living in," and finding Isabel Douglass of Black river, to his taste, proposed to her, and they were married. Mason lived at Black River Falls for a number of years, and kept a hotel there, and after his death, Mrs. Mason rented the hotel building, which, with other property, and by keeping a neat boarding-house, she was enabled to live quite comfortably. I called on Mrs. Mason at Black River Falls, and had quite a nice chat, concerning old times, at a grand dance, at Spaulding's that we had attended, when both were young; and before we had figured out the time, we both realized that we were talking of the long, long ago. The Douglasses, father, daughter and three brothers, were among the first *real* settlers on Black river, having come up at about the time of Jacob Spaulding's settlement there, though one of the brothers, a blacksmith, had come up before.

During the summer of 1845, while I was engaged at my logging camp, seven or eight miles below the mouth of the Eau Claire river, a messenger from La Crosse brought me news of my mother's sudden death from heart-disease. She had been a remarkably healthy woman, of ancestral longevity, had borne twelve children, intervals of about two years separating their births, and until the close of her life, had scarcely been sick a day. When first attacked, a close examination by a specialist had enabled him to tell my father, himself a physician, that the case was a serious one; but after her recovery from the first attack, my mother, to all appearances, was as well as ever. In later life the paroxysms became more frequent, and when she died, it was almost without warning.

On the reception of the message sent me by my brother Willard, I hastened down in my canoe, the fastest mode of travel then available, but before my arrival it had been thought best to bury the body. My father had no one now but a young daughter to preside at his table and regulate the affairs of his household, and he became very discontented. He began to yearn for his old associations at Detroit, and told me that I was wasting my life in a wilderness that would not be

settled in fifty years. He spoke of the howling, drunken Indians, and the not much less brutal white men who made them drunk, and taken as he delivered it, it was a strong plea for my return with him to Detroit. I then had no thought of yielding to his persuasions, but told him of my prospects of realizing a goodly sum from my venture on the Chippewa, and ended by giving him ample funds, which I had saved, to return with my young sister to Detroit, where she had associations that were dear to her, and I went back to my business on the Chippewa, and also to fill a contract I had in St. Louis for spars of large size for the lower river trade.

During that season, my brother Willard and myself, with my men, as an act of pioneer friendship, not for pay, went up to Eau Claire and assisted Stephen McCann and George and Simon Randall to raise the frame-work of their mill—the first put up on the Eau Claire. I had previously made the elder brother's acquaintance, Mr. Thos. E. Randall, the historian of the Chippewa valley, while returning with my sister, Frances, who had gone up to Chippewa Falls with Mrs. Bass to while away a few days in the piney wood; and Mr. Randall then obtained a promise from me to help "the boys," as he called them, and it was in fulfillment of that promise that we went up and devoted a part of two days to the work. Mr. Randall, at my first acquaintance, was living perhaps a mile above the mouth of the Eau Claire on the east side of the Chippewa, and having run the rapids from the falls to his house in a small bark canoe at a low stage of water, and depending entirely upon my own judgment as to where the channel ought to be, I was getting tired of the risk with my sister in the canoe, and hailed Mr. Randall from the rocky channel to know how *far it was yet to a sandy bottom*. He comprehended me in a moment, and answered, "You have passed all danger, but come on shore. I want to see a civilized woman once more." We landed, and introducing myself and sister, who was then but about fourteen, but well educated for her age, having been taught some branches by the Catho-

lic Sister-teachers in the convent at Detroit, we were soon chatting like old friends. I suppose Mr. Randall knew all about us from hearsay, but I had never seen him before, and certainly thought him peculiar; but I became better acquainted with him afterwards, and at the "raising" of the mill, I found that he could work as well as pray. To relieve all further anxiety on my part, Mr. Randall led the way in a light skiff he had to the mouth of the Eau Claire, and as he was a preacher of the gospel in the wilderness, I showed him that I appreciated him, as a river pilot at least, by making a contribution toward his mission.

On taking my sister Frances down to La Crosse, I found my field of oats and peas, put in for me by Mr. Mason, and which had been a most promising crop, so injured by a band of Winnebago ponies from Muscoda Prairie on the Wisconsin, from whence their owners had been driven, that my attempt to raise my own grain was disappointing. My father, who now could leave when he would, made use of the incident to point out the uncertainties of business plans, where roving bands of lawless Indians were one of the factors. But he seemed now in no great hurry to leave, and to my surprise, I found that he had made arrangements with Nathan Myrick, who was Spaulding's agent for the Mill's house, to remain where he was another winter. I do not care to dwell on this part of my subject, but it will be proper for me to say, that my father left for Detroit the next spring, and after the Mexican war, and while I was in California, with the inconsistencies of age, he came back to this "howling wilderness," and died from a strangulated hernia at my brother's house in Homer. And yet, he was perfectly sincere in his view of the prospects before me here, and thought it his duty to get me "*out of the wilderness.*"

I made a fine winter's work at my little pinery below Eau Claire, getting my logs out into the slough, where they could be rafted early, and with the spring rise run to the Mississippi. Contrary to custom and advice, I put five

hundred logs of 12, 14, 16 and 20 feet in lengths, with a few whole trees of varied lengths as *stiffeners*, and by putting the main force of my crew at the front end of my raft, I scraped the sand banks without injury, and ran to Nelson's Landing and tied up there the second day from my departure from camp. I had another string or two of less valuable logs, which I brought down and added, and as I had contracted the logs to the "Pine Mill," of Field, West & Van Deventor, of St. Louis, I forwarded them on in charge of my brother, and one of the best pilots then on the Mississippi, Pembroke Harold. I then turned my attention to completing my contract for spars, which were being gotten out just above the dam on the Menominee, under direction of a man by the name of William Richmond, who had been before employed by my brother and myself, and who subsequently married James Reed's daughter Margaret. I had fairly got to work, and had run several cribs to the mouth of the Menominee, when the Chippewa began to fall so rapidly that it seemed best to run out what I had rafted, as round logs hug the sand bars closely. Arriving in safety at Nelson's, I found a steamer had left a letter from Willard, telling me that they had made a good run to St. Louis and had made a safe landing above the mill, but that in dropping down nearer, under direction of the foreman of the mill, with the line in use at the mill on the raft, on reaching the very swift water of the channel the rope or cable had snapped, and my raft had started on a voyage to New Orleans; but had been finally stopped on a bar near by just below the city, and that my presence only could extricate them from entanglement with the mill company and possibly great loss. I left Richmond to finish getting out the spars, and on my way down, I closed out a sale that had been pending between Miller and myself for my claim at La Crosse, and hurried on to St. Louis. Arrived there, I paid Harold and the men, who with my brother soon returned to their homes. But my first movement, before letting my brother and pilot go, was to get from them a statement, over their

signatures, concerning the dropping down of the raft against their protest, which they told me had been done, and then I went to Mr. West, who managed the business of the mill, to see what he had to say about payment for the lumber. To the credit of Mr. West as a business man, he at once acknowledged his liability for the damage done by his foreman, but said it was a strange thing that his cable should have broken, as it had held much larger rafts. Mr. West was quite an elderly man, and as I was told, quite pious, and I suggested as a good reason for the cable's breaking, the fact he had just announced, that his cable had held too many rafts *that were larger than mine*. Mr. West for the first time then looked at me closely, and remarked in substance, "I understand you, everything does become old in time, but we will have to get the logs back as soon as we can and pay you for them." I was satisfied of his good faith, and remained for a settlement, my brother and the crew returning. It was a slow and expensive task to tow back by steamboats, up against the swift current of the united Missouri and Mississippi at the high stage of water then existing, and it several times occurred to me that *some one would have heavy bills to pay*. Upon my final settlement with the mill company, I found out how it was done. The expenses were not paid by Mr. West nor by myself, *but by the logs, through the adroit measurement of the city scaler, who reduced our pinery measurement by about a third*. That experience disgusted me with the lumber business; and I gave it up.

My experiences in the Mexican war and Indian war of California, during which a few of our old Mariposa battalion discovered the now famous and wonderful Yosemite valley, which was so named at my suggestion, and my services in Wisconsin regiments during the war of the Rebellion, are matters of public record and need not be recited here. My purpose all through my personal recitals has been to show in narrative form the experiences many of the pioneers of the upper Mississippi had to pass through, and as a chain of

many links can only be used when perfectly connected to the object of its use, so I hope my work in this volume will be such a chain of events as will give a better idea of the trials and mistakes of the earliest settlers than I could give in any other form.

As to the old-time Indian traders, they were, as a class, as honorable and high-minded as any men in the country. The buying of furs was as legitimate and moral as the buying of cotton. Both products were obtained by the use of subservient men of sensual and arbitrary characters; the cotton, by enslaving the Negro, and employing a brutal driver to force its cultivation; the fur, when other means failed, by pandering to the enslaving appetite the Indian soon acquired for whiskey. The planters of the south had men to do the work that seemed necessary to their success, but those overseers were never on social equality with any but the lowest. And just so was it with the squaw-men, as a class; and although many of them had been influenced by passion and temporary environment, they lifted themselves out into a higher life again. Those that remained with the Indians kept them down to their own low level, sinking them by degrees into the ranks of demons. And yet, such was the lack of enlightenment before slavery was blotted out by blood, that no one except *fanatical abolitionists* saw the wrong in slavery, and few except the good Catholic Fathers of these western wilds denounced the immoral consequences of selling whiskey to savages. The moral conscience of the large trader was no more enlightened than was that of the owner of the Negro slaves. After all, we are but creatures of education.

CHAPTER XIV.

La Crosse in 1842 and on to 1846—A big Indian fight, and flight of the Vanquished—Pacification—Arrival of a bright young man at La Crosse—A persistent father who wished that his daughter might marry Nathan Myrick—Myrick won't trade, but marries a most estimable lady of his home and choice—Marriage becomes fashionable—Myrick sells out his interest in La Crosse to Timothy Burns, and buys back a large interest in the city—Straightening up of old lines of claims—Major Hatch's trip as Indian agent up the Missouri.

In the month of February, 1842, Nathan Myrick, with the aid of two men, Reed and Wells, who had come up with him to La Crosse prairie in November, 1841, and had wintered with him on the island opposite, (Barron's island) because there was wood and shelter there, came over to La Crosse, and entered into possession of a claim-cabin he had built of logs drawn across the river on a hand-sled. The cabin was put up on the corner of State and Front streets, and the site was that of the Minnesota House of Alexander Whelan.

There can be no question about "Myrick's House," having been the first permanent abode of any kind ever erected on the prairie, though shelters of elm bark, skins and cloth tents for Indians were common enough at times of their great game of Indian shinney, or La Crosse, mentioned by James Reed, and other old soldiers and French traders.

I do not care to consider the various pretenses to a settlement at La Crosse previous to that of Nathan Myrick, for

even if a cabin of any kind had been erected it had disappeared again. I do not believe it to have been possible for a house to have been built there before the 'Winnebago title was extinguished, in 1837, without their consent. Even afterwards, some of the Indians of Yellow Thunder, or "Dandy's" band claimed tribute of white hunters and trappers on the ground that their chief had not signed the treaty. I will therefore give here General H. H. Sibley's statement of the matter, which, taken in connection with what La 'Bathe and James Reed have said, I think should be conclusive. The islands afforded wood and shelter for winter quarters, and as there was no immediate prospects of settlement by white people, the fur traders, as a rule, were solely interested in trade with the Indians. The whole traditional policy of La 'Bathe was to isolate and conserve the trade to himself. Gen. Sibley's letter:

ST. PAUL, May 18, 1881.

Nathan Myrick, Esq., City :

Dear Sir—In reply to your verbal inquiry as to the first claim made upon the land where the thriving city of La Crosse, in Wisconsin, now stands, you are respectfully informed that the initial movement in that direction was taken by the late H. L. Dousman, of Prairie du Chien, Francois La 'Bathe and myself in the year 1835. We went to the expense of having cut and hauled about 20,000 rails for the purpose of enclosing a considerable portion of the then unsurveyed prairie. The matter was left in the hands of La 'Bathe, who neglected to carry out the measures requisite to secure the claim, and the rails were subsequently appropriated by passing steamers for fuel. There was no vestige of claim or settlement when we conceived the idea of taking possession. The name of La Crosse, given at an early day to the prairie, was universally believed by old-time French voyageurs to have originated in the fact that the plain was a favorite resort for the Indians to play the ball game called by that name, and I have no doubt that such is the true explanation.

Very truly yours.

H. H. SIBLEY.

Myrick had worked for the fur trader B. W. Brisbois of Prairie du Chien, before he had reached mature manhood, and while yet employed by Brisbois, had decided upon "La

Prairie La Crosse," as it was first known, for a post for himself. Myrick was young, but of great strength of mind and body, and he had a fixed purpose to build up a fortune in the wilds of the west.

Soon after Myrick had got settled in his little cabin, H. J. B. Miller came up from "La Prairie du Chien," and was engaged by Nathan Myrick in his establishment. Although a distiller by occupation, Miller drank moderately in those days, but if any statement made by him was questioned, or if he questioned any, made by another, his offer to bet the "scoots" to maintain his position, finally fixed upon him the *sobriquet* of "Scoots Miller." My brother, his wife, and myself, as has been stated, came to the Prairie in June of 1842, and went on to Trempealeau. Miller had by that time proved so valuable a man, that Myrick had taken him into partnership. Others came occasionally, but passed on up Black river, where Jacob Spaulding and his family were already located at the Falls. During the year 1842, others came up, among whom were Andrew Shepard. Wm. K. Lewis, John Lewis, Col. Johnson and a Mr. Valentine, but they also went up Black river. The frequent howl of a drunken Winnebago, on his return to La Crosse, after a cash payment had been made at the Turkey river agency, was not calculated to induce settlement by eastern people, and only two persons, both of eccentric character, could be induced to remain in 1842. However, not in the least discouraged, Myrick had Ira Bronson come up from Prairie du Chien and survey the claim he had made; but a farm claim was taken by Miller out at the bluff, known as "Scoots's" farm.

"Scotch Billy," one of the men that came to establish himself on the Prairie, in 1842, did not prove a desirable resident, for he could not be kept sober, and finding himself unfitted for a frontier life, he left for a country where he could, he said, get something besides "Indian whiskey." The other *peculiar* man was a Mr. Mills, from Dubuque; a very good carpenter, and possessed of some ready cash which he put

into a hewed log-house of fair dimensions, at the corner of Front and Pearl streets, on the site of the International Hotel. Although Mills was peculiar, there is generally one man, at least, in nearly all communities that possesses Mills' characteristics. Mills' foible was in pretending that roots and herbs would cure all diseases, and that he could distinguish their curative properties by tasting them. He contended, among other things, that if he could only get a certain root, which he named, he could even cure Scotch Billy of his inordinate thirst for whiskey. It is not to my brother's credit, but he was an inveterate practical joker, and on a visit which he made to see "Scoots Miller," whose tastes and his own harmonized in those days, before his conversion, he concocted some nauseating mixture of "*L'arbre au cat-fie*," which was in common use with the Indians and French of those days. Giving Mills a very strong tincture of it, he told him to give it to Scotch Billy, from time to time, until it operated thoroughly. Willard added, "But you of course will perceive the value of the medicine in ague, and all bilious complaints, if taken properly." Mills then tasted the medicine and said, "I have had a touch of ague, and I will take a little too. It will be good for both of us." Billy had been helping Mills on his house, and it had been delayed beyond Mills' patience. Both men took "the herb of four leaves," as the French name would signify in English, and neither of them was able to work that day or the next. The medicine was very *active* in its work, and Scotch Billy swore he would kill the man who prescribed it; but he was finally reconciled, and as for Mills himself, he became such a convert to the use of "*L'arbre au cat-fie*," that he advised it upon such frequent occasions that he was dubbed "Dr. Mills," a name which he bore while on the Prairie. Mills and Scotch Billy returned to Dubuque that fall, but Mills came back again in the spring of 1843, and worked at his trade for a time. He sold his house, finally, to Jacob Spaulding in 1843, and I occupied it with my father's family during the winter of 1844-5.

During the winter of 1842-3, material was obtained on the islands for log cabins to be put on the Prairie, which was done quite early in the spring both by Coons and Scott and Philip Jacobs or Dutch Philip as he was better known. Scott's cabin was a rude affair, left unoccupied for some time, and was appropriated, as has been stated, by Peter Cameron. Asa White, a young man employed by Cameron during the summer and part of the next winter, made a claim adjoining Cameron's and put up an excellent cabin, into which he moved with a very domestic Indian woman for his housekeeper.

Philip Jacobs associated himself with a German by the name of Samuel Snow, who though exceedingly timid among Indians, was a good judge of furs and a very good trader. Snow was known as "Dutch Doc," and displayed considerable skill among the sick, for in those times, owing to the mode of life of the pioneers, there was considerable sickness at times among them. Frank Weber, or "Dutch Frank," from Holmes' Landing, or the wood-yard above, would make Philip Jacobs's his headquarters when in La Crosse, and sometimes other Germans from Black river would assemble there, and enjoy themselves, not in riotous revelry, but in songs of their Fatherland. I enjoyed those gatherings, especially because of my fondness for music, and although the songs were in German, my clear tenor was welcomed in the choruses which I learned for the occasion. We had been so engaged one night, I think it must have been in September 1844, while I was down on one of my trips to see that my claim was not disturbed, when Snow ran in, pale with affright, and told us that there was a gathering of warlike Winnebagoes, at a pile of lumber in front of Cameron's house just below, who were come for a fight. He said that he caught a few words, the purport of which was that they had come to kill Jacobs's dog, and he too, if there was resistance. Philip Jacobs explained the matter to us by saying that the Indians were stealing his potatoes and that his dog had caught one of them and bitten him, and hence the warlike demonstration. When Snow announced the

danger to Jacobs's dog, the owner said, "They will not kill him," and started out to talk with them. I was intending to stay that night with my German friends, and had drawn my boots, for they were uncomfortable, being accustomed to moccasins. I asked Philip to wait until I put on my boots and I would go with him, but Frank Weber said "I go with you." While putting on my boots I said to Snow, "Why don't you hurry out." His reply was to the effect that the Indians might kill all the dogs on the prairie if they would, but that he felt safer in the house. I could not shame or abuse him enough to get him out to the aid of his partner, and passing out myself as soon as my boots were on, I heard the noise of battle with clubs, (of willow as they proved to be), and jerking a solid white ash bench-leg out of a bench at the side of the door that I had before observed to be loose, I rushed into the affray. Frank Weber was a good-natured German that had no knowledge of his own strength or how to use it, and to me it was provokingly comical to see him catch the young buck Winnebagoes and dash them to the ground as fast as they approached him without striking one of them. He was finally left standing at bay seemingly in a dazed condition, never coming near to Jacobs or myself, until we had put the group of Indians to flight.

I am aware that I may seem to have been 'in those days' a frontier desperado, but I must finish the story of the fight, for I never was compelled to have but one other with an Indian. As I approached to the group of howling Indians that surrounded Philip Jacobs, four stalwart bucks made a rush for me. It was bright moonlight, and I could see every movement. My ash bench leg was heavy, and I felled two to the ground as they approached. The other two passed me by on each side, and instantly whirled to strike; one stick I sent whirling out of reach, but the other descended on the back of my head and neck, and stunned me for a moment. I recovered in time to prevent the rally of the last two Indians upon me, and drove them over and down the bluff sand dune

then at the river bank. As I turned to Philip's aid, he said, "They got a gun, they got a gun," emphasizing by repetition, "And they'll shoot sure." I said a frontiersman's blessing upon the gun, and with the same breath, exerted my strength in obtaining possession of it. Poor brave Philip had clung to the gun throughout all their clubbing, for they only had one gun with which to kill the dog, and when I had driven off his assailants, they fled to the camp below, where were several hundred at the old "La Crosse play grounds." Philip brought the gun in triumph to the house; but gave it back next day upon the promise that the dog would not be killed. As for Philip, he was bruised in a most shameful manner, about the head, shoulders and arms, but no bones were broken, and he congratulated himself on having secured the gun at the commencement of the affray, that is, held on to it. "Dutch Frank" explained his dilatoriness in the affair by saying, that he did not "want to hurt the fools very much." The fact was, that he stood like a statue, and he had but little time to think before the Indians fled with their squaws who had come to see the fun. The Indians had got the worst of the fight, and one Indian had a very bad head-wound. The chief Say-som-i-nee, one who had been painted some years before by the artist Catlin, and whose portrait I have since seen in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, came to Nathan Myrick and said that he wanted to see "Woon-gua-shu-shig-gah"—my Winnebago name had become pretty well known to the Indians, and when I appeared in council over the affair, it was amusing to me to hear their comments.

I was asked by Say-som-i-nee, the chief, why I came from another place "to fight for the Germans;" for the Winnebagoes knew that I was an American. I replied that I had come down to see to my claim on which the chief and his people were then encamped, that I had no thought of fighting, but when I went out in the moonlight to see what was causing so much noise, four of his young men rushed upon

me with clubs, while a dozen or more, were pounding the German with sticks, and would have killed him if I had not driven them off. This was assented to. "But," said Say-som-i-nee, "Why not tie the dog up and let him watch the garden, the legs of one of my band were badly bitten by that dog, which made my people very angry." I replied, "If the dog was tied he could not bite, and then all of the potatoes would be taken." At this logic, the chief and all present laughed, and after conferring one with another, Say-som-i-nee said: "No more potatoes shall be taken, the Indians should pay for them, for they have money, but the Indian struck on the head is very sick, he may die." I expressed the hope that he would not, and would see him, "as my father was a great medicine chief and had told me many things about men hurt with sticks, etc."

It so happened that before I got ready to go down to the camp, Scoots Miller's man, who was to do some work for me with an ox team, came and reported that he could not find the oxen. Instantly it occurred to me that the man was afraid to pass the camp of Indians and that the cattle were in the bottom land below. I asked Say-som-i-nee if he had seen them, and he replied that he had "heard their bell." My friends tried to persuade me not to look for the cattle, or at least not to pass the camp alone; and some offered to go with me. I replied, "How little you know the Indian character? They are but overgrown children, and should be treated as such. This is not '*bluff*' on my part, but simply knowledge, and I must keep the reputation my brother and myself have established among them." I went through the camp and found the cattle which I left for the teamster to go after, and in returning saw the broken-headed Indian at his tent. He was sulky, but was once more conscious, and, knowing that it was hard to kill an Indian, I told them that he would get well, and he did. I had got nearly out of the camp when some papooses, or young children, began throwing sticks that

did not reach me, but when, by the *sign language*, I told their mothers to spank them, they ran like partridges.

I had cause and occasion both, to instantly chastize one of the three brothers, Decorah, son of the One-Eyed Chief, soon after our rumpus about the dog, and as he was the one who afterward had difficulties with Myrick and Hatch, and known as a bad man, the Indians themselves seemed glad of my punishment of him. The next year, when I recovered from my wood-chopper Johnson, the money and goods stolen by him, and turned them over to the great high priest "Big Nose," who had lost them, then I was metaphorically received into the tribe, and I have never since, up to the present time, had cause for complaint against those who knew me.

In December, 1843, there came to La Crosse, from Westport, New York, a young man of peculiar character. It was Major E. A. C. Hatch, of Hatch's Battalion, a young man well known to Myrick, and then of about my age. Hatch at once became so much of an Indian that he soon acquired the language of the Winnebago, a most difficult task, and when he opened up trade with the Sioux, he acquired their tongue also without any long delay. Hatch was remarkably talented, and at once secured employment as clerk for Myrick & Miller. He remained at the establishment in La Crosse during Myrick's absence east for a wife, and until July, 1844, when he opened a trading post at Holmes' Landing, in the house my brother had occupied for the two preceding winters. Hatch had made some special terms with Myrick and Miller, who furnished his establishment with goods, but the division of the trade with La 'Bathe and his agents, and with Tom Holmes and transient winter traders like John Levy, then of Prairie du Chien, gave poor prospect for an enlarged field of operations suited to Hatch's talent, and in January, 1845, after the last money payment to be made direct to the Wah-pa-sha band was completed in the heavy oak timber near the present Burlington bridge, or perhaps nearer the Green Bay elevator, Hatch, Borrette, and I think La 'Bathe also, gave up their

trade with the Wa-pa-sha band. After that payment the Sioux were to be paid a smaller portion in cash, and the larger part in pork, flour, beef-cattle, and implements of husbandry, the cash being used to pay the farmer and store-keeper, and to pay their debts, or "credits," as they were called, and the new system worked so well, that, like the "peon" system of Mexico, "once in debt the Indian was always kept in debt." The old traders, Dousman, Rice, Sibley, Myrick, Kittson, La 'Bathe, and Lewie Robair, always got their full share of the annuities, for they knew *how it was done*.

Hatch went back to La Crosse, and on February 28th, 1846, was appointed postmaster, but later resigned in favor of "Scoots" Miller. In the fall of 1846, Hatch was placed in charge of a post at the foot of Coon slough, which commanded a good winter trade in furs with the Indians wintering in the bottoms adjacent, and in the valley of the upper Iowa river. The fall before going down to his post, one of Decorah's sons, the bad one, as he was called, had been thrown out of the trading house of Myrick at call of Hatch, for he was not able to cope with one of the most physically powerful Indians in the tribe, so Myrick, who was surprisingly strong, threw the Indian out, and would not let him in again. Some time had elapsed and the incident was apparently forgotten by Hatch, for he was off his guard, standing at the corner of a warehouse put up by the firm, when I happened to see the quarrelsome Indian with club in hand stealthily approaching Hatch from behind. Before he could reach Hatch with uplifted club, I called to him to look out for the Indian, the same one I had before badly whipped for abusing my nephew, and some cord-wood being at hand, the Indian was hit by Hatch, and was carried off to camp, a very tame Indian. As in my case, on account of the affair with Philip Jacobs, some Indians reported to Hatch the condition of the Indian, I have now forgotten his proper name, and some advised Hatch to leave for a time, but instead, he sent word to the "Bad Deco-

rah," that he was very sorry to hear that he was yet alive, as he had intended to kill him, and that if he did not behave himself in the future he would carry *a good medicine gun in his pocket*, a pistol which he showed the messengers, that would certainly kill him if he did not reform. The Indian remained sober for some time after the event, but at his next spree, he was made *too good for earth* and was translated to his eternal home. There is an account of the affair in the history of La Crosse, wrong in date, but I have stated the particulars as I remember them.

Hatch lost nothing by his battle for life with the Indian, and when the Indian recovered, he came and offered to smoke a pipe of peace with Hatch, which offer was accepted, and he gained the friendship, or fear, of the Winnebagoes. Hatch also was in good standing with the Sioux, for he had held close relations with a gentle flower of Wah-pa-sha's family, but alas, it only bloomed during the sunshine of its first summer at La Crosse, and died as winter's chill blast came upon it. Hatch never lost his regard for the Sioux as a brave people, and when he and I sometimes visited the "old homestead," as the site of Winona was called, he would, for amusement and to please the young people, put on the Sioux dress. With the exception of the missionaries and some of the half-breeds, he could speak the Sioux language better than any one of the old pioneers. His knowledge of the Sioux language and customs gained for him the position of Indian agent for the Black-feet Indians of the Yellowstone, upon the recommendation of the Honorable H. M. Rice, in 1855. He departed from St. Louis in a keel boat, laden with goods, and it took him sixty days of continuous strife with the turbid current of the Missouri to overcome the distance to Fort Benton. Major Hatch made a record of his journey up the river to Fort Benton, measuring the water in all shoal places, and demonstrated to the Government at Washington, the navigability of the river above the Yellowstone, for steamboats of good power.

Upon Hatch's recommendation, a boat was dispatched the next spring to Fort Benton direct, and that steamer was also the first to divide the waters of the Yellowstone. Hatch remained at his far-off post of danger for two years, and was able to gain the esteem and control of savages, supposed to be the most unmanageable on the continent. He had had experience with Asa White and my brother Willard in the removal of the Winnebagoes to Long Prairie, Minnesota, in 1848, and for a time, traded with them, associating Asa White as a local partner. But the business was not to his taste and he removed to St. Paul and became quite heavily interested in land there and at Prairie du Chien. All of his experiences among the Indians had been useful to him, and a few years after his return from the Black-feet Agency, he was again called upon by the Washington authorities, to aid Clark W. Thomson in the removal of the Winnebagoes to the Missouri river in 1863. No one knew better than Major Hatch, of the rank injustice the removal of the Winnebagoes entailed upon the Federal Government, but after the terrible Sioux Massacre of 1862, nothing less than the entire removal of the Indians from Minnesota would satisfy the people, or quiet their fears. La 'Bathe had been killed, as well as a brother of Nathan Myrick, and for a time, the Sioux seemed actually mad with suspicion against their old traders and blood relations, accusing them of aiding in the withholding of their annual dues that were so urgently needed. But the men at the head of affairs caused the out-break, not the petty traders, nor yet the Winnebagoes, but they alike became the victims, with the difference, it is to be hoped, that as martyrs, the murdered victims of greed, were transported to a home in paradise, while the poor Winnebagoes were taken instead to a home on the Missouri which to them was a desert. But fortunately on the way up, their *congeners*, the Omaha's knew the country they were being taken to, and offered them a part of their own land for a permanent home if they would return,

which they did, in cottenwood canoes of their own construction.

When Major Hatch was called upon to again aid in the removal of the Winnebagoes, he at once wrote me at Homer, asking my assistance. I accepted his offer, and with the aid of a few persons, collected most of the Winnebagoes of Wisconsin, except Ous-shap-kah, a brother of Winneshiek, and some on Black river and the small branches of the Wisconsin river who had never been reconciled to the treaty of 1837.

I gathered them at La Crosse, in accordance with instructions, including some of the family of old Winneshiek himself, whom I had known for many years, and when the steamer Davenport came down, with those from above, we all embarked for the Missouri river. We took rail cars at Hannibal, and were transported to St. Joseph, Mo., where we were compelled to await the coming of the steamer Florence, already engaged in the transportation of Indians to the reservations selected for them on lands fronting the "bad lands."

"Bad lands" they were indeed, for the Indians already there, told us on our arrival, that the water in the smaller streams was so alkaline that if they went to hunt far from the river, they were compelled to carry some of its muddy water with them on their journey, for they could not use that in some parts of the territory assigned to them. Poor old Winneshiek asked me what he had better do, and I told him to go back to the Omaha reservation when he could. The old chief had been displaced from the head of his people because he would not sign the treaty removing them, and Little Priest had been put in his place. He also had complaints to make against the former agent for mismanagement, and had documents to show that the annuities he had been entitled to had been withheld by the agent. I advised their reference to Washington through a competent attorney, and then returned home on the downward trip of the steamer. Winneshiek died of fever, but his sons all returned to Wisconsin, where they and their families are still living.

Major Hatch was called to Washington from St. Joseph, Missouri, and did not go with us to the reservation. The business department of the removal was in the hands of Mr. Winne, and we lacked for nothing, nor did the Indians. Soon after Major Hatch's return from Washington, he organized the battalion of his name and telegraphed me an offer of a commission in it, which was delayed in its delivery by an error of my nephew, but when I learned of its intended service of a winter campaign in the blizzard west, I was glad that I was in the Sunny South instead of chasing after Indians. My experience in Indian war-fare, as a rule, has proved their adroitness in escaping punishment. It is seldom that a dead Indian is seen.

But Major Hatch's health began to fail him and he gave up the idea of campaigning with the battalion, resigning in favor of another. But he had not lost his interest in the efforts that had been made to bring the Sioux murderers to justice. One desperado known as "Medicine Bottle" had escaped over the line into British territory with others, and was boasting of his deeds. A faithful servitor of H. M. Rice and H. H. Sibley in days gone by, and who afterwards was employed by me, a half-breed relative of some that were killed by the Sioux, was sent by Hatch with secret orders to capture or kill Medicine Bottle and Little Six before returning. So, with the aid of another, with toboggan sled and dogs, Hatch's order was accomplished. No publicity was given to the *mode* of their capture at the time, for it might have involved complications of a disagreeable nature with the British Government, but Hatch was a born diplomat and knew how to deal with the task he had assumed; and having been a deputy collector at St. Paul, he knew the instruments to use "*over the line.*" Major Hatch died in St. Paul, of cholera morbus, in September, 1882, aged fifty-seven years, loved and honored by his wife and six children. Our early experiences were always remembered, and were a tie between us, and I regretted his departure for he was a long-tried friend.

NATHAN MYRICK'S MARRIAGE.

During the spring of 1843, Myrick obtained some hewn pine timber from Black river, and had a comfortable residence erected with shingled roof, the first in use in La Crosse, and there was some speculation concerning the use it was to be put to. The few on the prairie said probably a hotel, enquiringly, but Myrick smilingly replied, "No, for a wife." When this became known, Yellow Thunder, a very noisy chief of the Winnebago tribe of Black river, came to Myrick with his attendant wives and family, and with great formality, after shaking hands, tendered Myrick his choice of his several daughters for a wife, telling him that it was far away where the sun rises to go for a wife, when he could have one that would do his bidding at home. There was such earnestness and publicity in the offer that there could be no concealment, and Myrick thought it best to tell Yellow Thunder that he had already selected a woman for a wife in the east, whom he should bring to dwell with him. For a time, Yellow Thunder and his family seemed disappointed, when a happy thought occurred to him, and he said, "Take two wives, I got three, me charge you not much." But Nathan, true to his moral obligations, if not his inclinations, told the persistent father that it was not the custom of white people to have more than one wife, and with *considerable doubt*, expressed in his countenance, the Indian retired with his interesting family.

Nathan Myrick had to bear the gibes of his friends for a time, and it had struck me so comical at the time, that I had remembered it, and in our conversation on one occasion in St. Paul, in recent years referring to it incidentally, he laughed over the matter most heartily. Nathan Myrick was one of the few traders not led away by the excesses of frontier life, and I think that his moral obligations and devotion to his affianced wife, had much influence over him.

In June 1843, leaving his affairs and the completion of the house, with Miller and Ed. Hatch, he left for his native

home, Westport, New York, and married his present wife in August of that year. They celebrated their golden wedding at the Ryan Hotel in St. Paul, in 1893. Mrs. Myrick was a Miss Rebecca E. Isman, a devout Christain, and most estimable woman, and through all of Mr. Myrick's trials and real dangers that he has passed, has never swerved from her path of duty and affection for Nathan and their family. Her brother, James Isman, came out to La Crosse and stayed a short time, but the savage modes of life soon drove him back to more congenial fields of employment.

With Nathan Myrick and his bride, returning in September, came a most charming lady named Louisa Pierson. She was a sister of Ed. Pierson, a prominent lumber dealer in Illinois, and after spending the winter of 1843-4 with Mrs. Myrick, who, if I have not forgotten was a cousin, returned to her own family there in Illinois, and remained until brought back to La Crosse as the wife of Judge H. J. B. Miller. "Scoots Miller" having been elected justice of the peace, and assumed the dignity of office and family both, was no longer, "Scoots" Miller.

Mrs. Myrick remained for some time alone as the "first woman settler" of La Crosse, which dignity she bore with feminine grace and honor, and although Judge Miller after his election to the office of justice of the peace, attempted to convert by an official act, a woman of *undoubted* reputation into a society woman, by making her Mrs. Peter Cameron, Mrs. Myrick still remained secluded and very *exclusive*. A child was born to Nathan and his young wife, a year or more after her arrival, and for a time she was the picture of lovely motherhood. But not for long was her happiness, for the baby boy's young life could not bear the diseases of summer, and it died before the autumn leaves fell in 1845. It was first buried in the old burial ground, near the high land south of the La Crosse river, where other white people had been entombed, but was subsequently removed to the modern cemetery, so attractive to mourners.

In due time, Mrs. Miller gave birth to a daughter, which she named Martha, said to have been a most lovely and lovable child, but her birth occurred after I had gone back to Detroit, Michigan, and I never saw the child or mother on my return, for as told to me, they had emigrated to California, and were living with a brother there.

In 1847, while passing up the river on a steamboat, Timothy Burns, who subsequently became Lieutenant Governor of Wisconsin, was attracted to the location of La Crosse, as a prospective commercial center, and three years later, 1850, moved his family to that place. Burns entered into negotiations with Nathan Myrick, who had gone to St. Paul, in 1848, for his holdings in the city, and finally bought Mr. Myrick's entire interest in La Crosse. Mr. Myrick subsequently bought back some of the property at a large advance from what he had received for it. He still holds some of the most valuable lots which he lets at a high rental and has now yearly cause for congratulation that he still owns a part of the city he founded. It is probable that his losses in the flood of 1847, and a sudden interest he took in the growth of St. Paul, caused him to sell to Lieutenant Governor Burns, but when Burns was brought home with a fatal illness from which he died in the autumn of 1853, Myrick's interest in the city revived, for he knew that no one better than himself could forward the interests of the city.

It is stated in the History of La Crosse County, pages 450-4, that, "In 1847, one of the heaviest freshets ever known occurred in Black river. Myrick & Miller had made a large investment on that stream in logs, lumber, booms, etc., which were all swept away. This event made such a change in Myrick's affairs that he was induced to leave La Crosse and go to St. Paul. His losses in this flood footed up to a total of over \$20,000. He left in 1848, giving Miller a half-interest in the town site. In 1851, he sold his whole interest in La Crosse to Lieutenant Governor Burns, viz: In the town site and the Bunnell claim. Afterward, Burns deeded Myrick

one-fourth of the town site. At one time the whole site was held as follows: Myrick, one-fourth; Burns, one-fourth; Durand & Hill, one-fourth; Miller, one-fourth.

“When Myrick & Miller held the original site of the first plat the adjoining land was held as follows: The Cameron claim extended from Mt. Vernon street to Division street; Asa White’s claim, from Division street to Mississippi street; Dr. Bunnell’s claim taking in seventy acres at the lower end of the prairie adjoining White’s. Myrick has never ceased to be a pioneer. Since going to St. Paul he has established trading posts at Watab, Long Prairie, Traverse de Sioux, La Sieur, Pembina, etc. . . . In person, he is an Anakim, standing six feet four inches in his stockings, erect in form, and of most kindly address and presence.”

I will add that he was born at Westport, Essex county, N. Y., July 7th, 1822, and now at the age of seventy five, with the exception of a little deafness, seems remarkably well preserved. It can be of no importance, except from a historical point of view, but my colaborer of the History of La Crosse, has abstracted from my original claim, of 160 acres, ninty acres of most excellent land *for building purposes*. The explanation is as follows: I made a claim of the old Indian shinny, or La Crosse grounds at the lower end of the present city, close up to White’s south line, and extending down the river front and back to include the full quarter section claimed. I could make no entry because the land was unsurveyed and not in the market, but I had paid the Mormans for making improvements for me, by fencing and cultivation of ten acres, so that *my claim*, was undisputed, but after I had sold to Miller, who owned none of the original claim of Myrick, but instead, had made the farm claim at the bluff, there was an individual who thought too much land was being held by the firm of Myrick & Miller, and squatted on one eighty of the claim bought. The other ten acres sliced off from my other eighty, occurred from a new adjustment of lines after the survey by the United States

surveyors. Myrick & Miller never opposed any settlement on my old claim, for I suppose that they could not dispossess the intruder legally. All claims were made and recognized in early days, by occupation, or an evident intention to do so, and by a law of custom, based upon a sense of public justice and right.

CHAPTER XV.

First house built in Winona County, and others in Minnesota at an early date—First saw-mills built on tributaries of the Mississippi—La 'Bathe's early post in Winona County located—First settlement at St. Paul—A storm gathering on Lake Pepin—A run of eight log-rafts away from the storm—A night of vivid lightning and a successful run—The modern way, by steamboat.

The first house built in Winona County was put up near the big spring on block 38, in the village of Homer. It was built by Francois Du Chouquette, a mixed-blood from Prairie du Chien and United States blacksmith for the Wa-pa-sha band of Sioux. It was erected soon after the treaty of 1825, at Prairie du Chien, which, at that date, made its construction possible. It was traditionally told of Du Chouquette, that he had been on the Pacific coast as a blacksmith employed by the Northwest Fur Company, and in reading Dr. Coues' edition of the Trade Journal of Alexander Henry, which the doctor has so ably edited, I find the name of Francois Du Chouquette as a blacksmith engaged at Fort George, near the mouth of the Columbia river. He was there in 1814, as may be seen by reference to pages 868 and 904, and as the name and occupation joined, are not common, it is probable that the Du Chouquette of Homer and he of old Astoria are one.

The house in Homer was used for a blacksmith shop and dwelling for a few years, then abandoned for one built on or near the head of Blacksmith's Island, in Wisconsin, because

of a raid by Sauk and Fox Indians upon a camp of the Wapa-sha band. Du Chouquette again became alarmed and left forge and anvil on the island, but took his lighter effects, and fled to his home at Prairie du Chien. The remains of the old shop in Homer are still visible, as are those on the island to those who know the localities; that is, bits of cinder and old iron may still be found at both places.

The next house built in the county was that of Francois La 'Bathe, for a trading post. It was erected in the township of Rollingstone, on section seventeen, near the Mississippi river, and below the Bald or White-water bluff, now known as "Chimney Rock." There his family was safe from annoyance from Indians and the few white people that might pass up or down the river. La 'Bathe's house was put up sometime in 1830, and it was abandoned for a time in 1832, during the Black Hawk war. It was again occupied for some years as La 'Bathe's principal magazine of supplies, and finally left for good in 1845.

In 1872 C. W. Anding, the well known proprietor of the Sugar Loaf Grist Mill, on Burns' Creek, then but a youth, was assisting the mixed-blood Sioux, river pilot, Levy Durche, with a raft of lumber belonging to John Robson, when a heavy wind coming up suddenly, forced them to a landing about two miles below "Chimney Rock," or "Old Bald Bluff," as called in early days. After securing the raft, the Sioux-blood pilot and Mr. Anding went on shore and down to the site of the old trading post of Francois La 'Bathe, which had been so demolished as to excite a good deal of emotion in Durche. Mr. Anding says, although very young, he distinctly remembers the expressions of the pilot, who, by marriage, was in some way related to La 'Bathe, the once famous half-breed trader, as he stood beside the ruins of the old post, which were: "Ah, La 'Bathe! *pourre* La 'Bathe! Suppose my fader-in-law he see this, he cry." The rock of the high chimney had been removed for use as rip-rap, or other purposes, and naught but the cellar excavation remained. Where

the old vegetable garden was a plat of native blue grass had sprang up. Prof. Morey, in hunting partridges, had observed the same old ruins, and spoke of them, wondering what they were, as they were below the sites of Ogdensburg and Mt. Vernon, I at once told him that he had doubtless seen the ruins of La 'Bathe's post. Prof. Morey located the place on the Atlas of Winona county, as probably on section 17, in Rollingstone township. Without informing Mr. Anding of Mr. Morey's conclusion, I asked Mr. Anding to locate the old post to the best of his ability, and he gave as the site, "south-east quarter of northwest quarter of section 17, in Rollingstone," as the best he could do without an actual survey of the premises. His judgment accords with that of Dr. Cole, who had often seen the old chimney, and what I recollect of the old headquarters of La 'Bathe.

I always regarded La 'Bathe as rather unsocial and never attempted any acquaintance with him, but my brother Willard had great regard for his ability. Among his associates in business, H. L. Dousman of Prairie du Chien, H. H. Sibley of Mendota and members of the American Fur Company generally, he was trusted with very important business management. In addition to his main post below the Bald Bluff he had many other interests to engage his care. Antoine Grignon, a brother of Paul Grignon, nephews of Francis La Bathe, in response to a request for some recollections concerning his uncle, wrote: "Uncle La 'Bathe was of medium size and height, nothing in his general appearance very dignified, rather inclined to stoop, and always as one in deep thought, like one trying to unravel some difficult problem. Perhaps this mood was caused by the pressure of his business on his mind. Among his family at home and friends abroad he was ever pleasant and cheerful, and hospitable to a fault. Perhaps it would be well for me to acquaint you with the business which uncle La 'Bathe had to see to. He had a large farm at the mouth of the Wisconsin river, which he had to oversee; he had a share in the steamboat Chippewa, owned

and run by the American Fur Company from St. Louis to Fort Snelling or St. Peters; besides he had to see to and manage two trading outfits, which to a man not possessed of any education, must have been a heavy task." The "two trading outfits" supplied the small posts occupied or not, in winter time, as circumstances seemed to render desirable.

The next attempt at construction, was that of a dwelling on the site of Winona by Rev. J. D. Stevens, in the spring of 1839. He had been appointed by Major Talliaferro of Fort Snelling, Indian farmer for the Wapasha band in 1838, and it was a cherished plan of Stevens to convert the Indians, while instructing them in agriculture. In attempting a journey down by land from Lake Harriet in 1838, with a small drove of cattle, two men and one horse, Mr. Stevens and the men got completely lost. When finally convinced of this, with pocket Bible as his sole companion, the reverend farmer started to find the Indians of his contemplated flock, leaving men and cattle to await his return. But Mr. Stevens became still more bewildered, and losing his horse in some way, and not being able to recover it, he became exhausted, and at the point of starvation, he wrote a message on the fly-leaves of his treasured book and lay down expecting to die. But instead, one of the Indians Mr. Stevens had set out to find, found Mr. Stevens, took him to his camp, fed him, and then aided in the recovery of the cattle and men, but the horse was never recovered by Mr. Stevens. The cattle were brought near to the Indian village, left with men, and Mr. Stevens returned up the river and brought his family down, including an adopted daughter, now Mrs. H. R. Gibbs, of St. Anthony Park, and wintered in a hut on the island opposite Winona, as the Indians themselves were accustomed to do on account of the abundance of wood found there. Encouraged by the kindly treatment he had thus far received from Wapasha and his people, Mr. Stevens naturally supposed his mission would be a success, and while the ice was yet good, he went below to Prairie du Chien, with another horse or horses

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he had brought down at the time of bringing his family, brought back a good supply of provisions, and getting out some not very large logs with which to erect a cabin on the site of Winona, he took them over and erected the body of a small house. But his plans were neither acceptable to La 'Bathe the half-breed fur trader, a most devout Catholic, nor to Wa-pa-sha, his uncle.

Mr. Stevens and his family were allowed to occupy his unfinished house that summer (1839), but no work was done of consequence, and his cattle disappeared, as was believed, by direction or connivance of the Indians. When winter again appeared, Mr. Stevens and his family removed to Holmes' Landing, as stated in another chapter. With the abandonment of the cabin, every vestige of it soon disappeared in smoke. The Indian Agent, Major Talliaferro, was told that no farmer was required by the band, but James Reed, Rev. J. D. Stevens' successor, told the author that the fur trade, Dr. Martin Luther and John Calvin, were the real obstacles in the way of Mr. Stevens' well-meant but futile efforts to convert and instruct Wa-pa-sha and his band.

The next house built was on the site of the city of Winona, on west side of Center street, about in rear of S. C. White's grocery house. It was put up in 1844 by James Reed, Indian farmer and store-keeper of Government supplies furnished the Wa-pa-sha band, and in the absence of his brother Willard, detained by sickness after a promise to assist Reed had been given, the author took his brother's place, and carried up one corner of the body of the house, by the process known to pioneers as "*half dove-tailing*." The body of the house was 18x24 feet in size, made of hewn white ash logs that had been obtained on an island above and floated down to what is now the foot of Center street. It was finished with most excellent sawed lumber, some of which was afterward used by Mr. Reed in buildings at Trem-pealeau. Mr. Reed had been the Indian farmer for some time before he built the house, keeping the goods landed be-

fore distribution in tents, and the house was built for greater security of the goods, and for a winter domicile.

The next house built, except a mere hut for a wood-yard at what is now Dakota, when the steamboat channel hugged the shore opposite the present depot there, was the one erected by Willard Bradley Bunnell, for a residence, in Homer. It was the first actual settler's residence put up in the county of Winona, and the first house fitted for civilized occupation. It was occupied during July or August, 1849, by Willard Bradley Bunnell and family. Bunnell had secured permission of Wa-pa-sha, and a trader's permit to trade with the Wa-pa-sha band of Sioux. The house, with additions, is still in existence, and occupied by the author, though twice removed from its original location, because of its nearness to a railroad.

The next house built was by Nathan Brown, Esq., of Dakota, Winona county, and was occupied in September, 1849.

FIRST SETTLEMENT AT ST. PAUL.

It is stated in Neill's History of Minnesota, pages 475-6-9, that "The year that the Dah-ko-tahs ceded the land east of the Mississippi (1837), a Canadian Frenchman by the name of Parant, the ideal of an Indian whiskey-seller, erected a shanty at what is now the principal steamboat landing in St. Paul." Parant sold whiskey to the Kaposia band, but did nothing for St. Paul.

In 1842, Henry Jackson erected the first store on the table above the landing, and soon after, Roberts and Simpson put up a small Indian trading house. In 1844, the time of the author's first visit, the landing below the city proper, was called Pig's Eye, and the table-land, or height above was called St. Paul, because of a small chapel erected for worship there. The occupants of the city of St. Paul, then were dependent upon the trade with the half-breeds, who came in caravans of ox-carts from the Red River of the North, during the early

part of the summer, upon the *erratic* trade with the Sioux Indians, for H. H. Sibley, at Mendota, had most of that trade, and whatever they might get from the soldiers for whiskey, clandestinely sold. The few white people visiting the city at that period, were not very favorably impressed with the appearances of the people, and thought it best to wait a little longer for civilization.

There was an attempt made to settle on the east side of the Mississippi, on and near what is now St. Paul, by Protestant Switzers from the Selkirk Settlement on the Red River of the North, as early as 1836.

Rev. Neill says: "Misled by the florid representations of one of Lord Selkirk's agents, a number of Swiss arrived in the colony in 1821. Their occupations had been mechanical, chiefly that of clock-making, and they were not adapted for the stern work of founding a colony in the interior of the North American continent. From year to year their spirits drooped, and when the Switzer's song of home was sung they could not keep back their tears. After the floods, (in the Red River valley), they could no longer remain in the land of their adversity and they became the pioneers in emigration and agriculture in the State of Minnesota." And I might add, in parts of Wisconsin.

Mr. Stevens, in an address on the early history of Hennepin county, to be found in Neill's History, page 390, says: "Strange as it may appear, the immigrants were from the north, all from the Hudson Bay Territory, from which they had been driven by high water. The colony consisted of Louis Massey, Mr. Pierrie, Garvas Perry and others. Most of them are now citizens of different parts of the territory and Wisconsin."

Of those who were driven to Wisconsin, Mrs. Gratiot, widow of J. P. B. Gratiot, a lady of noble family and high culture, in Wisconsin Historical Collections, Vol. X. page 267, says: "About this time came down from Fort Snelling, a number of Swiss families who had emigrated to Lord Sel-

kirk's settlement on the North Red River. . . . They were industrious, honest people, and a great acquisition to a new country. Henry Gratiot, (the well known colonel) and my husband secured the services of several families, among whom was Peter Reudesbacher, afterwards so celebrated for his pictures of Indians and other works of art. Also the Chetlains—one of the sons was afterwards a general in the Union army."

Such was the characted of the men who first attempted a permanent settlement in Minnesota. Stevens says that it was "Owing to the arbitrary and tyranical power which then held sway in the territory that they were driven from their homes in 1836-7. At that time, and both before and since, the commanding officers at the fort were the lords of the north. They ruled supreme." There was no color of law, which justified the driving from the east side of the Mississippi Swiss settlers, and the destruction of their houses, but as an after thought probably, in March, 1838, the commander at the fort selected the same land as a part of the military reserve, and upon his recommendation, probably, on October 21st 1839, an order was issued from the War Department to "Edward James, Esq., United States Marshal for the Territory of Wiskonsan, Peru," couched in proper language, and conceived in a humane spirit, to remove the settlers, but they, as has been stated, were already arbitrarily removed and their buildings destroyed. The cause the settlers had to complain of was, in not having been warned against a settlement on the land not then formally set apart for military occupancy. In July, 1838, the steamboat Palmyra, Captain Holland took machinery and men up to near St. Croix Falls for the purpose of erecting a mill upon a claim made after the treaty of 1837 was concluded, at the falls. The claimants were Messrs. Baker, Taylor, and Franklin Steele.

Joseph R. Brown, also, in 1838, made a claim above Stillwater, and was first to raft logs and square timber and run them to a market below. As the first representative of the

locality in the legislature of Wisconsin, he had St. Croix county partitioned off from Crawford county, and his town site, Dah-ko-tah, designated as the county seat. The settlement at Marine Mills was made in 1838, and the mill commenced sawing on August 24, 1839. The settlement at Stillwater was commenced in October, 1843, by John McKusick, Calvin Leach, Elam Greeley and Elias McKean. A saw mill was at once erected, which for years was known as the McKusick mill. It was the center of attraction and the means of support in those early days of most of the lumbermen on the river above.

The first attempt to build a mill on the Menomomie of the Chippewa river, now Red Cedar, among the projectors of which were Mr. Lockwood, of Prairie du Chien, Captain Andrew Tainter, Joseph Benson, Jacob Bass, Rev. Gilbert and son, of Gilbert's creek, Captain William Wilson, Knapp and Stout of Dubuque, and probably others whose names I do not now recall. The whole lumbering plant of the Red Cedar was finally absorbed by the Knapp Stout Company, and their enterprise and public spirit coupled with humanity, enabled them to build up one of the finest cities of its size, with the best educational institutions, in Wisconsin. J. H. Stout has made princely donations to works of public utility, among which is a Training School that cost over \$100,000, and although on Feb. 2nd, 1897, it was destroyed by fire, and there was but \$40,000 insurance on the building, Mr. Stout has already given assurance that it shall be rebuilt. Captain Tainter also made a donation of a Library that cost \$90,000 with its equipments, and in every way, has shown himself a public spirited and liberal citizen.

The mill at O'Galla was also an ancient mill, but I have not the date of its erection, though when I visited it, in July of 1842, it was then quite ancient in appearance. In 1842, it belonged to Carson & Eaton, and I think a Mr. Knight, who established a ferry in California, had been a previous owner. The first lumber was made at the mill on the Menominee in

1828, but the mill was destroyed soon after completion. In the month of May, 1830, workmen proceeded to the site previously selected, and commenced work in accordance with an agreement with Wa-pa-sha, who had levied tribute upon all lumber hitherto taken out, such as red cedar posts, square timber and logs for whip-sawing, etc. The men had barely commenced work, when they were told by some Chippewas to leave on penalty of death if they remained. The foreman, Armstrong, fled at once, and his men soon followed to Prairie du Chien. In August of the same year, the owners of the site and machinery, Lockwood & Company, sent a discharged soldier by the name of Holmes, a very good carpenter and mill-wright, and under his supervision the mill was completed and lumbering in various forms has been carried on on that stream ever since by some of the original claimants or settlers.

The mill at the Falls of the Chippewa was erected by H. S. Allen and Jacob Bass, in 1837, and finally became the property of the Union Lumbering Company. The first mill on the Eau Claire was erected by George and Simon Randall and Stephen McCann, in 1846. Other mills were soon built that built up a city at Eau Claire. The first mill erected on Black river was put up by Col. John Shaw, in 1819, but not paying sufficient tribute to the Winnebago owners of the land, it was abandoned as a *sanitary measure*, and the mill was destroyed soon after.

In 1839 another mill was erected at Black River Falls, by the Wood Brothers; the mill-wright being Jacob Spaulding, who subsequently bought the mill and ran it successfully for many years. It was known as the Spaulding mill in distinction of the Shephard mill, of 1842, and other mills put up on the river below by Douglass, Nichols and others. The final completion and improvements of the Spaulding mills were celebrated, in 1843, by a grand ball, which I attended with ladies from Trempealeau.

Lumbering on the Wisconsin commenced in 1828, by getting out logs for Fort Winnebago, and then a saw-mill was

put up in 1831, and others soon after; which made the Wisconsin river for some years a great means for the transportation of lumber to cities below.

In about 1845, the Field, West and Van Deventer mill of St. Louis (newly completed) called for pine from the upper Mississippi, and Captain Field himself, came up and bought logs on the St. Croix, which when rafted, made eight of the largest rafts that up to that time had ever been started to float down the Mississippi. Smaller log-rafts of hard-wood and pine had been run alone, and to buoy up "St. Louis oak," as island oak for ship building was called in those days, but no such big rafts had been seen, and the few pilots then on the river refused to start with them out of Lake Pepin where they had been coupled up near the mouth of King's Coolie.

I was informed of the situation and unguardedly remarked that if I knew how to handle such big rafts, "I could find water enough to float them." My remark was conveyed to Captain Field, who had been an ocean captain, and owned a gig made for his use, and soon it came with the Captain and his oarsmen to "Nelson's Landing" in great haste. I had just come up from below, and seeing a St. Louis steamer on the bar of the "Grand Encampment," I took soundings to the north of the little island above the first outlet to Beef Slough, and wondered why the pilot of the boat could not see that the draft of the water was there. Hence I was well prepared to maintain my assertion that there was water enough. Captain Field soon sought me and asked if I had made the declaration. I was then about twenty-one, and young in appearance for my age, and I was able to read the Captain's thoughts almost as though they had been printed. I replied, "I made the declaration, Captain Field, that there is no where less than from three to three and a half feet in the narrow channel north of the little island, and only one obstruction, a snag on crest of bar, which could be run down." The Captain looked at me intensely for a moment, and then asked, "Are you sure of that?" I replied, "I perfectly under-

stand your anxiety, and the money at stake, but I assure you that I tested the channel thoroughly because I saw the pilot of the steamboat had blundered." I was asked if I would lead the way with a raft, for, said Captain Field, "The rafts must be gotten out of Lake Pepin before night, for a big storm is gathering." I replied that if he would give me a raft pilot to handle the raft I would start at once and show the way. The Captain told me to take any pilot I pleased, and upon my arrival at the fleet, I took a half-breed Sioux, Charles La Point, who, though young like myself, I knew would obey my directions.

There was quite a mutiny among the others, which the Captain quelled, and Charley and I, with a German crew from St. Louis, started. The other pilots with their rafts came on slowly, excepting my partner, John McCain, who, having faith in my judgment, followed me closely. I passed the obstruction in the narrow slough by *butting* it into the deep water below the bar, and reached the twelve mile bluff, now a part of Alma, Wisconsin, just as the storm predicted struck us. Darkness shut down upon us all at once, relieved only by blinding flashes of lightning. There were several sawed lumber *cribs* lining the shore, for they had dropped in *strings* from the "Encampment" bar above, so, leaving what space there was for McCain and those who might follow, I told Charley La Point that we would run on to "Holmes' Landing." Just above the landing there was a bar that I directed the raft onto, and by means of *grouzers*, we halted on the bar for daylight. We were short of line and put none out. At day-break I heard the snap of an oar blade at the head of "Betsey's Slough," and, jumping to my feet, I saw we had entered at the head in as fine order as though the raft had been directed by wisdom instead of by chance. Every man was at his oar and we ran on down and "*banked*" the raft by riding over the willows then at the mouth of Straight slough above the landing at Winona. We had lost an oar blade by going to sleep and trusting to *grouzers*, but during the day

we caught a string of one hundred logs that had escaped from Sandy McPhail, who, for refusing to follow me had to uncouple his raft and roll some of his logs off the "Encampment" bar.

Captain Field came on down and complimented me for *progress*, and as a steamer came in view that was expected, took me on board with him, and we went up to the twelve mile bluff. On the way up, I told Captain Field, that he had the best pilots on the river, and that he would have no further trouble. "I understand," said he, "perfectly, that it was because of your youth that they would not follow you, but they have had a lesson, though it has cost me something extra. I simply wish you now to remain with me until all is in readiness to move again, and then I will take you back to your raft." The Captain took me back in his gig, but would not let me start again until the others hove in sight, when I pulled out and ran to the foot of Crooked slough, and in mid-stream, joined my raft with Sandy McPhail's, who took them both to St. Louis. From that time on, there was no fear of running too big a raft on the Mississippi, and they were gradually increased in size until now, by aid of steamboats to control them, they sometimes occupy nearly the whole width of the channel. It is because of the ability to run big rafts of logs, that mills below the pineries have been run successfully, but instead of oars, two steamboats are now used.

CHAPTER XVI.

Topography and some geology.

The most difficult task I have imposed upon myself is to try to give my readers some idea of the geological and topographical formation of the great upper Mississippi valley.

It would be easy to give the enumerations of the different strata as given by our learned geologists, but that would not reach the comprehension of the unscientific or general reader, and therefore, as there will be no pretense of scientific accuracy in this chapter, and one theory may be as acceptable as another where all is mystery beyond certain evident facts, I write of what seems to me to have been probable. I do not, like the great, but unfortunate Scotch geologist, Hugh Miller, try to conform my views to the Mosaic account of creation, nor to any other that would fix any definite period of time in God's act of creation or formation, for extremes of both time and space are mathematically incomprehensible to me (beyond certain limits), and so it is with most, I think, who have not made a special study of, and are qualified to understand the laws by which creation is governed. Even the wisest cannot comprehend the beginning of time; then why should one deny the existence of God and Eternity.

It is said that Chinese records go back to a period of at least fifteen thousand years beyond the present; and that re-

cent excavations by Prof. Hilprecht, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, proved by cuniform inscriptions on bricks found at Nippur, that the foundation of a building they were taken from, was laid more than ten thousand years before the dawn of the Christian era. If writings on bricks are so imperishable, what should be the geological stability of time written in the stratifications of our bluffs?

The various strata indicate a period of time necessary for their deep formation by natural processes, simply beyond our power to comprehend. Hence, I think, if we exercise our imaginations, we may approach toward the truth; for it is geologically evident that æons of time, in distinct periods, have been required to form the beautiful earth as it now exists.

It is plain to me that the whole vast region of the Mississippi valley was once an ocean's bed. The vast deposits of ocean fossils, stratified in sandstone and silicious limestone, and the overcapping varieties of limestone that exist, all point to a long period of comparative inactivity, subsequent to the formation or upheaval of the granite and other primitive rocks, that as far as known, underlie all of the secondary formation.

Before the glacial period, and before the latest deposits of limestone were made, the vast fields of the coal measures or beds of them, must have been lifted out of old ocean, that the tree-ferns and other vegetable matter composing the coal, might grow. When the forests existed, from which the coal was formed, there must have been a climate exceedingly hot and moist, inimical to human life, well suited to reptilian activity and bird life. Mammalia of large size soon followed, and finally man appeared. What it was that brought on the great cataclysm that felled the vast and dense forests and covered them with clay, that the schists and slate formations might serve as a coal-pit to transform the material into coal, it would be most difficult to determine; but that there was heat, and great pressure in the process of the coal's formation, the encasing rock seems to prove. There were waves in

the earth's crust, as the dips, angles, and faults in mineral veins and stratifications of the rocks prove, for, otherwise the sedimentary rocks would be mostly on a horizontal plane.

It is probable that elevation and subsidence both occurred, as many of the coal beds dip far down beneath the sea. Even in modern times, it has been estimated by Mr. Mallet, that the depth of the center of shock of the Calabrian earthquake of 1857, was nearly six miles, and Dr. Oldham said, upon scientific data, that the center of the Cashar earthquake in 1869, was thirty miles below the surface. If such statements be true in regard to limited areas, what must have been the disturbance caused by a power that has sunk and lifted a continent.

The petrifications of Arizona are believed to have been caused by the out-pouring of silicious and other mineral waters from volcanoes into dammed up basins that held the trees. The sources of the out-flow, in Arizona, are now hidden, but out-croppings of volcanic origin are common enough in the Rocky Mountains and in California.

It seems probable that the same cause may be assigned for the transformation of trees and other objects into remarkable petrifications upon the plains and in the foot-hills of Wyoming and South Dakota, within the valley of the Missouri. The old red sandstone of an ancient period appears in places upon the eastern border of the Rocky mountains, but along through most of the "Bad Lands," below the Yellowstone river, nothing appeared to the writer when he visited the region in 1863, but a strange formation of sharp clay hills, or white or blue stone bluffs or cliffs of a comparatively recent origin. The rock in place was all of sedimentary origin along the Missouri river for a long distance, and it was easy to imagine that the kaolin and other clay seen had resulted from primitive rocks, the decomposition of which had been hastened by the chemical agencies of thermal springs and spouting volcanoes in the Yellowstone valley, and perhaps in other localities not now discernable. The present condition

of the Yellowstone and its deposits show what a transforming influence such localities may have exerted in the ages that have passed. The stone forests of petrified trees near Billings, Arizona, and especially Amethyst mountain, show what may result from volcanic showers of rock and other mineral substances, for they give proof of immediate transformation of very large areas of forests, lakes and rivers, into desert waste and volcanic deposits. Even in far off Alaska the modern glaciers have not yet subdued the volcanic fires of a past age, and coke, transformed from coal by natural processes, and coal oil are said to have been found under the moving ice. The recent discovery there of vast and rich deposits of gold, notwithstanding its rigorous climate, will insure the building of railroads, and when that is done much more will be learned of what is now a geological wonder.

The whole Missouri valley, including the adjacent plains, is of an entirely different geological formation on the surface, from that of the Mississippi east of the *Grand Coteau des Prairies*, which seem to have been a barrier against the northeastern glacial flow, and a controlling dyke to hold in one grand stream that coming from the Arctic seas of the northwest. The alkali efflorescence from land, lakes and streams, belong especially to the west, are visible all along the Missouri valley and plains to the Gulf of Mexico. There are also found salt springs and deposits of salt left from some old ocean, from western feeders of the Red River of the North to the staked plains of New Mexico, where the beds are in rock form and the deposits immense. With more or less interruption and varying in the character of deposits from clay to gravel and sand, a strip of *bad land* extends from the extreme northeast to the Gulf of Mexico, entering there between the Neuaces and Rio Grande rivers through an almost worthless territory. This strip of land seems to have been the *middle ground* continuation of two streams of deposits, with lateral escapes, not entirely unlike those seen in river deposits where the coarser material lodges first, like the great boulders

of the *Coteau*, and the finer material extends on and out laterally until expended. The "Bad Lands" are not in line with the *Coteau*, but they may have been similarly formed originally, and then modified by the local action of volcanic upheavals or eruptions. The displaced boulders from some of the old morains seem to indicate this.

That there have been wonderful changes in the Mississippi valley, brought about by glacial action, no one can doubt. It is impossible for me to conceive of the immense and long continued power that was required to furrow out the great valley from bluff to bluff, as it must have first been done, to a perpendicular depth of hundreds of feet through the hard rock of our limestone formations, for otherwise the bluffs opposite to each other could not have been cut so perpendicularly and smoothly, nor would they have retained the marked stria of the icy flood as they do in many places. Even now, we are able to comprehend and trace the work of glaciers on a small scale, by following up and observing the work of living glaciers, not entirely extinct in California, and the large ones in Alaska; but to have a more adequate conception of what Agassiz termed "God's plow," opening the way for the great river and its affluents, we should consider the present condition of the South Pole. According to the estimate of Dr. James Croll, as appears in the *New York World*, "The ice sheet at the South Pole is several miles in thickness, its upper surface far above the line of perpetual snow, and therefore not capable of melting away during the warm eras succeeding glacial periods. . . . The theory entertained by Alfred R. Wallace was, 'that as a past glacial age was melting into the tertiary period, the seas in the northern hemisphere covered a much larger area than now, and extended across Central Europe and parts of Western Asia, and the Arctic Ocean was also enlarged.'"

That is precisely the condition I imagine existed at the commencement of the last geological period, when the surface re-modelling of our continent was commenced. Some of the

icebergs of that period, even if no larger than those of the Antarctic, would have cut into solid rock as long as kept in motion. General A. W. Greely, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for January, 1896, says: "Through the action of various forces—that of contraction and expansion by changing temperature being, perhaps, the most potent—this ice cap creeps steadily seaward and projects into the ocean a perpendicular front from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height. The temperature of the seawater being about twenty-nine degrees, the fresh-water ice remains unwasted, and the ice barrier plows the ocean bed until, through flotation in deep water, disruption occurs and the tabular berg is formed. These bergs are of a size that long taxed the belief of men, but it is now well established that bergs two miles square and 1,000 feet in thickness are not rare; others are as large as thirty miles in length, and some nearly 3,000 feet in thickness, their perpendicular, sun-wasted sides rising from 200 to 400 feet above the sea."

What the precipitating cause of the glacial flow was, is beyond my knowledge; and perhaps, beyond the comprehension of any one. It is however, possible perhaps, that the French *savant's* idea of a change of the axis of the earth's rotations in consequence of long continued and vast accumulations of ice in the Northern Hemisphere, may have put the ice in motion at very long intervals of time; or, perhaps as a more likely cause, volcanic action at, or near the pole and subsidence of a large portion of the earth's crust into tropical waters, displacing and forcing them into Arctic oceans, there by loosening the ice accumulations of ages, and the surplus waters returning, carried the ice fields with it.

The outlets for the region north and northeast of Minnesota were obviously for the most part, by the way of the great chain of lakes and the St. Lawrence river, with lateral flows toward the Hudson and other eastern waterways. That turned toward the Mississippi came in by various channels: one by way of Green Bay and Rock river, a branch of the same stream of ice cut its way into the valley of the Wiscon-

sin river at Portage, leaving great bergs of ice lodged, that, surrounded by gravel and sand, probably left depressions that became the deep little lakes so conspicuously numerous in parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Another flow of grinding ice came down the Wisconsin river through its channel cut in the primitive rocks, a counterpart of its work done on the Black, Chippewa and St. Croix rivers, and that of the upper waters of the Mississippi and St. Louis rivers. But the great channel of entrance into the Mississippi below the Falls of St. Anthony was by way of the Minnesota river. The gateway was by Lake Traverse and Big Stone lake, but in its course unsubdued primitive rocks were left *in situ*, yielding only blocks that the surging masses of ice, with gravel and sand, finally rounded into boulders that, left on the way, still mark the work then performed. The stones of primitive and volcanic origin, found along the course of the Height of Land and the *Coteau*, indicate that coincident, perhaps, with the glacial disturbance, there was also volcanic activity.

It is, of course, impossible to judge of the probable height or elevation, originally, of the territory embraced in the sphere of the glacial action at the present sources of the streams that were brought under its influence, but what ever it may have been, it was ample to afford material, when ground down by the great ice-mill, to furnish a product that leveled up the plains of the Red River of the North, and all of those of the Northwestern rivers that finally found their way back into the Arctic regions; besides covering almost a continent with rich material for future growth of forests and prairies, rivaling in beauty any of a sunny land. The primitive imperishable monuments of boulders of over an hundred tons weight, erratic or left in the morains, with precious stones and other valuable minerals scattered on the way, will always remain to interest the student of Nature, and turn him to a higher conception of the Author of the grand cosmos. The elevation of the *Coteaus* is about 1,800 feet.

Prof. Keating, of Major Long's expedition of 1823, in reference to the boulders of granite and gneiss in the Minnesota valley, says: "A feature which struck us was the abundance of fragments of primitive rocks which are strewn in this valley; they were for the most part deeply imbedded in the ground, and bore but few traces of attrition; their bulk was very large. . . . Close observation evinced such a confusion and diversity in the nature of the primitive blocks, as well as such signs of friction, as satisfied us that these were out of place; still they appeared to warrant the geologist in his prediction that the party (of survey) was approaching to a primitive formation, and that certainly the valley of the St. Peter (Minnesota) had been one of the channels through which the primitive boulders had been removed from their original site. This assertion was fully substantiated two days afterward by the discovery of the primitive rocks *in situ*." Again, in speaking of boulders found in another locality of the prairie country he had traced to their source, he says: "We had traced those scattered boulders which lay insulated in the prairies from the banks of the Muskingum to this place, we had seen them gradually increasing in size and number, and presenting fewer signs of attrition as we advanced further on our journey." Thus it is that the geologists work. But until Prof. N. H. Winchell was duly installed as Geologist of the state of Minnesota, but little knowledge of the mineral resources of our state was generally accessible. The expeditions of Pike, Cass, Long, Allen, Featherstonhaugh, Nicollet, Lea, Sumner, Owen and their coadjutors, was most useful from a geographical standpoint of view, but the commercial value of the work of Prof. Winchell can scarcely be overrated. As for myself, I can claim only the habit of a frontiersman in observing everything in my pathway, and if I should presume too far, it is probable that I might be *shelved*, and not, perhaps, so gracefully as was Count Beltrami by Prof. Winchell, when he quoted from the Count's own geology. I will try and not get beyond my depth, but for details of the

geological features of the country, will refer all interested to the very able publication, "The Geology and Natural History of Minnesota," by Prof. N. H. Winchell, to whom I am indebted for enlarged views concerning the grandeur and natural wealth of Minnesota and contiguous territory.

It remains for me to close this *speculative* chapter by adding a few surmises as to the work done by aqueous denudation and precipitation, after glacial action had ceased, and a warm or even hot era had returned. It is plain to me that upon the subsidence of glacial action, there was an inconceivably large amount of ice left at the sources of all of our rivers and those of Canada. These sources, at "The Height of Land," have probably been but little changed to the present day. Icebergs left and subsequently melted out, have probably formed some of the little lakes, and the receding waters have, no doubt, in the long period of time since the ice flow, cut down the channels of the rivers, but the various and numerous passes left for easy water-ways to be built in the future, remain probably but little changed.

Prof. Winchel says: "The lakes of the northern boundary of the state, from the west end of Rainy Lake to Lake Superior, and the numerous clear lakes that lie on either side of the boundary, illustrate this class, that is, '*Lake of the area of bare rock.*' The surface has been subjected to severe glaciation, but for some reason the drift is almost wholly wanting. The lakes take the shapes of the depressions of the rocky contour. They are very numerous, with tortuous, bold shores. They are connected by lively streams that have frequent rapids and cascades. There are here no deep rock gorges cut by drainage courses, but the surface is that left by the glacier, and the water simply gets from one basin to another by filling them up and overrunning their rims. Lake Superior itself is a stupendous example of the same class, though its rock-rim was formerly covered by drift throughout much of its extent. . . . Lake Traverse and Big Stone, on the western boundary of the state, and St. Croix and Pepin on the eastern, do not

belong to either of these classes, [that is, rock basins, and lakes with drift terraces—Author.] They are simply expansions in old river valleys, not yet filled with sediment; the former excavated in the drift sheet, and partly in the cretaceous, and the latter in the cambrian rocks." I yield my observation and judgment to superior scientific studies and opportunities of research in the field, but yet confess, that in a region so peculiarly *Plutonic*, as Lake Superior is known to be, I had always supposed that local subsidence, had played an important part in forming the very deep basins of Lake Superior and Thunder Bay, though glaciation shows its work on the surface.

Lake Pepin was probably scooped out of the rocky bed of the Mississippi river because of the obstruction of harder rock at Red Wing and on the Wisconsin side, that caused a plunging motion of the drift and ice into its rocky bed, but before this work was accomplished the channel was probably cut through to the south of Barn Bluff, and a large bay in the lake formed that subsequently filled with drift and the material from lateral drainage formed the beautiful and rich prairie upon which now stands the no less beautiful Lake City. There must have been alternate cuttings out, and fillings up of the broader part of Lake Pepin, for a different material of sand and gravel appears in Wisconsin from that on the Minnesota side of the lake. The current and sandy drift from the St. Croix, running unmixed for some distance with that of the stream on the south side, would account for some of the appearances to be seen at the village of Pepin, but not for the Chippewa sands to be seen at the foot of the lake. The quality and substance of the sand to be seen along the drifted dunes and willow sand bars at and near the foot of Lake Pepin, seem like that of the Chippewa river "Yellow Banks," as they are known, and like that constituting the greater bulk of the Buffalo prairie.

The terrace upon which the City of Wabasha is built, is mostly composed of drift gravel and clay with soil from ad-

jacent bluff land, but the lower part of the prairie, and especially at the Grand Encampment, or Teepee Otah, as it is still known to Indians and pioneers, shows the sands and gravel from the Chippewa valley, which were in force enough to dam the foot of Lake Pepin, fill the bottom lands with a deposit of iron sand, or "bog ore," and spread itself across the channel of the Mississippi in a current strong enough to plant some of its iron sands in the prairie upon which the city of Winona has been built. But the current from the Chippewa valley for the most part, must have hugged the Wisconsin shore, until meeting the iron sands of the Trempealeau valley in the old lake bottoms opposite and below Winona, where another large deposit of "bog ore" was made, while the mica and lighter sands floated on in conjunction with the drift of the Trempealeau, Black and La Crosse rivers, filling in the old river lake systems that once occupied the sites of river bottoms and prairie from Winona to La Crosse.

The frontage of the Wa-pa-sha Cap, now known as Sugar Loaf, was, no doubt, originally cut by the great glacial flow, and subsequently separated by lateral erosion; and the same is probably true of the Trempealeau range of bluffs, but which becoming gorged, turned the united flow farther north, cutting out one long river-lake, which was subsequently filled as indicated and the ice being melted, the original channel opened itself once more. In like manner, probably, the entrance of the Wisconsin river, and all streams of considerable size, have exercised an influence in causing deposits above them, that the subsequent cutting down of the river channel has left as river-terraces. The cyclonic storms, even of our day, on a small scale, show how this has been done, for the channel of the Mississippi was changed by one, and its waters were diverted into the Blacksmith slough, from whence it took several thousands of dollars to bring the erring channel into its proper course again.

The great work done in a later geological period is much more observable as we descend the Mississippi. Here at Wi-

nona, the old secondary formations have a depth or thickness down to granite, as proved by the boring of the artesian wells of the city, of about nine hundred feet. These rock formations have been easily eroded, especially so after the direct and lateral ice flows had cut through the summit capping of the limestone rocks. A complete account of the varieties existing in the state may be seen in Winchell's Report, but the formations most interesting to me, are those at the Falls of St. Anthony and those most prominent in Winona County.

The limestone overlying the sandy rock at the falls, and so readily broken off in immense sheets by the heavy weight of water and ice that is swept over the unsupported brink in flood-time, Prof. Keating divides into five varieties. But it will be sufficient I think for me to say that it is a blue and yellowish laminated stone of the St. Lawrence series, that when the underlying sand stone that supports it has been undermined by the swirling, dashing water, it has not strength enough to retain its place, and consequently there has been in the ages past, recession after recession, until now it has been stopped, as is believed, by the constructive work of masonry of United States Engineers. Mr. Winchell says: "By far the largest and most important of the drainage systems (of Minnesota) is that of the Mississippi. It is the only one that crosses the entire state. It includes most of the area of the great water-shed formed by moranic deposits in the central portions of the state, its whole area being approximately 45,566 square miles. The upper Mississippi drains the timbered regions, and the Minnesota the southern prairie portions of Minnesota. It runs almost exclusively on the surface of the drift to the falls of St. Anthony, and from there till it leaves the state, and even till it enters the Gulf of Mexico, it runs in an old, rocky valley excavated in pre-glacial times. All its tributaries, also below the falls of St. Anthony enter it through similar, deep-cut gorges. The other tributaries of the river, however, are post-glacial, and have excavated their valleys but little within the drift sheet.

They rarely reveal the bed-rock. As the area drained by the upper Mississippi, as well indeed as that of the whole state, may be taken all together, as a great, but slightly roughened, or undulating plain, the valleys exhibit great monotony in their topography and other features."

As I think I have already indicated, before the great ice flow, I believe there were stupendous changes in the earth's surface of the northern part of this continent, and denudations at different periods corresponding to the character of the deposits above the granite base of the valley. The elevation of the land out of the ocean where the secondary deposits are found, must have occurred long ages before the period of the probable last glacial flow. Since that time, it is conceivable that with the Mississippi river for the central escape for the drainage, the Laurentian and Huronic deposits, and more modern drifts, have been cut into by lateral streams, and our Mississippi valley, with its undulating surfaces and sharp ravines formed as we see it today. This must have been accomplished by long ages of excessive floods and cyclonic storms, compared with which our heaviest rains now would be dew, and our tempests but gentle zephyrs. I am aware of the views of geologists concerning the archæan age, silurian age, devonian age and glacial period, but there is much concerning the different periods I have not been trained to understand, and perhaps could not, and therefore, leave the subject to proper instructors.

But it may be as well, perhaps, for me to quote from Prof. Winchell a few lines concerning the geology of Winona County: "This county borders on the Mississippi river and lies north of Houston and Fillmore counties. It is about triangular in shape, the Mississippi river being a hypotenuse, running from northwest to southeast. Its land and water area is 638.92 square miles, or, in acres, 408,909.90. The county contains no lakes, except Winona lake, which is simply a portion of the wide alluvial area of the Mississippi, and subject to flooding at a high stage of that river, though prob-

ably sustained principally by springs along the base of the bluffs. Winona is the county seat; St. Charles, Stockton and Minnesota City, are the other principal towns." [To which number should be added Rollingsstone, Lewiston, Utica, Picwick, Dakota and Dresbach]. "The surface-waters all pass into the Mississippi, but some of them leave the county towards the north and south before reaching it. The Whitewater is the only stream that actually crosses the county. . . . There is a slight, broad, upward swell in the surface of the county, apparently due to the anticlinal condition of the rocks, which enters the state near Richmond, and passing in a west-southwesterly course, leaves Winona county about where Rush creek leaves it. . . . The surface of this county is undulating, rolling or hilly. It is more uneven in the eastern and northern portions than in the western and southern, but this difference is owing simply to the fact that the larger drainage valleys are in the eastern and northern portions. The inequalities of surface are wholly due to the excavations by streams into the rocky strata forming deep valleys and even rocky gorges. The ruggedness which these valleys must have presented originally has been relieved by the heavy mantle of loam which now covers the whole county, amounting to a thickness of fifty or sixty feet. This mantle serves not only to smooth off the roughness by filling the valleys, but it constitutes an impervious sheet through which waters percolate with slowness, and which constitute the subsoil of the county. Although the strata are thus canoned, the surface materials are so abundant that the bluffs do not everywhere show the rock, but they are rounded over and generally turfed from top to bottom. . . . The bluffs of the Mississippi on the Wisconsin side illustrate the effect of the strong and prevailing winds in keeping the rocks uncovered, and in producing precipitous and picturesque head-lands and pinnacles. Such bold and picturesque bluffs are uniformly composed of the St. Lawrence limestone, at least in their upper portions, but along the deeper valleys occasional precipitous portions of

the underlying sandstone strata are also included. Figure 7 (in Winchell's geology), showing such pinnacled cliffs near Homer, overlooking the Mississippi river, are composed of the upper, brecciated strata of the St. Lawrence limestone. . . . Within the broad valleys are good farming lands. They slope toward the creeks which drain them, but are frequently diversified with terraces of alluvium which maintain a plateau-like outline, gradually descending, for sometimes several successive miles. Toward the upper portion of the valleys these terraces are more broken away and there constitute simply a thickened mantle of surface-loam around the bases of the bluffs. The uplands are undulating. They constitute the greater portion of the area of the county. Their general level is pretty constant when dependent on any one of the formations, being disturbed only by an occasional thickening in the loam under circumstances favorable for its preservation and by a very gentle dip in all the strata towards the southeast. The uplands in the eastern and northern portions of the county are from three hundred to four hundred feet above the adjoining valleys, and near to the Mississippi they are about five hundred feet above the grade of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway." [To be exact, 545 and 582 feet, the highest bluffs].

It is the verdure-clad bluffs, pinnacled or rounded and the emerald-summit ridges, undulating hills, with grassy meadow-brooks, that makes Winona county so desirable for residence, for those who have established residences here seldom leave them, and if they do, almost invariably desire to return. While the bluffs of Wisconsin are perhaps more wind-swept than those on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi, for the wind storms usually divide at Winona, the early annual fires set before the snow has left their summits, has much to do with the keeping down of all arboreal growths. The northern exposures of all bluffs and ridges, are kept moist by later melting snow, and hence, if soil exists, there are larger forest growths on northern exposures. The higher peaks of Minne-

sota bluffs, the course of the river more clearly seen from a wider range of vision afforded than from Wisconsin (excepting the Trempealeau bluffs), gives the dweller on the south side of the river the finest views. I give a reproduction of an article on our beautiful scenery by Dr. Franklin Staples, of Winona, which, though well written, can only suggest the remarkable beauty of our scenery. Dr. Franklin Staples is an appreciative gentleman of high culture, and of refined intuitions, standing at the very head of his profession in some of the specialties of the modern science of medicine, as witnessed by his election to the honorable position of presiding officer of the National Association of Physicians and Surgeons assembled in Philadelphia, in 1876, as well as his many papers on sanitary science and kindred subjects; but the poor man has never seen the Yo-sem-i-te, nor the "Garden of the Gods." The following is the Doctor's article:

This brief writing is of a preliminary survey, merely a looking about to mark the points of observation, where the artist may take the views for illustration in a more complete description to be made hereafter. We have a clean, well made and well kept industrial town of twenty-three thousand. The paper of a neighboring city smiled at the report of our board of health, and said it was an advertisement of Winona as a health resort. The spirit of envy is unworthy in a newspaper. We are making good roads in and around our town, and sprinkle the streets seven days in a week. The shade trees on our streets, in our parks and everywhere make the name "Forest City" appropriate.

A good point for an extensive view is on the middle of the high bridge over the Mississippi. The top of the waterworks stand-pipe would do, were it not for the fact that from here the city must be *looked down upon*, which thing the people of Winona will never submit to.

From the bridge we take the near and distant views of both up and down the river, and in this take time to see. The outlines of the great picture are seen in the lines of high bluffs on either side extending in the distance, with their wooded slopes in various tints of green. Here and there along the line of summits a little of the yellow fields of ripened grain, which extend into the country beyond, may be seen. Away below is Trempealeau mountain, which, as seen from here, seems to stand midway in the river. Among the wooded islands here seen on the Wisconsin side are the channels of the Mississippi, and away to the east lies

Trempealeau prairie. We look along on the river front and try to estimate the amount of lumber in the yards of the four great lumber companies, and take in our view the flouring mills, the elevators, the moving trains of five great railways, which are competing for the city carrying trade, the lumber companies' steamers, which are handling rafts of logs and lumber on the river beneath us, and catch a glimpse of a large passenger packet that is coming to its landing below. Time is called and we pass on to the next point of observation.

In a drive of five miles to Minnesota City one may see the fine vegetable gardens from which come much of the supplies to the city market. Before ascending the hill to the Duncan place, turn to the left through the grove towards the Coleman farm. Along this road coming east to the city the views include much that is beautiful. Directly ahead we have the whole length of Lake Winona; away to the left is the large building of the Young Ladies' Seminary, the Bishop's residence, and beyond the public school buildings of the west end. In the nearer foreground are the many fine new residences of "Park Addition." In this west end and along the shore of the lake, much that is new and of good class appears; this is seen especially in Johnston's Lake Side Addition. As from here we look over the city eastward attention is attracted by the many church spires and towers that in the distance rise above the foliage of Winona's forest of shade trees. These are all the way from the towers of the spacious building of the State Normal School to the dome of the great Polish church at the eastern end.

Now drive with me up the road east of the cemetery nearly to the summit; turn and look down the deep ravine over the lake, over the city, with its long lines of broad streets and avenues, clean cut among the trees, across the river to the Wisconsin highlands, and beyond in the far distance over the yellow fields of grain as they appear now in the harvest time—look and tell me in what country of mountains, rivers and lakes there may be found scenes more beautiful and grand. If our traveler and historian, Dr. Bunnell, has seen as good in the Yosemite or elsewhere among the Sierras or the Rockies, it is in order for him now to speak.

One other drive.—On the river road to Homer, on the hill at Oneota, above the old square station house of the once overland transportation company, built there before Winona had an existence, we have a good point of view. From here look to the northeast over the green islands, the bays and river channels, to the broad fields on Trempealeau prairie. Now look up the river towards Winona; count the chimneys of the city's manufacturing industries between Sugar Loaf bluff on the south and the high bridge on the north; the white smoke of a Northwestern train is five miles away at Marshland going east; a Burlington train is getting

into town over its own iron bridge; a long Milwaukee train is passing down the river just below us; a Green Bay train will take the track of the Burlington to its junction on the other side, and the Winona & Western is getting to the country around the lake by the way of the east end soap factory.

And now, with the scenes and the thoughts of the day in mind, drive home, improved by what you have seen and learned of the beauties of nature and art in and about a Minnesota town on the upper Mississippi.

FRANKLIN STAPLES.

I am not quite sure as to what is meant by "Oneota, above the old square station house," etc., but presume that Minnewah is referred to. Dr. Staples thinks that from the top of the stand-pipe "an extensive view" might be obtained of Winona, but as there might be danger of offense to some super-sensitive citizen, I would suggest that in his next ramble in search of the grand and picturesque, he drive down to Homer, take the Kimble road, and by a light grade reach the Minnewah Bluff, 600 feet high, back of and above the point he describes, and if it is cloudlessly clear, and he has a good glass, he will go into raptures, nor call for Yosemite or other grand scenery to aid his descriptive powers. From that projecting point, a favorite resort of the war chiefs of the Wapasha Sioux, who made it a point of honor to kill the eagles with which they adorned their scalps, may be seen the north-in-closing bluffs of Lake Pepin, a part of the expanse of its sun-lit water, the Alma, or twelve mile bluff, and all intervening bluffs, valleys and ravines, beside the meandering course of the grand Mississippi, where it shows itself among wooded islands or in divided channels. Finally, the eye in returning, will, in spite of protest, "*look down*" upon Winona, and its gem of a lake, and the brain the eye instructs, will wonder why the citizens do not appreciate the opportunities they have at comparatively light expense, to make their city the most beautiful and salubrious in the Mississippi Valley.

The view of Winona, is a "Bird's eye view," and is the finest that it is possible to imagine. I have sat for an hour or more at a time contemplating Winona's advantages, and

wondering, since the Sugar Loaf has been defaced, why the ground upon which it stands was not purchased by the city and used in filling up the swamp in front of it, and making a grand boulevard around the lake. The idea of making a monument out of the remnant of Old Wapasha's cap, is repulsive to me because of old associations, but there are thousands of dollars of value in the earth that might be excavated and used for the purpose of permanent improvements for the city, that can never be obtained anywhere else so cheaply, and it is so accessible that the cost of excavation and transportation by a "gravity" road, would be very light. I am aware that it is a favorite hobby with some, to convert the columnar mass of rock remaining into a monument; but to me, it appears that a practical use of the material of the bluff would be better. I have seen low ground that has been filled at great expense, notably Buffalo flats, at the city of Buffalo, N. Y.; low ground lying between Old Boston and Roxbury, Mass.; Mission Bay at San Francisco, and extension of city plat into San Francisco Bay from Montgomery street, by means of "gravity" cars and steam shovels, but none of the places named had as good material for filling as the "Sugar Loaf" land would afford.

But to resume looking north and east from Minneowah bluff, some milder scenes are presented, for the landscape is not so rugged. Opposite Winona, the southern slopes of the bluffs are for the most part cultivated, and where not, the annual spring fires which the occupants of the land set, keep down the undergrowths, so that strips of grazing lands on the bluffs bordered by wooded ravines and clumps of trees, produce a very pleasing effect. Opposite or a little below, and in full view, is the mouth of the beautiful Trempealeau valley. At Marshland, and vicinity, are fields of grain advancing rapidly in growth, giving promise of a bountiful harvest, while still further up the valley, on the Trempealeau itself, and on the slopes of Pine creek, the varied shades of yellow, green and greenish blue, surrounded by dark forests

and prairie openings, tell of the different kinds of grain that soon will be harvested. A little east of the Trempealeau river is the beautiful, though sandy, Trempealeau prairie. Not all sand however, for on the larger part of it are some as good and rich farms in as high a state of cultivation as can be found in Wisconsin. From the Lamberton farm on Tamarack creek to Galesville, are a succession of good farms that attract notice and subdue the wilderness of the bluff lands of big and little Tamarack, the Decorah peaks that wall Decorah's prairie, and the conical hills of the Black river valley. Still further east, the E-nook-wah-ze-rah, or Woman's Breasts, may be discerned, somewhat obstructed by the Mount Trempealeau range, when viewed from below, but on top of the Minneowah bluff, the vision passes mostly over the tops of the Trempealeau range, or to the right and left of it, and a clear view is obtained of the bluffs of the La Crosse valley and the bluffs back of La Crosse. Were it not for the bluff below Homer, jutting out into the line of vision, the bluffs below La Crosse could be seen also, but as it is, the views up from and below the "Minneowah bluff," are the most far-reaching of any on the Mississippi. From the bluff back of Dresbach a fine view is obtained looking down the Mississippi, over the spurs of Pine creek and past Root river and the upward view of the Trempealeau range of bluffs and of the valley of the Black river, is also very fine, but all things considered, the views of, and from the summits of the Trempealeau bluffs and mountain are not to be surpassed by any views on the Hudson, Potomac, or other American waters. Nothing is lacking in the landscapes of other places, Lake Pepin, St. Paul, or Winona, but the central position of the Trempealeau bluffs, makes it possible for such panoramic views to be seen there as can be found no where else.

Prof. Lyman C. Draper, of Madison, Wisconsin, in reference to Mount Trempealeau, says: "It is a singular mountain, cut off by some powerful convulsion of nature, from the range of bluffs to which it belongs. It stands conspicuously

solitary and alone in the Mississippi river [valley] near the eastern shore; rising sheer out of the water, and is covered with timber. It rises to an altitude of five hundred and sixty feet [516 feet] and is about a mile in circumference. 'Nothing,' says Bryant, 'can be conceived more beautiful than the approach to this most romantic and picturesque spot.' Bryant, in his *Picturesque America*, compares these romantic bluffs to those of nearly twice their altitude, immortalized by Lord Byron:

"The castled crag of Drachen fels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

"Though the Trempealeau bluffs have no ruined castle, like the Drachen fels, to attract the attention of visitors, they have what appeals to the veneration of the thoughtful and the curious—remains of the mound builders stretching their summit, platforms or look-outs for the hunters of former ages.

"Bryant pays this high and deserved compliment to Trempealeau: 'This little place ought to be visited during the summer months, by every painter and poet in America, and should become the headquarters of every one who loves the scenery of his country.'"

Thus much from Prof. Draper, from Bryant and from Judge A. W. Newman, whose capacious brain and good taste will not be questioned by anyone who has the honor of his acquaintance. Judge Newman, like Mr. Seymour, who excavated from a mound on top of the range a skull and piece of pottery, now at Madison, was in the habit of climbing to the highest peak or summit of the bluffs to enjoy the landscape. To Judge Newman in great part is due, in late years, the honor of attracting notice to the remarkably diversified scenery to be seen from the summits of the Trempealeau bluffs. I also have enjoyed the far-reaching views from the summit peaks, and have spent hours in *huge* enjoyment of the beautiful scenery to be seen there. No description can do justice to the diversified and unique character of its ever-changing views, and while I would not discredit any other

locality, I am compelled to say that no one can realize the capabilities of Trempealeau mountain and bluffs until he has climbed their summits and been thrilled by the sense of their beauty. Sometime in the not distant future carriage drives will be built to the summit of the Trempealeau rang of bluffs; summer residences and a hotel will be established there, and no snakes will then be allowed to enter Rev. Van Slyke's Paradise.

But as for the citizens of Winona, they have no need of going to "Rest Island," on Lake Pepin, for *a rest*, or to Trempealeau mountain and lake, to be refreshed by a plunge in the medicinal waters of its springs, for, unless they covet their neighbors' idols, they have everything desirable at home. Lake Pepin is never safe from sudden squalls, and hence small boat navigation will always be attended with danger. Lake Winona, on the contrary, would be perfectly safe for canoe, skiff or yacht, and when properly dredged and deepened, the water would, without doubt, be increased by the numerous springs liberated on its southern shore, and the lake would then remain as clear as crystal and free from vegetation, except in still places, where it might be desirable to let the lotus and pond lilies grow.

Mr. Bellett Lawson, the able landscape gardener, told me that some German gentlemen who had driven across the bridge to the cemetery, had halted midway, and had been almost entranced by the beauty of the view given in looking down over the water of the lake to Mount Trempealeau and other bluffs of the Mississippi. The time will come, said Mr. Lawson, when a grand boulevard drive will be made around that little sheet of water, and when the capabilities of Winona have been improved, her fame will be assured.

CHAPTER XVII.

BOTANICAL.

TREES AND SHRUBS IN NEAR VICINITY OF THE CITY OF WINONA IN
WINONA COUNTY AND BORDERS.

The following is mostly taken from the "History of La Crosse County:"

Quercus alba, L. (White oak) two species, one blueish in color, most valuable timber.

Quercus rubra, L. (Red oak) especialy good for staves, etc.

Quercus coccinea, Wang., var. *tinctoria*, Bart. (Black oak), useful.

Quercus macro carpa, Michx. (Burr oak).

Quercus Bicolor, (Ship oak, over-cup or St. Louis oak) a swamp variety of burr oak.

Quercus Prinus, (Yellow bark or spanish oak), good for fuel and fence posts.

Quercus obtusiloba. (A tough blue oak, upland oak), good for fuel.

Acer rubrum. (Red maple, soft curly maple).

Acer Dasycarpum. (White soft maple, silver leaf).

Acer saccharinum, Wang. (Sugar maple, bird's eye).

Acer saccharinum Wang., var. *nigrum*, Gray. (Black or rock maple).

Acer glabrum, Tarr. A dwarf maple 15 or 20 feet high, found on side of bluffs below Homer, and, as described by Prof. J. S. Whitney, of Harvard: "Whose delicate branches, long peduncled leaves, and clusters of reddish seed make it an object conspicuous for its beauty."

Acer spicatum. A dwarf variety like Oregon maple.

Populus tremuloides, Michx. (Aspen).

Populus grandidentata, Michx. (Great-toothed poplar or aspen).

Populus monilifera, Ait. (Cottonwood, male and female).

Populus balsamifera, L. (Balm of Gilead), from cultivation.

Populus dilatata, Ait. (Lombardy poplar), in cultivation.

Ulmus Americana, L. (American elm, water elm, white elm).

Ulmus fulva, Michx. (Slippery elm, red elm).

Ulmus racimosa, Thomas. (Corky elm, a variety of American).

Ulmus ——. (Rock elm).

Tilia Americana, L. (Basswood, American linden).

Carya amara, Nutt. (Bitternut hickory).

Carya Incate, Nutt. (Shag-bark hickory).

Carya alba. (A smooth bark, sweet nutted hickory). They grow in contrast, side by side, at Homer.

Juglans nigra, L. (Black walnut).

Juglans cineria, L. (Butternut or white walnut).

Fraxinus Americana, L. (White ash), not so good as eastern.

Fraxinus sambucifolia, Lam. (Black ash), hoop ash.

Fraxinus Acuminati. (Blue ash), river ash.

Betula lutea, Michx. (Gray birch), its sap used for water by Indians.

Betula nigra, L. (Black or sweet birch), rare, but to be found near Homer.

Betula rubra. (River bottom birch), two varieties.

Betula papyracia, Ait. (Paper or canoe birch), abundant.

- Celtis accidentalis*, L. (Hackberry).
Gymnocladus Canadensis, Lam. (Kentucky coffee tree),
Larix Americana, Michx. (Tamarack), on Homer bluffs.
Negundo aceroides, Moench. (Box elder), common.
Sambucus Canadensis, L. (Common elder, berries black).
Sambucus — (Red berry elder).
Prunus Americana, Marsh. (Wild plum), many varieties.
Prunus Pennsylvanica, L. (Wild red cherry, cerasus.)
Prunus Virginiana, L. (Choke cherry). Bird cherry,
Prunus pumila. (Sand cherry), on Homer road.
Prunus serotina, Ehr. (Black cherry), near LaMoille.
Pirus caronavia, L. (American crab apple).
Crataegus coccinea, L. (Thorn apple).
Crataegus tomentosa, L. (Black thorn).
Pinus Strobus, L. (White pine), on Mt. Trempealeau, near
Winona, and other places on the river.
Ostrya Virginica, Wild. (Ironwood).
Salix—*Sp?* (Various species, one a weeping willow).
Cornus Florida. (Dogwod), is known to one locality only,
near Chatfield.
Cornus circinata, L'Her. (Round leaved cornel).
Cornus sericea, L. (Silky cornel) Kinikinick.
Cornus paniculata, L'Her. (Panicked cornel).
Cornus alternifolia, L. (Alternate-leaved cornel).
Alnus viride. (Tag alder, or beaver-wood of Dahcota's).
Alnus incana, Wild. (Speckled alder).
Rhus glabra, L. (Smooth sumac).
Rhus typhina, L. (Stag-horn sumac).
Rhus copallina, L. (Dwarf sumac).
Castanea vesca, L. (Chestnut), cultivated for a time by Sam
Alling, in Homer.
Robinia Pseudacacia, L. (Black locust), spread from cultivation.
Gleditchia monosperma, Walt, (Water locust, honey locust), grown in Winona by Dan Evans.
Staphylea trifolia, L. (Bladder-nut), on Homer road.

- Rhus Toxicodendron*, S. (Poison ivy).
Rhus venenata, D. C. (Poison sumac).
Abies balsamea, Marshall. (Balsam fir), cultivated.
Juniperus Sabina, L. var. *procumbens*, Persh. (Trailing cedar).
Juniperus Virginiana, L. (Red cedar).
Cupressus. (White cedar), near LaMoille.
Carpinus Americana, Michx. (Water beach).
Xanthoxylum Americanum, Mill. (Prickly ash).
Amelanchier Canadensis, Tow. and Gray. (June berry).
Viburnum Lentago, L. (Sheep berry), black hawberry.
Viburnum Opulus, L. (Highland cranberry or Pembina).
Dirca palustris, L. (Leatherwood or mousewood).
Dierilla trifida, Moench. (Bush honeysuckle), rare.
Hamamelis. (Witch hazel), rare.
Corylus Americana, Walt. (Hazel nut), common.
Gantharia procubens, L. (Wintergreen), rare, but found at Mound Prairie.
Rosa blanda, Ait. (Early wild rose, white and pink).
Rosa Carolina, L. (Swamp rose), bush high.
Rubus Strigosus, Michx. (Red raspberry).
Rubus villosus, Ait. (High blackberry).
Rubus —? (Low trailing blackberry—dew berry).
Apocynum androsomifolium, L. (Dog bane).
Spiraea opulifolia, L. (Nine barks).
Amorpha canescens, Nutt. (Lead plant).
Lanigera parviflora, Lam. (Small honeysuckle).
Vitis Cardifolia, Mich. (Grape, August and frost), several varieties.
Ampelopsis quinquefolia, Mich. (Virginia creeper).
Celastrus scandens, L. (Climbing bittersweet).
Clematis Virginiana, L. (Common Virginia bower).
Ceanothus Americanus, L. (Red root, Jersey tea).
Menispermum Canadense, L. (Moon seed).
Smilax. (Green brier), common in rich, sandy soil.
Ptelea trifoliata. (Hop tree).

Ribes Cynosbati, L. (Gooseberry, small).

Ribes rotundifolium, Mich. (Gooseberry).

Ribes Floridum, L. (Wild black currant).

Symphoricarpus Occidentalis, R. Br. (Wolfberry).

Vaccinium. (Whortleberry), to be found on the sides of the bluffs and at the mouth of Decker valley.

Apple trees of many varieties grow well and yield a good quality of apples, especially the early kinds; cherries also do well for a few years, and pears, well protected, have borne for a time, but the trees soon die; peach trees even have been made to bear, but not profitably; also Japanese apricots. Berries of most kinds yield well by cultivation and protection in winter. The Russian mulberry grows well, but the fruit is insipid.

The annual and perennial plants of the region would occupy too much space for a book of this kind, and therefore their description and location must be sought for in the standard works on botany. It may be well though to mention the fact that a few plants have been welcomed to the soil of Minnesota, from seeds probably dropped from material used in packing boxes, opened by the early settlers; and in some cases from roots or seed imported from the eastern states. Among the plants remembered are lobelia and *actea racemosa*, or black-snake root, brought from Ohio, by Dr. J. Q. A. Vale, of Homer. At Dresbach and other places near, *datura stramonium* appears as a weed. George Kimball, of Homer, has elecampane or *inula* that was brought from the east; and Mr. Samuel Alling had a chestnut tree that grew quite thriftily for a time, but was finally killed by extreme cold. Ginseng was quite plentiful in olden times, but is not now. Ginseng has been sown and has been transplanted, but it did not grow, and it is believed that only in its indigenous condition will it thrive. Some years ago, the writer made a collection of native woods of seventy three varieties as a free gift to the High School of Winona, then under the management of

Professor Wm. F. Phelps. The specimens were all collected within the shadows of the Mississippi bluffs, and knowledge then acquired of the various *habitats* of some of the plants, in secluded places, has been used in this compilation from all sources, of trees and shrubs growing in easy reach of Winona. The purpose in presenting even this much of botany, is to show that considerable many species of plants exist in the wood for the inspection of students attending the Winona schools. The writer was never especially devoted to botany, but habits of observation have enabled him to distinguish varieties in species not perceptible to careless observers, and Mr. Bridges, of the "London Botanical Society," whose name has been attached to several plants growing in the Sierra Nevada of California, gave him thankful credit for his aid in bringing to notice new species from the Sierras of California.

FAUNA OF ADJACENT TERRITORY TO WINONA.

THE FISH OF THE MISSISSIPPI WATERS.

Partly taken from an article on fish, in "History of La Crosse County, Wisconsin," by P. R. Hoy, M. D., as far as applicable to the fish of the Mississippi.

The Doctor says: "Our bony fish, having spine rays and covered with comb-like scales, belong to the perch family—a very valuable family; all take the hook, are gamey and spawn in the summer.

"The yellow perch and at least four species of black or striped bass have a wide range, being found in all of the rivers and lakes in the state. There is a large species of fish known as wall-eyed pike (*leucoperca Americana*) belonging to this family, which is found sparingly in most of the rivers and lakes.

"The pike is an active and most rapacious animal, devouring fish of considerable size. The flesh is firm and of good flavor. [The sand-pike is more rare and of excellent quality.]

"The six-spined bass (*pomoxys hexacanthus*, Agas.) is one of the most desirable spine rayed fish found in the state. The flesh is fine flavored, and as the fish is hardy and takes the hook with avidity, it should be protected during the spawning season and artificially propagated. . . . Prof. J. P. Kirtland, the veteran ichthologist of Ohio, says that this so-called 'grass bass' is the fish for the million. White bass (*roccus chrysops*) is a species rather rare even in the larger bodies of water. [Usually found in the channel of the Mississippi.] There is another branch of this family, the sun fish, (*pomotis*), which numbers at least six species found in Wisconsin. They are beautiful fish, and afford abundant sport for the boys. [And I might say, girls also.] The croppie is closely allied to the rock bass or striped bass.

"The carp family (*cyprinidae*) are soft-finned fish without maxillary teeth. They include by far the greater number of fresh-water fish. Some specimens are not more than one inch, while others are nearly two feet in length. Our chubs, silver-sides and suckers are the principal members of this family. Dace are good pan-fish, yet their small size is objectionable; they are the children's game-fish. . . . There are six or seven species of suckers found in our lakes and rivers. The redhorse, found everywhere, and at least one species of the buffalo, inhabiting the Mississippi and its tributaries, are best of the genus *catastomas*. . . . The carp has been successfully introduced into the Hudson river."

And I will add that the German carp are now caught in the still waters of some of the sloughs or highwater channels of the Mississippi. The speckled trout (*salmo fontinalis*) are found in all of our spring creeks and their small branches, where they have not been swept out by recent cyclonic floods that have also covered their spawn. The "rainbow trout," and perhaps the "Dolly Varden," have been planted in the mill pond at Picwick, and are now frequently caught. Other streams have also been supplied with fish, and under the

regulations of law, which is being now enforced, we may reasonably hope for a renewal of plenty of trout in all streams of pure water.

In some of the tributary lakes of the upper waters of the Mississippi, there are small fish resembling the whitefish of the Great Lakes, of the genus *coregonus*, or lake shad, as known to some, but instead of the square under jaw of the real whitefish, the small whitefish of the Mille-lac, and other localities, have a long under jaw and pointed nose.

Of the pickerel family, Dr. Hoy says: "We have three or four closely allied species of the genus *esox*, armed with prodigious jaws filled with cruel teeth. They lie motionless ready to dart, swift as an arrow, upon their prey. They are the sharks of the fresh water. The pickerel are so rapacious that they spare not their own species. . . ." There are two varieties of the species that I am able to distinguish in the waters of the Mississippi, that answer to the description given above, and they may be found in shallow waters; but, if the muskallonge is of the same *genus*, it is certainly a very distinct *species*, for it is never found in shallow water that becomes warm in summer, the favorite resort of the common pickerel; but the muskallonge, if taken in the Mississippi river, will be caught in the deep swift water of the channel. In northern Wisconsin and northwestern Michigan the muskallonge is quite common in the clear, cold lakes, but here it is rarely caught.

Webster defines the muskallonge as "an overgrown pickerel." This is a great error. A muskallonge may be large or small, but it will always have the marks of a muskallonge on it instead of those of a pickerel, and if any part of it is eaten by any one of *taste*, he can never again be mistaken, nor will he set it aside for any other fish, unless it be for a brook, rainbow, or a Dolly Varden trout. The muskallonge has a short, square head and nose, a projecting under jaw, and large, full body. The spots run in lines *obliquely* along the body, while those of pickerel run in *parallel* lines. The

nose of a pickerel is long and considerably pointed, and his body, as compared with a muskallonge, is quite slender. But the greatest distinction is in the flavor of the two fish. A pickerel is not even "moderately good," after eating a piece of muskallonge.

"The cat-fish *siluridae* have soft fins, protected by sharp spines, and curious, fleshy barbels floating from their lips, without scales, covered only with a slimy coats of mucus. The genus *Pimlodus* are scavengers among fish, as vultures among birds. They are filthy in habit and food. There is one interesting trait of the catfish—the vigilant and watchful motherly care of the young by the male. He defends them with great spirit, and herds them together when they straggle. Even the mother is driven far off; for he knows full well that she would not scruple to make a full meal off her little black tadpole-like progeny. There are four species known to inhabit this State—one peculiar to the Great Lakes, and two found in the numerous affluents of the Mississippi. One of these, the great yellow catfish, sometimes weighs over one hundred pounds. When in good condition, stuffed and well baked, they are a fair table fish. The small bullhead, is universally distributed." There are really three distinct cat-fish common to the waters of the Mississippi. The large, black, big-headed cat-fish, that with age becomes a dirty yellow color; the slim, yellow channel cat, and the blue channel cat-fish. The blue cat-fish of the Mississippi, resembles those of the Great Lakes. As said, the small bullhead are plentifully distributed, and where the feed is good, they are quite palatable.

I know of but two species of the genus *acipenser* in the waters of the Mississippi, the rock sturgeon and the shovel-nose. Both fish are eaten by some, but the rock sturgeon are generally preferred. Neither species are, however, equal to those of the Hudson river, known in olden times as "Albany beef," or those of the Great Lakes. The sturgeon of the Columbia river seem to be another species, with much coarser

meat. It has been dried and imposed upon some grocers as dried halibut, but the imposition was soon detected. The roe of the sturgeon is manufactured into *caviare*, and it becomes, in the process, almost as fragrant as Limburger cheese.

"The gar-pike (*lepidosteus*) are represented by at least three species of this singular fish. They have long, serpentine bodies, with jaws prolonged into a regular bill, which is well provided with teeth. The scales are composed of bone covered on the outside with enamel, like teeth. The alligator gar, confined to the depths of the Mississippi, is a large fish, and the more common species (*lepidosteus bison*) attains to a considerable size. The *lepidosteus*, now only found in North America, once had representatives all over the globe. Fossils of the same family of which the gar-pike is the type, have been found all over Europe, in the oldest fossiliferous beds, in the strata of the age of coal, in the new red sandstone, in oolitic deposits, and in the chalk and tertiary formations—being one of the many living evidences that North America was the first country above the water. For all practical purposes, we should not regret to have the gar-pike (when taking off our bait) follow in the footsteps of their aged and illustrious predecessors. They could well be spared."

We have another worthless fish, the dog-fish, not eaten by white people, though the Indians eat it and call it a good fish.

There is also a large sucker, utterly worthless, known to fishermen as "the lawyer."

The ling is a most excellent fish, caught for the most part in late autumn and early spring, but as it squirms a good deal like an eel, many are prejudiced against eating it.

There are a few fine, large, western eels in the Mississippi, and when caught, are highly prized by some, but the majority of people not accustomed to eating them, are prejudiced against them as food. There are also newts, or water-lizzards, and some small lamphrey eels in the Wisconsin and Chippewa rivers, and probably in the other tributaries of the Mississippi, but I have only seen them in the rivers named.

The skip-jack, a kind of herring, has much to hear from fishermen not at all complementary to that fish.

TURTLES.

The common snapping-turtles are quite abundant, as well as the common land or wood turtle and the painted or high-colored turtles so much prized by the Indian for food. There is also the soft-shelled turtle, a most excellent edible turtle. The eggs, which are round, with hard shells, while the hard-shelled varieties have oval-shaped eggs, and soft, leathery shells, are all good, if beaten into an omelet with crackers or bread-crumbs, with an onion or two to flavor, and then fried. The turtle eggs are easily found in June on the highest sand bars, where they are deposited in the sand. The mode of finding the eggs is to follow the tracks of the turtle until a slightly different appearance in the track appears, and then, with a small, pointed stick about the size of a ram-rod, push into the disturbed but level place, and if the eggs are in the sand, the contact with the stick will be felt and the eggs can be easily taken out.

Snails and cray-fish are common, and are eaten by some. Muscles are in great variety, but the pearl muscles only are valuable.

SNAKES.

Hissing adders or blow-snakes are not very common, except on rocky ground, nor are they looked upon as very poisonous by the Indians, unless the vapor of their breath is inhaled. The long, yellow blow-snake of the piney woods, another species of adder, are said to be poisonous by all Indians, but it may be that only their breath is poisonous, like that of the black, flat-headed adder. I never knew of either species poisoning any one by their bite.

Water snakes are quite common, and live mostly on minnows, which they are able to catch with ease. There are three species of water snakes common to the upper Missis-

ssippi, but no water moccasin snakes like those of the lower river, as far as I know. There is a loathesome, slimy, spotted, bad smelling snake, to be seen on logs on sunny days, that has a most wicked eye, but they are said to be non-venomous. There is another water snake, with a red-spotted belly, and one that resembles a massasauga without rattles.

The prairie bull-snakes, milk-snakes, blue racers, green snakes, common garter-snakes, and all snakes of that class, are not to be feared. But the rattlesnakes (*crotalus horridus*) are still so numerous that it would be well if some public measure were inaugurated to destroy them. The swamp rattlesnake, or massasauga, is quite local in his *habitat*, occupying swampy creek meadows, but not those of the Mississippi bottoms, unless they are above the rise of flood-time. The massasauga is a very spiteful snake and will bite at every opportunity, but, being small, rarely reaching two feet in length, the quantity of venom he carries, and the height at which he can strike, does not allow of his being held in such perfect horror as the large, yellow rattlesnake of the Mississippi bluffs. For time beyond knowledge, the Dakotahs and Winnebagoes have held the yellow rattlesnakes as sacred—fearing them, but never killing them, except in rare instances, where a skin was required for use in a sacred dance or religious ceremony. The consequence was, that in some places, yellow rattlesnakes became so numerous as to make it dangerous for anyone to visit the localities of their dens, and, as these places became known to the Indians, they were pronounced sacred and avoided. The Trempealeau mountain and high bluffs of that range were terrifyingly alive with them at one time, but James Reed, of Trempealeau, profiting by what I told him of “Old Daniel” and “Labby” Campau, of Detroit, Michigan. clearing “Hog Island,” now “Belle Isle,” in the Detroit river, of rattlesnakes, by turning hogs among them; he brought up some hogs from Prairie du Chien, which he turned loose, and the snakes were greatly reduced in number by the hogs. Reed averred that the bacon made from the

hogs was better and sweeter than any corn-fed bacon, or even "nut bacon," of Kentucky, his native state. Remembering the experience of James Reed, my brother Willard turned loose some "razor-backed" hogs in the white oak, hickory and black walnut groves once so conspicuous on the site of the village of Homer, and soon after, the rattlesnakes from a noted den on the hillside above began to disappear. Before that work was complete, however, I have been informed by Mr. R. F. Norton, a present grocer of Homer, that nearly one hundred were killed one spring by himself and Charles and Al. Rogers near the rocks of the den, where they had assembled during the warm sunshine of spring to deposit their eggs, which are linked together like the eggs of the horned toad or lizzard.

But to Mr. Wm. F. Martin is primarily due, the honor of destroying the greatest number of yellow rattlesnakes at one time, of any person in the state. The destruction of the snakes was well known at the time, but when the story was told outside of our own neighborhood, it was not believed, and it was then thought best, for commercial reasons, to let the matter drop, and let every one *kill his own snakes*. I had forgotten the exact number, and desiring to mention the "great snake battle of 1867," to challenge the admiration of snake hunters, I asked for a repetition of the story, but not until I had proved to Mr. Martin that I had remembered the greater part of it, would he give the details. Said he, "Although my Winona friends are too well bred to question any statement I may seriously make, their looks have spoken louder than words." To relieve Mr. Martin's anxiety for his reputation when this account of snakes should appear, I told him of some of my experiences among common rattlers, gila monsters, (the dreaded lizzard) tarantulas, centipedes, scorpious, and worst of all, the "velvet black mouth" and "horned rattlesnake" of the Mohave desert and Death valley, and I then saw that I had excited his state pride, for he said: "Your Colorado snakes can't compete with mine, in numbers

at least, for twelve years after my first battle, I went back with Dr. Miller, and looking into the den, I saw that a few had returned or there had been a natural increase, and I extracted and killed on that occasion as rapidly as possible, before they retreated farther in, seventeen as beautiful golden colored snakes as I ever saw, and I am sure there are some there yet. Mr. Martin's story in brief is, that he was fishing on Cedar creek, in about the latter part of April, 1867, when he first found the den, and having taken off his boots while fishing, the better to wade the creek, he was barefooted when he came upon the snakes. He was trying to overtake the Thomas boys, sons of Loring Thomas, who were herding a small flock of sheep on the bluff land above, but when he ran across the rattlers at the mouth of the den, he wished for his boots. The Thomas boys had got out of hearing, so Mr. Martin went a little above the den, which was under a shelving rock, and endeavored to cast a large stone down upon the woven mass of squirming snakes; but the rocks or big stones cast down fell short and, bounding over the mass of snakes, only caused them to retreat further under the ledge. Seeing himself about to be thwarted, he restrained his fear, and, with a long, slender birch pole, killed seven. The snakes then retreated out of reach. Linn Martin, a younger brother, was below the den on the creek, still fishing, and, hurrying down the hill, William put on his boots, told his brother what he had found and, going back, the Martin brothers pulled from under the sandy ledge twenty-eight more snakes with a limb hook left on a pole.

This occurred on a Friday, and the next day was spent in making preparations for an onslaught on Sunday that was supposed would exterminate them. The Martin boys came down from their father's farm to his store in Homer, and got a crow bar and some large cat-fish hooks. After filing off the barbs they fastened three of the hooks to a pole to be used in pulling out from the crevice all snakes within reach. By appointment the Martin boys were met near the den by Alf.

and George Thomas, of Witoka, John LeMay, now of Homer township, and Charles Tuel. and by the united work of all, were soon brought to light three hundred and ninety-seven rattlesnakes, of all sizes and ages, from the young snake with but a button, to the fatherly patriarch of many winters' sleep. Several clusters of eggs were also found in the sand beneath disintegrated rocks or surface stones, and while they were yet at work, falcons, that seemed to know the place well, would swoop down and bear off some of the writhing snakes killed a few yards from the den. It transpired that the Thomas boys had killed eleven snakes outside the den, so that in taking stock of their gains from the great battle, taking no account of those stolen by the falcons, or swift hawks of the Mississippi bluffs, they found they had on hand four hundred and forty-three dead snakes. Adding the seventeen killed by Wm. F. Martin when visiting the den with Dr. Miller, there would be four hundred and sixty snakes taken from that one den, that the parties who killed them, and who are living, will vouch for upon several Bibles. How many snakes have been killed by the proprietor of the land on which the den is situated no one can tell, but in the long years of his residence there they must be very many, as the snakes are compelled by their feverish state in August, at the time of shedding their skins, to seek water, which they would first find at the springs on Cedar creek. I have now the permission of the owner of the land to mention his name—it is John Hanson, of Cedar creek.

There are several similar dens, known to some, one large one on the Whitewater. In olden times, John Burns, for whom Burns creek and valley are named, had a Missouri striped-shoulder hog that was the pride of the family. Lieutenant Governor Timothy Burns and his brother Peter L. Burns would hunt snakes with the hog as they might have hunted quail or prairie chickens with a dog. Peter Burns to this day, seriously declares that the hog would scent a rattlesnake as quickly as a pointer dog would scent a bird, and

that when bitten, a thing that had several times occurred, the hunt ended for that time, for the hog would strait away go to a favorite mud hole in the creek and there remain until recovered from the bite. Upon one occasion, Burns says, they had wintered the hog over on rather a short allowance, for corn was scarce and high, and the hog had become so poor that she was called a "June shad," dropping the word June, her name was simplified to "Shad," and as the spring advanced, "Tim" and Peter thought to give "Shad" a feast, so starting out on a sunshiny day in spring they soon approached a well known den in the Wisconsin valley bluffs. They found so many snakes out that they were inclined to turn back, but "Shad" had no fear and squealing her delight at the prospect of an extra supply of food, she rushed in among the snakes; but after killing several, the young Burns brothers noticed that the hog did not eat any of her victims, but soon started on a staggering run for her mud hole. The hog went but a little way, before she tumbled over on her side, and the boys then carried her and put her in the creek. Burns says that it was two days before the hog fully recovered, and she returned again and again to the water and mud. But on finally recovering, she seemed to have lost her taste for rattlesnakes. The most surprising thing to Burns was that none of her progeny would touch a snake, though they had a breed of "razorback" hogs with round wattles on the underside of neck, that were very destructive to rattlesnakes. It would seem that the lack of fat on "Shad," had enabled the venom to circulate with the blood much more rapidly than it ever had before.

Several able naturalists have doubted the venomous nature of the secretion in the grooves of the gila monster's mouth, but experiments by Prof. Vandenberg, of the Academy of Sciences at San Francisco, have proved beyond a doubt that when the poison is *absorbed* by wounded parts bitten, then it is very venomous. Two out of every three pigeons, bitten by the horrid lizzard, died when the feathers had been removed

for the bite, but the poison, being limited in quantity, is soon exhausted by repeated bites, and is absorbed by feathers or other obstructions. The poison injected into the wound of a rattlesnake's bite, through the hollow fangs, is made absolutely certain in its effects, for there is no loss, but in the case of the gila monster, which is only able to cling like a bull-dog to his victim, any little obstruction, such as clothing, feathers, fur, etc., may prevent absorption of the venom.

The water moccasin snake and copper-heads are very poisonous, but the deep injection of the rattlesnake's venom makes it the most dangerous snake or reptile in North America. A snake of the copper-head family in South America, is said to be still more venomous.

I find in conversations with "old timers" that many dens are known to exist, but a few gallons of coal oil judiciously poured or sprayed into the rattlesnake's den and then ignited would destroy the *sacredness* of those localities; and if search were made, and some little labor done, other resorts of rattlers could be found and soon there need be but few rattlesnakes left in the bluffs of the Mississippi valley.

The blue racer makes his den in the ground, and will disappear in a moment through a hole not much larger than his body, but he is harmless except to birds and young chickens. The same may be said of garter and bull snakes, though the latter are very long and powerful constrictors. The adder though sometimes found in trees, generally dens up, like the rattlesnake, in the rocky grounds of the bluffs, under ledges resting on sandy strata, or under detached rocks of considerable size. As the adder has a very *foul* breath and a close resemblance to a small rattlesnake, that is shocking to one's sensibilities, he should share the fate of his horrible neighbor.

It has been noticeable of late, especially during the summer of 1896, that rattlesnakes have been increasing in numbers. There have been several persons bitten, some of whom have died. If a tithe of the care to destroy gophers and

wolves were given to destroying rattlesnakes, much suffering might be avoided and some lives would be saved.

The increase of snakes may be accounted for by the fact that hogs are no longer allowed to run at large, nor are there deer left to kill them, which they do when an opportunity occurs, by pouncing down upon them with all four feet concentrated, after a high leap above their victim. The snake is sure to be chopped in pieces by the deer's sharp hoofs. The eagles and hawks are also the enemies of snakes, but they, like the deer, have for the most part either been driven far off into other localities, or have been exterminated. The useful toads, frogs, lizzards and other fly-catchers, I leave to make their own acquaintance with my readers, only hoping that no one will be afraid of or kill them, as all of the family in this climate are not only harmless but useful.

THE LARGE ANIMALS THAT ONCE WERE NUMEROUS ON THE WATERS OF
THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

In October, 1679, Father Hennepin, with La Salle, while coasting along the western shore of Lake Michigan, was offered by Indians the Calumet of peace and some "*wild goats*," as he called them in his narrative. The "*wild goats*" were antelope, which were then common on the prairies of Wisconsin, and were still quite often killed by the Sioux of the Wapasha band a few miles west of Winona, until driven out farther by the approach of white men in the fifties. Buffalo were very numerous in early days, ranging from the prairies of Illinois over those of Wisconsin, across the river of that name, and up the east side of the Mississippi as far as the prairie lands extended. The last seen by white men east of the river was a small band on Trempealeau prairie, sighted from the deck of a steamer going to Fort Snelling, in 1832. Mr. James Reed was a soldier at Prairie du Chein, at that date, and remembered the incident well. Eight years after, he settled on the same prairie, and he told the writer

that the trails of the buffalo, leading to water, were still quite visible at the date of his arrival. Two years after Reed's settlement, namely, in June 1842, and only ten years after the disappearance of the buffalo east of the Mississippi, the writer was able to trace their trails along the Buffalo channel of the Chippewa river, where countless herds had roamed. Elk were also abundant there, in the Mississippi bottoms, on the prairie, and in the oak thickets below and east of Eau Clair, extending their range over the headwaters of all the streams south of the pine-belt as far as Black river. The writer saw a band of sixty elk, in 1845, on a prairie about eight miles below Eau Clair, two of which were killed by William Richmond and himself. The one shot by the writer was not killed by the first bullet, and while manœuvering for another chance to fire, he found the den of a large black bear, which, after finishing the elk, he killed also. Bears at that date were quite numerous, and when there was a scarcity of natural food, they would travel a long way to some locality for more. If a bee-tree, or pig was found while roaming, it would have been difficult to say which the bear preferred, honey or pork. My brother Willard killed three *traveling* bears in one day on the Trempealeau river, a little way above the modern village of Dodge. The only pigs ever lost, were those of Mr. Reed and one belonging to my brother, and I always believed it to have been an accommodating pleasantry on their part, to believe that bears instead of Indians had stolen them. Wolves were also quite numerous in days when big game was plentiful, and there were varieties of two species of wolves, more or less common. There was a very dark, (almost black), timber wolf, occasionally killed; the skin of which was more valuable than that of the large grey wolf, common to the Mississippi then, but now retired for the most part, with the deer to the pine regions. There was also a smaller wolf of tough hide and coarse fur, like the coyote of the southwest, and there was what is usually termed a prairie wolf, not much larger than the common grey fox,

with fur almost as fine. Of the foxes then common, there may be mentioned the red fox, common grey, and the cross-fox, a descendant of the black or silver grey fox, and Virginia red fox. The silver grey fox is very seldom killed, for they are about as rare as the white deer, the only two of which I have ever known to have been killed here, were found on the Chippewa river. Philo Stone, of Wabasha was one of the lucky hunters, and a Sioux Indian the other. There has been considerable superstition among hunters about the killing of white deer, probably because of their scarcity here, but on Puget Sound, and farther north, they are frequently encountered, as are also white mountain goats.

White crows, as far as known, have never been seen in the Mississippi region, but the writer saw two near Portsmouth, Ohio, in possession of Mr. Salters.

The red deer, until quite recently, have been found in the broken grounds of the Mississippi, Root river, Whitewater and *Zombara* rivers, of Minnesota, and on the waters of the Trempealeau and other small streams of Wisconsin, adjacent to Winona, but few now remain. The piney woods and swampy grounds of Wisconsin and northern Minnesota furnishing greater security in their coverts. Near Lake Superior and across the Canadian border, there have been many woodland caribou killed in olden times, and a few moose, but like the panther, of the cat family, they flee before the approach of man, and few of either remain. There are some common grey wildcats remaining in the bluffs, and one spotted leopard cat of very large size, like those of Mexico, was caught, in 1896, by Mr. Carlyle, the lighter of the Mississippi channel lights, on an island below Homer. No lynx have been seen for many years, and like the fisher and martin, they are only found now in the wild forests of the north. The wolverene is said to still exist in the neighborhood of Lake Superior, and one panther was killed on the headwaters of the Black river, in 1863, by Mr. Benjamin Bone, of Racine, Wisconsin. As late as 1880, two otters were seen at one of their slides on

the Trempealeau river, and a few beaver may yet be found on streams in view of Winona. I purposely avoid mentioning their *habitat*, as they were favorite pets of mine when tamed, and as they only eat the bark of green wood and wild vegetables, they do no harm and should be allowed to live. Mr. Dousman, of Prairie du Chien, in olden times, had an otter that would catch fish for him at his bidding, and was perfectly tame. My brother Willard had a mink as tame as a cat, but it would allow no one to chide or handle it but himself, except at the cost of a large distribution of its fragrant odor, not so costly as that of the civet cat of Europe and of California, but equally noticeable as that of the animal honored by the great city of Chicago, in appropriating its name.

There are a few black-footed ferrets, ermines and brown weasels left in the country, but they are seldom "caught asleep." The last one seen in the neighborhood was one killed by the writer after the animal had given ample proof of being a blood-sucker and a chicken thief. The last badger seen, was one killed some years ago by Mr. Reed, on Trempealeau prairie, where he had retired in the sand hills in fellowship with prairie wolves, woodchucks, or ground hogs, and skunks. Until driven out by the demand for their fur, as "Fitch fur," there was a happy family of those animals congregated on the farm of Mr. Andrew Hamilton, opposite Homer.

Raccoons have always been rather numerous, and as food of all kinds is now more abundant, they seem to delight in association with advancing civilization. Squirrels come and go. They are a migratory race, and several times within the memory of the writer, there have been such immigrations of them from Wisconsin as to overrun our forests. Upon landing from a long swim across the Mississippi, their wet fur so weighted them down, that, for a time, they were helpless, and could be killed with clubs like seals. There are fox and black squirrels of distinct species, also a cross between the two, but the most common of the larger kinds are the com-

mon grey tree-squirrel, and a grey ground-squirrel, not quite so large but very destructive, and a great pest to farmers. They were at one time quite numerous in Wisconsin, but it is said that they have been now nearly exterminated by poison, as has also the striped and pocket gophers. The red squirrel and chipmunk are, like the poor, always with us, and richly repay us for the little food they eat, by giving life, in their gambols, to their sylvan retreats. They add a pleasing charm to the landscape.

Rabbits are also quite common in the neighborhood; and the northern hare occasionally appears, but as far as I know, the real jackrabbit of the plains has not been seen in the Mississippi bottoms; though his fur becomes, in winter, almost as white as that of the hare, and one is sometimes mistaken for the other. A full-grown jack-rabbit is considerably larger than either the northern or the English hare. There were a few porcupines in the bluffs of the Mississippi at one time, but they have long since left for more congenial quarters in the pine country. They are common enough in Wisconsin, northern Michigan and northern Minnesota. Their quills, highly colored, have always been prized by Indians for ornamentation of mockasins and leather goods of all kinds manufactured by them.

Muskrats are numerous, and as their food is plentiful and the trappers few, they seem to be increasing in numbers. The muskrats in winter, sometimes feed on muscles. Common field-rats, have become numerous in places, in the corn field especially, but whether they are degenerate house rats, or of another species, it is difficult to determine. Rats of different species are common, and mice and moles are numerous when allowed to increase in gardens or fields. After a succession of dry seasons, that prevents an overflow of the higher meadows of the Mississippi bottoms, the common mole became so numerous, as to destroy large quantities of hay in stack. They tunnel the hay stacks, and cut the hay into fragments. If an overflow occurs late in autumn or early

winter, as in 1896, the hay stacks become refuges for the moles until the river is closed by ice, and then, they migrate to higher land by the millions. A few years ago, near Winona, such an event occurred, and there being no concealment or protection while crossing the river at night as there was little snow, many chilled to death before they could cross the river, and their numerous brownish-black bodies literally covered the ice in the morning. Those that survived the long journey, entered into Mr. Wm. F. Martin's berry garden, and stripped the bark off the vines, and not finding that sufficient, they then attacked the sumachs on the road to Winona, and destroyed every tree in their line of travel. Mice are never so destructive nor so numerous.

BIRDS MOST COMMON.

There will be no attempt to enumerate all of the birds that visit the upper Mississippi, but only to name those best known to the author. Of the land birds perhaps best known are:

Robin red breast, Baltimore oriole, golden robin or hang-nest, ground robin or chewink; yellow-bird, green-bird, eastern blue-bird, cat-bird, snow-bird; house-wren, long-billed marsh-wren; horned lark, shore lark, meadow or field lark; black-and-white creeping warbler, Maryland yellow throat or black masked ground warbler; scarlet tanager, yellowthroated vireo, warbling vireo, rose-crested grosbeak, indigo bird; cow-bird or grey blackbird, crow blackbird, red-winged blackbird, yellow-headed blackbird; bluejay, king bird or bee martin, whippoorwill or night-jar, chimney-swift; night-hawk or bullbat, marsh hawk or harrier, sparrow hawk or pigeon hawk, large brown chicken hawk, blue falcon, brown falcon, broad winged buzzard, white headed or bald eagle, golden eagle, grey or war eagle, osprey or fish eagle or hawk; large white gull, small bluish gray gull; wood thrush, veery, tawny thrush or Wilson's thrush, brown thrush, sandy mocking bird or thrasher, golden crowned thrush, water thrush or water wag-

tail; barn swallow, white-bellied swallow, cliff swallow, bank swallow, song or English sparrow, chipping sparrow or hair bird, clay colored sparrow; cedar waxwing or cherry bird, American gold finch, rubythroated humming bird, belted kingfisher; black-billed cuckoo, yellow-billed cuckoo; red-headed woodpecker, golden-winged woodpecker, spotted-winged woodpecker, downy woodpecker; great horned owl, red or screech owl, American long-eared owl, barred owl; wild or passenger pigeon, Carolina dove or mourning dove; pinnated grouse or prairie hen, ruffed grouse or partridge, quail or bob white, American woodcock, curlew or large plover, kildeer plover, upland plover, small tip-up plover; American snipe, sand-hill crane, white or whooping crane; great blue heron, green heron; American bittern, junk tuttle or stake driver, least bittern; Carolina rail, American coot or mud or water hen, pelican, cormorant or blackjack; swan, Canada goose, brandt goose; blue winged teal, green winged teal; wood or timber-nesting duck, black fall duck, red-billed grebe, mallard duck, red-headed duck, Marianette duck, spoon-bill duck, French rosenelle, canvass-backed duck, saw-bill duck, large fish duck, small fish duck.

It may not be generally known that the bald or white-headed eagle, does not grow his white feathers until he is three years old, or that the female, after that age, also has a white head; but it is true, according to my own observation, and that of others. When a boy of about twelve years old, I was induced by a country lad of about my own age to go with him to cut down a tall pine tree in which there was a nest belonging to two white-headed eagles which made their presence known even before we had approached the tree. When we reached the base of the tree, the boy, George Ensign, said that he would chop the tree down if I would guard him and myself against the swoop of the eagles, which became more and more threatening as they descended nearer and nearer as the chopping went on. I prepared myself with a good stout club and stood guard until the tree fell. Just

as the tree reached the ground two enormously large grey eagles hopped out of the nest, and spreading their wings they seemed to invite me to battle. I rushed upon both where they stood, and before young Ensign could reach me, I had killed both of them. The white-headed eagles came no nearer to earth after the tree had fallen, and finally disappeared in the sky. Upon examining the dead eagles, which I had supposed to be the female partners of the two white-heads sailing aloft, I found that they were the young eaglets. Though as large in appearance as the parent eagles, their feathers were still immature, and not strong enough for flight. I had always been told that the "bald eagle," was the male, and hence my great blunder in killing the young eagles which George Ensign and myself had designed to surprise our people with. It was a great grievance to both of us, after our long walk and George's great labor in cutting the tree, but the lesson has been useful to me in compelling closer attention in the study of nature. I am acquainted with several members of the famous "Eagle Regiment," the Eighth Wisconsin, and all agree in the statement that their eagle. "Old Abe," as *it* was called, did not start out with a white-head, but obtained it after about three years service. Whether true or not, it has been reported that "Old Abe," the hero of many a hard-fought battle, while at Madison in charge of the warden appointed to its care, was proved to be a female *by laying eggs*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Removal of Winnebagoes in 1848, and in 1863—They become mutinous—
An exciting time at Wapasha prairie—Wapasha finally arrested by
H. M. Rice.

Rev. Edward D. Neill, in *History of Minnesota*, has written a clear and concise account of the removal of the Winnebagoes from Iowa to Minnesota, which I am thankful for the privilege of using.

He says: "By the terms of a treaty, made at Washington in October, 1846, they agreed to recede from their possessions in Iowa, in 1848. Hon. H. M. Rice had selected for them a new home, and with great difficulty obtained it from the Ojibways between the Sauk and Long Prairie and Crow Wing rivers. In the spring of 1848, their agent, Mr. J. E. Fletcher, discovered that a large portion of the tribe were desirous of emigrating to the Missouri, and grumbled at the preparations to remove northward. The treaty granted twenty thousand dollars to the Indians to pay the expenses of their removal to their new location, to be paid after they arrived there. As no one was willing to trust Indians for large amounts, Mr. Rice and a few others were obliged to advance the supplies necessary for the support of the tribe.

"The difficulty in relation to subsistence being overcome, it was agreed that the tribe should move in two parties, one in canoes and boats up the Mississippi river, in charge of Mr. Rice, the other by land, under the direction of Agent Fletcher.

"When the appointed time came to start, June the sixth, 1848, the Indians dallied, and the agent grew impatient, and in the hope of hurrying them, had their baggage placed in the wagons, which was quickly thrown out again by the savages. The agent sent for the troops at Fort Atkinson, and the Indians made ready for battle. The troops remained drawn up in hostile array until dark; the next day an appeal was made to the stomachs of the Winnebagoes, always potent, beef was plentifully distributed, and a calm ensued.

"The land party now agreed to move, provided they could join the river detachment at Wapasha prairie. At Wapasha they arrived without any trouble, and found Mr. Rice, with his division of the tribe, and the company of volunteers that had accompanied him, waiting for their appearance. Almost the entire nation, with the exception of Little Hill, instead of encamping on the river bank, near the whites, sought the land beneath the bluffs, thus causing a creek and a slough to intervene.

"Pleased with the appearance of the prairie, where the town of Winona now stands, they purchased it of Wapasha, the Dakotah chief, and expressed their determination not to move a step farther. Wapasha and his band uniting with them, they made war speeches, prepared for battle, and worked themselves into a frenzy.

"Mr. Rice, perceiving that this was a critical juncture, chartered a steamboat that happened to be there, and it was hurried to Fort Snelling.

"By request, Captain S. H. Eastman came down with a company of infantry, and a party of Dakotahs from the Minnesota river, who came to welcome the Winnebagoes, and say that they would be pleased to have them, in the place of the Ojibways, for their neighbors on the north. The company of volunteers from Crawford county, the United States dragoons from Fort Atkinson, and the infantry from Fort Snelling, and sixty armed teamsters, were now placed under the command of Eastman. The Indians, arrayed on the other

side of the slough numbered about twelve hundred. The next day was appointed for a council, between the Winnebagoes and the Dakotahs of the Minnesota river.

"The day was one of those beautiful days in June, which so charm the resident of Minnesota, and the troops were all drawn out ready for service at a moment's warning; the teamsters, near the wagons, under Mr. Culver now deceased, on the right, the infantry in the centre, with two six-pounders charged with grape; the dragoon on the left.

"About ten o'clock in the morning, the Indians, chiefly on horseback, painted and decked with all their war ornaments, marched around the head of the slough toward the camp. A mile from the council ground they halted, and sent forward a deputation to ask 'Why this array of glittering muskets, as they supposed they were coming to council, and not to fight?' Captain Eastman replied, that he was prepared for either; if they wished to hold a council, they would not be molested. Permission being granted, they rode around the arranged council ground and returned. In a moment the whole cavalcade, twelve abreast, were in motion toward the United States troops; and as the terrific war-whoop was sounded, the Americans began to think that they might feel the scalping knife. Everything was made ready for the worst; the cannon were loaded, and soldiers stood by with the lighted matches, waiting for the voice of command.

"While the council was proceeding between the Dakotahs and Winnebagoes, an Indian and a soldier met, and were about to fight. Should either party fire; the slaughter would be instantaneous, as both sides knew, and the excitement for a moment was intense. By the timely interposition of Mr. Rice and others, the Indian and soldier were led away, and the danger passed.

"During the rest of the day the Indians were in council, but, sustained by Wapasha, they still remained firm in their determination not to leave *that* prairie.

"Little Hill, and a small band of Winnebagoes, had never sympathized in the revolt, and at last, Agent Fletcher, taking them on board of a steamboat, carried them up to Fort Snelling, leaving matters at Wapasha in charge of Mr. Rice.

"This sudden movement was a great surprise to the disaffected, and by the efforts of Mr. E. A. C. Hatch, S. B. Lowry, George Culver and others, they began to waver, and by the time the boat came back seventeen hundred were ready to embark; the remainder retreating toward the Missouri river, or into Wisconsin. Mr. Rice, with a lieutenant and two soldiers, now proceeded to the lodge of Wapasha, and arresting him, he was sent a prisoner to Fort Snelling.

"About the first of July, the Winnebagoes began to move again; but on their route, those who had charge of the Indians were much annoyed by creatures that were destitute of the instincts of manhood, selling liquor to them. As a precaution against further difficulty, orders were given to destroy all the whiskey that was discovered on the line of march. About the first of August, they arrived at Watab in their new country, on the west side of the Mississippi above St. Cloud."

Mr. Neill says in a note, page 487: "For the facts concerning the removal, I am indebted to a manuscript kindly furnished me by Mr. George Culver, of St. Paul, and to conversations with Hon. Henry M. Rice."

The author of this volume has also had a full account of the affair from Major Hatch and from his brother Willard, and all of the accounts given by the white men connected with the removal, substantially agree, but none, as far as I know, have given the Indians' view of the matter.

Winnesheik, the deposed head-chief of the Winnebagoes, with whom the writer has been acquainted since 1842, said, while being finally removed to the Missouri in 1863, that they had been an oppressed people. They had tried to have a fixed habitation where they could support themselves, but there were always enough to overrule the wise men and make new

treaties so as to get annuities with which to get whiskey. Reminding him of the fact that he had himself supplanted Decorah in favoring the removal of his tribe to Iowa, he answered: "Yes! but it was for the good of my people, as the lands were good there, far better than the thin lands of Black river, and I was contented in Iowa as long as no encroachments were made upon us, but that was not a very long time. When we reached the village of Wapasha, he pitied us [just as the Omahas pitied them while we were taking them up the Missouri]. He offered us a home, a home for many of his relatives, for in the past there had been many marriages between our tribes. We knew that the white people moving us would not like to have us stay at the Wapasha village, but Wapasha said, "That the land was his to do with as he pleased, and as it was near to our old home in Wisconsin, near to the graves of our fathers, we tried to stay in peace but could not. Our young men would have fought to stay, but we were wiser than they, and now know that neither the son of the chief Wapasha, nor any chief can longer oppose the white men when they want our lands."

The foregoing was but a small part of the mournful plaint of Winnesheik, who showed me a medalion and documentary proof that he had been a long tried friend of the white people, but acknowledged himself as in despair upon viewing his desert home on the Missouri river upon the border of the Bad Lands. "Whiskey," he said, "has brought us here!"

In "Newlight, on The Early History of the Greater Northwest," from manuscript journals of Henry Alexander, fur trader of the Northwest Company, and of David Thomson, official geographer and explorer of the same company from 1799 to 1814, edited by Elliott Coues, and published by Francis P. Harper of New York, 1897, appears an unconscious state of depravity, that will fully account for the failure of missionaries to improve the condition of the savages that were under the influence of such traders as the English or Canadian trader proves himself to have been. Even the edi-

tor, as he proceeds in his work, is led to exclaim, page 258, of first volume: "The seamy side of the fur trade which Henry shows us with such a steady hand that we can scarcely follow him with unshaken nerves, is simply hell on earth—hell peopled with no souls above a beaver skin, fired by king alcohol for the worship of Mammon. And worse than anything that has preceded is to come in the very next chapter—not mere murder by retail, but wholesale slaughter."

The cause for this comment upon the facts recorded in Alexander Henry's Journal, is, that Henry clearly shows that the sale of alcoholic liquors to the Indians with whom he is trading, is the sole cause of exciting their astonishing depravity and murderous propensities. Henry himself says, page 58, Vol. I: "The Indians brought me a horse which I purchased for liquor. About sunset they all arrived and camped with us. Old Buffalo, still half drunk, brought me his eldest daughter, about 9 years of age, and insisted upon my taking her for a wife, in hopes I would give him a keg of liquor; but I declined the offer. I gave him and each of his brethren a drachm and sent them to their cabins. I was plagued by several others. Charlo brought me his daughter, about 12 years old, for a wife, but I would have nothing to do with any of them, and a drachm a piece was all they could get." Page 429, it is said: "Murders among these people are so frequent that we pay little attention to them. Their only excuse for such outrages is that they are drunk."

In speaking of the character of an Indian murderer, Henry says: "If leniency is shown him he afterward becomes a mean devil, and in almost every drinking-bout will do some black deed until he receives his death-blow." The desperado of the frontier is in no sense different from the Indian who has been given alcohol, both are excited to murder by drink, and yet the trader Henry was continually causing murders. Hear him again, page 162: "I gave my men some high wine, (alcohol), flour and sugar; the Indians purchased liquor, and by sunrise every soul of them was raving drunk—even the

children." Once more, Henry says, page 273. "Men and women have been drinking a match for three days and nights, during which it has been drink, fight—drink, fight—drink, and fight again—guns, axes and knives, their weapons—very disagreeable." Very disagreeable! That is all! They probably disturbed Mr. Henry's slumbers. In all my frontier experiences among French and American Indian traders, I never knew of such cool diabolism as is shown in Henry's Journal, and copy from it to show what unbridled greed, lust and power may do to prevent the development and progress of the barbarous races that still exist.

Until I had reached the second volume of the work cited, page 452, nothing had been said to indicate the distaste Mr. Henry might have felt for his position as chief rum-seller to the bands of Indians he was trading with, but upon his leaving his victims for another station on the Saskatchewan river, he gives voice to some of his real feelings in the matter—not so much from a moral point of view as from the annoyances and dangers consequent upon the occupation. Mr. Henry says: "I here bid adieu to the tribes with whom I have passed 16 long winters. During this time I have experienced every trouble, danger and inconvenience which attends the management of affairs among that turbulent nation. I have been frequently fired at by them and have had several narrow escapes for my life. But I am happy to say they never pilaged me to the value of a needle. Fifteen of those winters I was strongly opposed by different interests in all my earthly possessions. I sincerely believe that competitive trade among the *Saulteurs* (*Chippewas*) is the greatest slavery a person of any feeling can undergo. A common dram-shop in a civilized country is a paradise compared to the Indian trade, where two or more different interests are striving to obtain the greater share of the Indians' hunts—particularly among the *Saulteurs*, who are always ready to take advantage of the situation by disposing of their skins and furs to the highest bidder. . . . Gratitude is a stranger to them; grant them

a favor to-day, and to-morrow they will suppose it their due. Love of liquor is their ruling passion, and when intoxicated they will commit any crime to obtain more drink. . . . It, therefore, requires a person to be continually on his guard against them and allow them to play no tricks with impunity. At the same time he must study to avoid coming to extremities; for they are all so nearly related that to injure one is a grievance to the whole tribe."

Mr. Henry has summed up all that once belonged to competitive Indian trade, and the man who sold most whiskey got most of the furs and peltries, but he was despised by the Indians themselves.

After, or while removing to the mouth of the Columbia river, a new object-lesson was given that should cause a blush of shame to mantle a white man's cheek. Speaking of the Flat Head Indians, page 710, Henry says: "They never attempt war themselves, and have the character of a brave and virtuous people, not in the least addicted to those vices so common among savages who have had long intercourse with Europeans. Chastity is particularly esteemed, and no woman will barter her favors, even with the whites, upon any mercenary consideration. She may be easily prevailed upon to reside with a white man as his wife, according to the custom of the country, but prostitution is out of the question; she will listen to no proposals of that nature. Their morals have not yet been sufficiently debauched and corrupted by an intercourse with people who call themselves Christians, but whose licentious and lecherous manners are far worse than those of savages."

"A striking example is to be seen throughout the Northwest Country of the depravity and wretchedness of the natives, but, as one advances into the interior parts, vice and debauchery becomes less frequent. Happy those who have the least connection with us, for most of their present depravity is easily traced in its origin to their intercourse with the whites." A sad but true commentary on the boasted civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race.

CHAPTER XIX.

Biographical sketch of Willard B. Bunnell and wife Matilda, the pioneer settlers of Winona county—First settlement of Homer—First settlement of City of Winona—Statement of George W. Clark, one of the first settlers.

Willard Bradley Bunnell, the pioneer settler of Winona county, Minnesota, was born in Homer, in the State of New York, in 1814. He was the son of Dr. Bradley Bunnell, born in New London, Connecticut, in 1781, and of Charlotte Houghton Bunnell, born in Winsor, Vermont, in 1785. When but about ten years of age, with another boy older than himself, he ran away from his home in Rochester, New York, where his father was then living, and going to Buffalo on a canal packet, he found employment as a cabin boy on one of the lake steamers. He was followed by his father and brought home, but upon being punished for truancy at school, he again returned to the lakes, and under the tutelage of Captain Fox, a friend of his father, he was soon able to do the duty of a seaman. It was by Captain Fox's advice that he was allowed to choose his vocation in life, and by the time he had reached the age of eighteen, he had become an expert wheelman, and afterwards, one of the best pilots on the lakes.

After escaping from many dangerous storms, he was at length brought down by an arrow from cupid's bow, and marrying, in the winter of 1837-8, Matilda Desnoyer, the daughter of a fur trader, he entered into that occupation.

The experiences acquired among the Indians, that has been already mentioned, led to his being employed in the removal of the Winnebagoes from Iowa in 1848, to their new home in Minnesota between Sauk and Long Prairie and Crow Wing rivers. selected by Mr. H. M. Rice.

Hon. Henry M. Rice, by his great influence among the Indians of the Mississippi, had negotiated for their removal by treaty of 1846, but when the time appointed to start, June 6th, 1848, arrived, many of them were desirous of going to the Missouri river country, and others joined the Winnebagoes of Wisconsin. Because of Willard Bunnell's peculiar fitness for gathering in the malcontents, he was selected, upon recommendation of Mr. Rice, by the Indian agent, and, although not as conspicuous as those who aided in suppressing the "*grand revolt*," which has been noticed, he did the work assigned him to the satisfaction of the agent and Mr. Rice. Some of the Indians removed would return in disguise of paint and new names, only to be recognized by the trader, Bunnell, and returned again and again to their new home in Minnesota. While engaged in the gathering together of the Winnebagoes, in 1848, Bunnell heard the opinion expressed by those in authority, that a short time only would elapse before the Sioux of the Wapasha band would also be removed and concentrated with other bands. Taking a prospective view of the situation, he applied for a trader's license, and permit was awarded him, after some delay, and he was permitted to enter upon the land of Wah-pa-sha as a trader, in 1849. He was allowed in advance of his permit, by Wah-pa-sha, who had become friendly with "*the Chippewa*," as Bunnell was known to the Sioux, to commence the erection of a house near the site of the old Blacksmith shop at Homer, in the spring of 1849. But being still engaged in a responsible position not entirely void of danger, he removed his family from his old home at Trempealeau to La Crosse, making then, or after, some disposal of his Trempealeau home to one of the Douds, now of the firm of Doud, Sons & Co., of Winona.

After securing a house for his family in La Crosse for a temporary abode, he bought a strong yoke of work cattle, and with suitable implements and men, under charge of Peter L. Burns, he embarked his outfit on the first steamboat to arrive on an upward trip and was landed on the spot he had longed to build on ever since his arrival in the county in 1842.

It will appear strange that with liberty to make his own selection, he should have preferred the site of Homer to that of Winona. But the reason was, that during the extreme high water of 1844, the sandy Wapasha prairie seemed almost covered with water, a large body running into the Winona lake from the sloughs above; making an island of Winona, and the Indians asserted in most positive terms that the prairie had been completely covered by water in olden times. That assertion was duplicated by some traders and rivermen, who, looking from the deck of a steamer at the highest stage of flood, would say that "the dry land above water, was not much larger in area than a turtle's back." The running out of the steamer *Lynx* in that year, upon land quite high at the lower end of the prairie, seemed to confirm all that had been said about "the sand bar," as the site of Winona was contemptuously called by some.

But probably what had most influence in determining the choice of Willard B. Bunnell in favor of the site of Homer as a residence, was the beauty of the place as seen from the river, the easy grade by which rich farm lands could be reached from the river landing, which soon became known as "Bunnell's Landing," the cold spring water of the brooklet at his door, the rich herbage of the meadow lands for pasturage of his cattle, the choice oak timber of the uplands and their fruit for his hogs, and more than all else perhaps, the great sickness that followed the defluxion of the Mississippi in 1844, when scarcely a teepee or tent on Wah-pa-sha prairie had not its wail of mourning. The Typho-malarial fevers of that summer carried off many of the Sioux, and no wonder, for in addition to the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter

left on the prairie low-lands and marshes, for westerly winds to waft into the Indian village, there was added, the disgustingly loathesome smell of fast decaying bodies of Indians on scaffolds who had but recently died, Wah-pa-sha prairie became an object of loathing during that season, second only in disgusting smells to a glue factory.

Nothing can ever give the present residents of Winona an adequate comprehension of the difference between the sanitary regulations of the Wah-pa-sha Indian village, and that of the now healthy city of Winona, under the present able management of Dr. Staples, until a few glue factories are builded on the high lands near the machine shops. At times, with a west wind prevailing, the intolerable stench would attract the notice even of passengers on steamers passing the Prairie Landing.

Willard Bunnell had been so long upon the Indian frontier that he was utterly unable to anticipate the capabilities of his despised "sand bar," until too late to acquire a legal title by occupation. He did not know what capital or wealth might do in raising embankments to shut off the water, plant trees to shade the streets and parks, erect buildings that would grace and beautify any city, for he had a more perfect knowledge of nature than of art.

If in error in selecting a town site, his judgment was good regarding farms, for entirely by his influence was John Burns allowed to claim the Wah-pa-sha Homestead in 1851, by first securing and making a claim while Wah-pa-sha was occupying the premises. John Burns did not move his family onto the land until in June, 1852, but the claim had been selected and secured by Bunnell, by paying Wah-pa-sha for the privilege, at request of Lieutenant Governor Timothy Burns, of Wisconsin, son of John Burns, for whom Burns creek, valley and farm were named. There were others who were inclined to anticipate the privileges that would result from the treaty, by "squatting" on the land before the final removal of the Indians.

To Captain Orrin Smith is due the honor of being the first to select and locate the city of Winona. He was Captain of the steamer Nominee, and an old resident of Galena, Ill. He had watched the incoming tide of immigration in other localities, and knew that a city would be required on Wah-pa-sha prairie to supply interior settlements that his experiences assured him would spring up. Accordingly, the treaty furnishing the incentive, though not yet ratified, Captain Smith made a claim first, on the lower end of the Wah-pa-sha prairie, where the land appeared to be highest, and landed Erwin H. Johnson, at night from the Nominee, on October 15th, 1851, with two men, ostensibly wood-choppers, but in reality to aid Johnson in maintaining the occupancy of the claim.

Johnson was given some lumber for a shanty, a yoke of oxen, and supplies of provisions, blankets, etc., and with his tool-chest, he had used as a ship carpenter, he was outfitted to commence a settlement, and the next day, commenced the erection of his shanty, the first *claim* shanty ever put up on the site of Winona, though not the first house.

On the 12th day of November of that same year, 1851, another claimant appeared and located at the upper landing. He was a lumber dealer of La Crosse, Silas Stevens, who perceiving that the best location was yet unclaimed, came up on the Excelsior amply supplied with lumber and all material necessary for making and occupying his claim. With Stevens, came George W. Clark, then employed by Stevens, and Edwin Hamilton, a young man from Ohio, who was "seeking what he might devour" in the wild, wild west. The Excelsior landed Steven and his party in the night, discharging the freight near the site of the Porter Mill, and then the party followed the river down to Johnson's cabin, where they staid over night and took their breakfast next morning.

To Mr. Stevens' surprise, who had ascertained in advance that no improvements had been made upon the land he had in view, he found that Johnson, with the approval of Captain

Smith, had already set up a claim to the upper landing. At first, Mr. Stevens tried to argue his right as a claimant, but Johnson's aggressive nature cut short debate by announcing the intention of Captain Smith and himself to hold both steamboat landings. Mr. Stevens was not so warlike in his nature, and while asserting his right of possession, declared his willingness to divide the water front, as Captain Smith himself had induced him to come. Accordingly, the discussion between all the parties present, resulted in an agreement to divide the land along the river into claims of half a mile square, and that Johnson should have the first choice of two of the claims for himself and Captain Smith; the others to take the remaining claims. In accordance with this agreement, the stakes at intervals of half a mile were driven, and the claims numbered from one to six. The starting point was at a stake driven on the river bank a short distance below the Burlington bridge, and the line ran up from the stake for a distance of three miles.

Johnson chose "claim No. 1" for Captain Smith. The next claim, "No. 2," was claimed by Stevens and Caleb Nash (one of the men put off to assist Johnson in "*chopping wood*") at the same instant, but Johnson thought that Nash should be given the claim, as he had already been on the prairie three weeks, and would have made some improvement on it had he not been otherwise employed. *The force* of this argument was conclusive and Stevens again yielded.

The next claim, "No. 3," was assigned to Stevens and although a good one, it was not appreciated at the time. The next, "No. 4," was selected by Johnson as agreed to by Stevens. The next half mile above, "No. 5," was given to Edwin Hamilton, who claimed precedence over George Clark because he himself had once seen his claim from the deck of a steamboat some weeks before. No more stakes were driven but the next claim in order of measurement, "No. 6," was given to George W. Clark as the junior of the party. These claim stakes were recognized as division boundaries of their respect-

ive claims until supplanted by township lines and sectional corners of the government surveys of 1853 and 1855.

It has been said that by common custom, which is held as law upon the frontier, that no claim made to farm lands is to be regarded as valid, unless some improvements have been made, or the claimant is in the act of making improvements, or is moving his family on to his claim, which was regarded by pioneer settlers as sufficient evidence of an intention by the claimant to occupy the premises. In the case of claim No. 4 by Johnson, absolutely nothing had been done to hold it, and as Johnson had bluffed Stevens, and had acquired the reputation of having everything his own way, Willard Bunnell, who was by nature combative, though kind and true to his friends, concluded to avail himself of his opportunity, and make a claim on lot or claim No. 4.

There could have been no question as to the right of any other citizen without a claim to have made and occupied the Johnson claim No. 4, but Bunnell already had a claim at Homer, and could not legally, or by custom, be allowed a half a mile square of land on the site of Winona. Nor had he much faith in the growth of the city, but he knew that the persons making claims to Wah-pa-sha prairie were doing so for speculative purposes, and he concluded to put a man in charge of the unoccupied claim No. 4, and take his chances with Captain Smith and Silas Stevens who already had their representatives holding their claims.

But it will perhaps be as well to copy in part from the History of Winona County, what has been said of Bunnell's attempt, in January 1852, to secure claim No. 4. Upon the whole, it seems to be a pretty fair statement of the case: "Having determined on making a claim, Bunnell went up to the prairie and looked the ground over. He found that the most desirable locations had already been taken. Notwithstanding this he fixed upon one of the unoccupied claims, and selected No. 4 for his purpose. This claim he considered really the most valuable. To get possession, Bunnell stated

to Johnson that he had been looking for a claim, and had found one that suited him just above the Stevens claim, that was not occupied, and he intended to take possession of it. Johnson replied by telling him that he could not have it; that he himself had already made that his claim, and should hold it; Bunnell enquired how many claims he expected to hold; that he was already holding two at the lower end of the prairie. This Johnson denied, and explained to him that the one he was living on was Captain Smith's, and that the other belonged to Nash.

"Bunnell then tried to convince Johnson that it would be to the advantage of all who had claims there to give him an interest on the prairie, for the Sioux were then talking of driving the whites away until the treaty was ratified, that with his influence over them, he would be able to prevent trouble. Johnson replied that he would not give up that claim to any man, that he was not afraid of trouble with the Indians, that he should hold both claims as long as he staid there. Bunnell is said to have come up with two Indians to frighten Johnson into submission," which is probably true in part, for a new demand was made from Wah-pa-sha upon Bunnell, which he paid, to make sure that the claim he had made for John Burns should be held sacred until workmen could build a house, as was done in the spring. So it is also most probably true that Bunnell had drank "a dram or two," for he was in the habit of doing so in those days, but Bunnell's statement to the writer, long after the occurrence of the affair with Johnson, was that the imbecility or cowardice of Myers, and the sneers of Johnson, had influenced him in his final action more than any value he had fixed upon the claim. But to continue from the history:

"Johnson believing that this was a ruse of Bunnell's to try and frighten them, told him that he 'did not scare easy and could not be bluffed with a little noise.' Bunnell was annoyed that his dramatic display, was a failure, and as he got on his sleigh answered: 'You will have to take care of

yourselves, if the Indians get after you, I shall not interfere again.'” Johnson laughed and gave some derisive reply, telling him, ‘not to bother himself about the affairs of others until asked.’ If Johnson had known the high temper and sensitive nature of Bunnell, he would never have made the above answer, for Bunnell said afterwards, that it was that answer that decided his future conduct in regard to the claim, and his determination to punish Johnson.

“The next trip Bunnell made to Wah-pa-sha prairie he brought with him two men, Harrington and Myers, and built a small log shanty or pen on Johnson’s claim at the upper landing. The logs used in the construction of this claim shanty were once a part of Indian Farmer Reed’s old store-cabin, the ruins of which furnished material sufficient for the body of the crib. It was covered with broad strips of elm bark brought from the Indian tepees in the mouth of Burns valley.

“In this little pen, not more than six feet square, and not high enough for a man to stand up in, Bunnell left Myers to ‘hold the fort’ and guard the claim, which he had taken possession of in a formal manner. Bunnell furnished Myers with supplies and brought up some lumber and put up the framework of a board shanty, but did not complete it for want of material to cover it. Myers remained in quiet possession of the claim for about a week, when, considering everything safe, as he had not been disturbed or observed any hostile movements, the settlers on the prairie being absent on the island, he ventured down to Bunnell’s for a little recreation and relief from his lonely and uncomfortable confinement.

“Although no demonstrations had been made, Johnson had watched these proceedings and closely observed all of the movements of Myers. It was a gratification to see the man with his gun leave the prairie. He at once took advantage of the absence of the occupant of the cabin and demolished the improvements. He leveled the structure to the ground,

and then deliberately cut the old logs and the lumber into fire wood.

"Bunnell was enraged when he found that Johnson had destroyed his shanty, and threatened to whip him the next time he saw him. Myers did not return to Wah-pa-sha prairie. He was dismissed by Bunnell for neglect of duty, and left the country.

"Bunnell sent messages to Johnson warning him to leave the prairie, or the next time he came up he would whip him like a dog. Johnson sent back answers that he was prepared to defend himself and his claims; that if Bunnell came on the prairie again it would be at his peril. Neither of these men were cowards and serious trouble was anticipated. They were small men—hardly of medium size—Johnson a little larger and heavier of the two, and of coarser make-up. Bunnell was firmer built and active in his movements, a dangerous antagonist for a much larger man in any kind of a fight.

"Satisfied that 'talk' would not win the claim and irritated by Johnson's successful opposition, Bunnell, in company with Harrington, drove up to the prairie one evening for the purpose of assaulting Johnson if a favorable opportunity offered. Both were stimulated to a fighting degree and were primed for the purpose. Going first to the Stevens shanty, Bunnell there found Clark and Nash, who had called on a social visit. He inquired for Hamilton and learned that he was at Johnson's. Gilmore and Wallace were on the other side of the river at Farrell's. After a short visit, they left without betraying the object of their evening visit on so dark a night. They went directly down to Johnson's shanty. Bunnell knocked at the door. On being told to 'come in,' he entered, saying, as he rushed toward Johnson, who, with Hamilton, was sitting by the fire, 'Get out of this if you want to live.' Johnson sprang for his revolver, which was in his berth, but the attack was too sudden; he had no opportunity to use it before he was knocked down and disarmed.

"Hamilton bolted from the shanty at the first clash of the combat and ran for help. He arrived almost breathless at the other shanty, a mile away, and gave the alarm by excitedly exclaiming, 'Bunnell is killing Johnson! Come down as quick as you can!' Clark and Nash at once started back with Hamilton on a run for the scene of conflict. When about half way they were met by Johnson, who, though apparently injured, returned with them. They found that the shanty had been demolished but the assailants had disappeared.

"Johnson was taken up to Clark's shanty, where he was provided for and carefully attended. He was found to have been badly bruised about the head, chest and arms. His face and hands were badly swollen and covered with blood, but no bones were broken. It afterwards proved that no serious injuries had been received. Johnson had been terribly beaten by Bunnell and was compelled to lay up for repairs.

"When the battle-ground was visited in the morning, the full extent of damages to the 'pioneer claim shanty' was revealed. The first evidence of actual settlement on Wah-pasha prairie had been destroyed. The pile of brick and stone which formed the fire-place, with some broken dishes, marked the locality where the little cabin once stood. It had been turned over and with its contents thrown on the ice of the river.

"Johnson's supplies and other traps were secured and carried up on the bank, where they were sheltered with the lumber from the shanty. The stable and cattle had not been disturbed. Johnson and Nash lived with Clark until their shanty was reconstructed. Johnson's revolver and a double-barreled gun were carried off by Bunnell as trophies of his victory.

"Soon after this affray, Peter Gorr and Augustus Pentler came over from the island to visit the settlers on the prairie. Mr. Gorr had his rifle with him, which he was induced to leave with Johnson, after hearing the incidents of the quarrel.

Johnson then sent word to Bunnell that he would shoot him on sight if he ever made his appearance on the prairie again.

"Bunnell had no design to interfere with the occupancy of the claim at the lower landing. His attack on Johnson and destruction of the shanty was for retaliation and to intimidate him. He became satisfied that he would not be able to hold the claim at the upper landing without some serious fighting, and, having no desire to kill Johnson or be killed himself in the attempt, he decided to abandon his claim speculation on Wah-pa-sha prairie and turn his attention to what he thought was something better, nearer home. The scheme of building up a town along the bluffs above the present village of Homer was started about this time, in which Bunnell was for a while interested. Bunnell returned to Johnson the revolver and gun he had taken from him, peace was negotiated and the 'little differences' that had existed between the parties 'dropped' without further action. . . . This was the first attempt at 'claim jumping' ever made in the settlement of this county. It was afterwards a common occurrence."

The writer of the foregoing, after some reference to other matters, goes on to say: "It was not entirely a fable coined by Bunnell when he represented to Johnson that the Sioux were dissatisfied with the manner in which the settlers were taking possession of their lands before the treaty was ratified. . . . It was supposed that the treaty would be ratified during that winter, but it was not fully confirmed by the government until the next year."

It is evident to any one who has a knowledge of Indian character, and their distrust of white men, that the delay in the confirmation of the treaty caused distrust among the Sioux, and that they really did threaten expulsion of the settlers on the prairie if they did not give them some provisions to eat while awaiting the action of the government. Bunnell assured the writer of this volume that such was the case, and that Lieutenant Governor Timothy Burns author-

ized the payment to Wah-pa-sha a goodly sum in pork, flour, sugar and other groceries, from time to time, during that winter to secure the claim for John Burns, his father, who was sent for and visited Bunnell and the claim during the winter. A house erected very early in the spring, relieved Bunnell from all further anxiety as the agent of Governor Burns. John Burns, the father, was never told how much Wah-pa-sha had been paid by order of his son "Tim," and on his arrival he made a new bargain for *the land*, as he supposed, and paid Wah-pa-sha a barrel of pork and two barrels of flour, which he would declare was the best way to avoid trouble with an Indian. When his wife would be a little afraid of her Indian co-occupant of the farm, Burns would use his favorite expression and say: "*I wont be damned* if they hurt us, for ye know that I have paid them their price for their farm." As a matter of fact, when the land came into market, Peter L. Burns, paid for the land in gold.

The next venture into a land speculation by W. B. Bunnell was in advising the location of a town site at Minnehaha, or Snow Water, as the place was known to the Sioux, from a very cold spring there. Peter Gorr was occupying the place in a shanty put up with the assistance of Johnson and his friends of Winona, in February, 1852, but Gorr was about to make another claim in what is now Pleasant Valley, for a farm, so it was thought that he would sell his cabin and claim cheaply, which he did, to Lieutenant Governor Timothy Burns, for fifty dollars. A stock company was now formed, in 1853, with shares at \$200 each. The proprietors were Timothy Burns, of La Crosse, Willard B. Bunnell, of Bunnell's Landing, Isaac Van Etten, Charles W. Borup, Charles H. Oaks, Alexander Wilkins, Justin C. Ramsey and William L. Ames, of St. Paul.

The company thought they had a good landing and a good thing and in the event of an overflow of the Wah-pa-sha Prairie, their landing would secure the trade of the incoming immigrants. Stock for a time, was at a high premium, and there

was no limitation on expenditures. A large hotel and other buildings were erected, and during the hot season several of the St. Paul capitalists came down and enjoyed the refreshing shade of the near bluff, and quaffed the ice cold water of its springs. Stores were established, and for a time, a fierce rivalry existed between Minneowah and its older sister. Just back of Minneowah, is a projecting Mississippi bluff, one of the highest and most prominent on the river. From its summit a bird's eye view of Winona can be seen to great advantage, while a distant view in a clear day, discloses as beautiful and far distant scenery as can be found on the continent. It was Bunnell's custom to climb to the top of this watch-tower of the Sioux, where many a war eagle had been killed for its plumes, and point out with convincing arguments, that a place so surrounded by water, so deep down in location, could never rise to a place of distinction as a city.

But others, and they increased in number, thought otherwise. In September, 1853, Bunnell's chief manager of his scheme to build a rival landing and city, Timothy Burns, died. He then, for the first time, seemed to lose heart. Peter L. Burns, a brother of Timothy Burns, who had a building still standing just above the big hotel, now owned and occupied by William F. Martin, sold all of his interests in Minneowah for four thousand dollars cash, and went back to La Crosse to live. Peter Burns was the only one that ever received any returns of investments made in Minneowah. There had been no business precautions taken by the managers of the Minneowah Stock Company to secure a title to the town site. The town plot was never recorded. It had been filed, but withdrawn again by Myron Toms, holding a power of attorney from the proprietors, or part of them. Some of the residents saw their opportunity and filed claims in the United States Land Office as actual settlers on the land. After some contest the claimants were awarded their claims as homesteads, and then divided Minneowah. Mr. Daniel Dougherty drew the hotel and one store building,

and, as he was the principal squatter claimant, the greater part of the land also. Bunnell and Dougherty had a fight over the matter, in which Bunnell was worsted, for, at the very commencement his right thumb was siezed and held in the mouth of Dougherty with a vice-like grip as a game bull dog seizes the foot of his antagonist. Left handed blows were showered upon Dougherty without effect, but his throat was finally grappled by Bunnell's remaining hand and he was beginning to yield his grip, when the intense pain of the bite caused Bunnell to partially swoon, and he yielded the fight. The thumb never healed and was amputated. It was finally ascertained by Bunnell, that Dougherty and his associates had had the opportunity given them of jumping the claim, not from neglect, but from an intention of some of his associates to do as Dougherty had done, but whom Dougherty had thwarted.

Dr. James M. Cole, the writer in the History of Winona County, closes his paper on Bunnell by saying: "No one intimately acquainted with Will Bunnell had reason to doubt the sincerity of his belief that Wapasha prairie had been entirely flooded and was liable to be again submerged in extreme high water. This idea he imbibed from his belief at that time in many of the traditions and some of the superstitions of the Indians, although he was a man of intelligence and of some acquirements. Notwithstanding his active, restless temperament and impulsive manners, he was popular with his acquaintances. He was a genial, social companion, and a gentleman when frontier sociability was not carried to excess." The high water since has proved the probability of a great overflow. Bunnell's superstitions, if he had any, were akin to some now ascribed to hypnotism, which he had seen practiced among the Indian Medicine men, who ascribed their work to the spiritual power of the dead. While he was a convert to Methodism, which subdued and controlled his actions, made him a better citizen, he never lost faith in spiritual influences, exerted as he believed in his redemption, and

continued through guardian angels in his behalf. He died willingly, in August, 1861. But we will now turn to the same historian's view of his wife's characteristics, and with a few words concerning his family will close this chapter. Dr. Cole says:

"Mrs. Bunnell was the first white woman that came into this part of the Territory of Minnesota to live and the first to make her home within the boundaries of Winona county. Her house (or that of her husband) was on the bank of the river in what is now the village of Homer. It was built of hewn logs and had a shingled roof—the first put on any structure in this part of Minnesota. It was the home of an estimable wife and their three children. It was here that the first white child was born. Frances Matilda Bunnell was born February 20, 1850. She was the first white native resident of this part of the Territory. Mrs. Bunnell was a model representative of a frontier woman. Although remarkably domestic in her habits, and observant of matters connected with her household duties, which make home desirable, she was able to paddle her own canoe and was a sure shot with either the rifle or fowling piece. While in general appearance and manners lady like and modestly feminine, she had remarkable courage and self-possession, and was decisive to act in cases of emergency, when danger threatened herself or family—qualifications that were respected by her dusky neighbors, the friends of the trader. Possessing good mental abilities, her experience in frontier life and intuitive knowledge of Indian character gave her an influence over the wild customers who visited their trading-post, that was as much a matter of surprise to herself as others. The Indians respected and feared her although only a 'woman.'"

Mrs. Bunnell was of French descent. Besides speaking French, she was able to converse fluently with the Chippewas, Winnebagoes and Sioux, and had some knowledge of other dialects. She was brought up in the Catholic faith, but in the latter part of her life she professed the Protestant religion,

and became a member of the Methodist church. Mrs. Bunnell died in April, 1867. There were born to Willard and Matilda Bunnell, three sons and five daughters, four of whom are still living.

Statement of George W. Clark, one of the original pioneer settlers on Wa-pa-sha prairie, now the city of Winona.

"I was born in Copenhagen, town of Denmark, Lewis county, New York, on the 10th of June, 1827. In 1851, with three others, I took my way by steamer, rail and on foot, (the latter part of my journey,) to La Crosse, Wisconsin. Arriving there in October, 1851, after a six days' tramp from Dodge county, Wisconsin, across country with a pack on my back, I was sorely disappointed with the prospects before me. There were a few rude dwellings and two stores, one kept by Smith & Rublee, the other by John Levey; but every one was hustling to build up a city, and nearly every one was keeping a hotel. The beds generally had ticks filled with marsh grass and blankets, and those were then thought to be good enough for any one. Lots were for sale at from fifty to five hundred dollars a lot, and there were those that predicted that a new Chicago would be built up there, but I concluded to go farther, and made arrangements with Silas Stevens to do so.

"The steamboat *Excelsior* landed at La Crosse on November 12, 1851, to the disappointment of Silas Stevens, who was expecting the *Nominee*. We had gotten lumber in readiness to build a cabin on Wa-pa-sha prairie, and expected to land there that night, and Mr. Stevens was anxious to see Captain Orrin Smith for further information concerning our point for landing; but our lumber and provisions were finally put on board of the *Excelsior* and we started up the river.

Our destination was a profound secret, known only to the Captain. We had intended to load our goods and slip quietly away, but when we went up into the cabin, we found Judge Gale, Benjamin Healy and George Batchelder with their grips evidently in quest of town sites. Their anxious

inquiries betrayed them, and we thought perhaps that they might interfere with our project, and they perhaps, had similar thoughts concerning our destination. Judge Gale and his party left the boat at Trempealeau, and we gave them to understand that we were going to Bunnell's Landing, now Homer. There we did land and took on a big wooding and steamed on to Wapasha prairie, where we landed near the east end of the present levee at about one o'clock at night. The next spring, on a trip to La Crosse by way of what was known as Gordon's ferry on Black River, though I had to cross on a raft, I saw the result of Judge Gale's trip up with us on the Excelsior, in the form of a log cabin built by him as the founder of Galesville and Galesville University. Ben Healy and George Batchelder, had selected the site of Trempealeau as the goal of their ambition, and they finally made terms with James Reed for locating there.

"On the night of our arrival at Wapasha prairie, it was a dark, foggy night, we scarcely could see one rod in advance of us. Our first purpose was to find the cabin of E. H. Johnson, which we had been told was near the river's side above or below the place where we landed, but knew not which. We first took our course up stream until we ran into a swamp of willows, and then retraced our steps. Then we decided to go down. We went on and on, it seemed then a very long way, and we thought of returning to our goods to wait until daylight should point our way, but one suggested that we go a little farther, which we did, and soon discovered the Johnson cabin under the high bank above what is now the approach to the Burlington R. R. bridge. We rapped at the door, and after giving our names, were finally admitted, though with hesitancy. A man by the name of Caleb Nash was with Johnson, and the two men gave us a share of their bedding, and we lay down on the floor, but not to sleep. At sunrise I went out to view our surroundings. It was a lovely sight; the sky was clear, and a cool breeze coming from the west, the sunshine was brilliantly beautiful, and as I walked

out for the first time to view our contemplated site for a city, I was delighted. Soon the other occupants of the cabin also came out, and we all seemed to enjoy the prospect afforded by the wild waste of country in view. Old Wa-pa-sha's Half Dome, now known as the "Sugar Loaf," looked down upon us, with clear-cut brow, wreathed with an evergreen border on his cap and we thought it one of the most beautiful objects we had ever beheld. After breakfast, we went down to the low lands east of the cabin and stuck a large stake with two smaller ones as witnesses, and from that point commenced to measure west along the river bank. When we had reached a half mile we drove a stake marked Johnson's claim and No. 1. Another half mile was measured as Nash's claim and marked No. 2. Then one for Silas Stevens and marked No. 3. Another for Captain Orrin Smith and marked No. 4. Then one for Edward Hamilton marked No. 5, and then one for myself marked George W. Clark, No. 6. That ended the work of our survey, and it remains today very nearly in correspondence with all surveys made afterwards.

"We got Johnson to haul our lumber and goods back from the place of landing to a place east of Market street, and between Front and Second streets, where we built our cabin. As night approached, a steamboat was heard coming down the river, and hailing her, a plank was run out to shore, Silas Stevens went on board, and left us for Kenosha, Wisconsin, while Hamilton and myself were left in charge for the winter.

We soon finished our cabin, a structure 12x14 feet, with board roof, one window fronting to the north, and one door fronting to the east. We made it quite comfortable by banking it high with earth, and then proceeded to make our own furniture. We were soon in readiness to receive calls, which were quite numerous after the ice had closed the river, on December 20th, 1851. We had Indians visiting us nearly every day, but they did not stay long. They had their tepees on the island in the timber, during the winter. South of Johnson's cabin were several groves enclosed with poles, and

a white rag for a flag. Upon the ground occupied by the Northwestern Railroad shops, were at least ten acres of scaffoldings and graves, and beyond was their play ground. A pole 20 feet high with the remains of a flag on its top, and a circle of 50 feet in diameter at its base, with a granite boulder as an Alter Stone, was where it was said' sacred dances were held. The rock was about fifteen inches in diameter, and evidently had been long in service. [It was a sacrificial rock. Author.] Down towards the river or slough, were four large buildings 16x60 feet on the ground and about 6 feet high at the eaves and 10 feet at top of ridge poles, covered with elm-bark for roof. These buildings were summer houses and were all parallel with each other, and on the inside were raised platforms upon which the Indians sat and slept. Between the platforms fires were built for cooking, and in one with wider space, some of their dances were given. On the Gilmore Valley creek, on Mr. C. C. Beck's and Mr. Knopp's land, where one of their farms was located, was another large building near the site of the present target building of the German Shooting Society. In their corn-fields were many scaffolds, (to keep off blackbirds) and from this field to the cemetery and on Burns creek, were a number of trails made by ponies in passing from one field to the other. A stake-and ridered fence was run from the present brick-house, built by Orrin Clark, to the lake to keep the ponies from the cultivated fields, and from the flag ground to this meadow-land, were also many pony trails.

"When the ice became safe on the river for travel, Mr. Isaac M. Noracong and William McSpadden came up with two yoke of cattle and a large load of lumber and supplies, and went on up to the mouth of the Rollingstone, and there selected a claim where the mill now stands in Minnesota City. At about the same time, John Farrell came with men and ox teams and supplies to engage in getting out logs to run below. He made his camp in the heavy oak timber opposite Winona.

“John C. Laird, William B. Gere and E. Silsby also came up to settle on the Wapasha prairie. Gere selected his claim south of Captain Smith’s claim. Silsby west of Gere, Jabez McDermont at No. 7 along the river, and Josiah Keene took No. 8. Allen Gilmore made a claim at the mouth of the valley that now bears his name. John Burns at the mouth of Burns creek, and Peter Gorr settled in what was called Gorr’s valley; but some changes being desirable in the road up the valley, it was changed in accordance with the will of the people, and the name of the valley was changed also. Joseph Wilson was the first settler *up* the Burns valley at a large spring in East Burns valley, and his name has been given to the town of Wilson. The first settler in West Burns valley, was Mr. Fletcher, who opened a farm and cultivated it for several years. It was purchased by Philo B. Palmer, and sold by him to Mr. C. Miller who now is quite extensively engaged in the sheep business. The valley back of Lake Winona was called ‘Thompson’s Valley,’ because S. K. Thompson was first to build there. The valley next above was called ‘Clark’s valley’ as George W. Clark resided there. The valley west of Gilmore was known as Iams valley, and next west was the Luark valley, because W. T. Luark lived there, but it is now known as Coleman’s valley. The Rollingstone is the next stream west.

“On the 4th of December, 1851, with Erwin Johnson, we made a trip to La Crosse in a leaky canoe, the recollection of which is not very agreeable, but there was no danger in the trip but great discomfort. It was otherwise during a journey made on ice, for there was great danger and a great wetting too. In the month of March, 1853, business called me to La Crosse, and I started down with a team then going there. Even before I got there rain began to pour, and the river began to open in places.

“The next morning the water covered the ice, and I hurried through my business and started back on foot for the Wapasha prairie about eleven o’clock, determined to at least

reach Bunnell's that night. When I got onto the ice of the river I walked fast for a time. As the ice lifted from the sand bars, the walking became dry, a northwest wind began to blow, and my anxiety began to disappear. The head-wind made it harder walking, and I necessarily traveled slower. Towards evening it became colder. At last it began to get dusky as I came in sight of Bunnell's. In passing August Pentler's place, about a half mile below Homer, I saw him in the door and asked him how the shore ice was at Bunnell's. Pentler replied: 'I think you will have no trouble in getting there, but you want to get out into the middle of the river where the ice is stronger.' As he spoke I glanced a few feet ahead of me, and the water was gurgling up through the ice, and as I turned to escape the ice gave way and I went into the river. The ice broke rapidly for several feet around me, and as it was honey-combed it dissolved as soon as the air struck it. The water was deep and the current swift, with open water between me and the shore, except a narrow strip of ice. I had presence of mind enough to know that my life depended on my own efforts, for the intervening water prevented any possible help from Pentler, as the only canoe or boat he had was on the shore, filled with ice since the fall before. As I clambered on the ice it gave way with me, and this I repeated again and again. At last I succeeded in placing myself on ice that supported me, and I was saved. Through all my dangerous struggle for life I had preserved an overcoat and a large package brought from La Crosse, which at one time nearly escaped my grasp.

"When Pentler saw the impossibility of his reaching me to afford aid, he hallooed loudly for Bunnell to come down; but it was a full half mile or more up to Bunnell's Landing. Luckily, Pentler's cry was heard by Bunnell, as he happened to be outside of his house, and he at once took in the situation, and, with Pentler, although I had gotten out of the water, directed me safely up opposite his landing, while they followed up. Bunnell finally ran out some boards over the

weak ice, and I once more reached the shore. When I landed from the ice I could scarcely speak or walk, but Mr. Bunnell and Mrs. Bunnell offered me dry clothing, and in every possible way made me comfortable, but I declined a change of clothing, preferring instead to dry myself by a good, warm fire, which I sat near, to a late hour after supper. The next morning I walked up to my cabin, and in twenty-four hours after, the ice was floating and the river soon clear. I did not recover from my cold bath and struggle for several weeks after.

“I now come to what is disagreeable to recall: On March 1, 1852, all the settlers on the prairie and along the river were invited down to Willard B. Bunnell’s place to form an association for the mutual protection of its members. George G. Barber was elected president and William B. Gere, secretary. A constitution was formally adopted and by-laws accepted by the members, one of which was as follows: ‘Each member is allowed to make a claim for his friend or relative, provided he was on the land making improvements within six months from the date it was claimed, and that this association, with each and all of its members, will turn out and by force, if necessary, drive off any intruder or trespasser.’

“The members living at La Crosse felt safer, and did not come near their claims until the river opened. [The meeting was called in the interest of the carpet-bag claimants of La-Crosse and their representatives.—Author.]

“Soon after this meeting, I made a claim for my brother, Scott Clark, near the bluffs east of the Gilmore claim, now my farm. John Evans and S. K. Thompson came up to the prairie just after the river opened in 1852, and spent some days in silently looking over the land. One day they were seen by William Stevens cutting a large tree on land in front of where my house now stands, preparatory to building a cabin on the Scott Clark claim. Stevens and I ordered them off. Evans said: ‘Your brother is not here, and you have

your claim; now, I shall have one of those claims.' They left and in a few days went on to my claim No. 6, now the Evans addition to the city of Winona. I ordered them off, then the club sent a committee to order Evans off my claim. They went, but Evans told them he would not go, and would shoot anyone who attempted to drive him off. He was very emphatic and profane, and exhibited his gun in a terrible rage.

"The committee came back and reported to the club, many members of which went and talked to him about his jumping my claim, but to no purpose, as he declared his intention of holding the claim. In two or three weeks my brother Scott Clark came, and soon after, my brother Wayne Clark. We all went to see Evans, and finally offered him three hundred dollars to leave the premises, but he declared that he would 'never leave the claim alive.' Through the persausion of my brothers, who had little regard for the 'sandy prairie,' I built a cabin on Scott Clark's claim, and we all lived there, and during that summer, bought the claim to the C. C. Beck farm and a part of Michael Knopp's farm. We commenced to build near the target practice building, but finally moved the material onto the land east of C. C. Beck's present house, and there built a good log-house, 12x20, and lived there and on what is now my farm, alternately. We had exchanged claims, and my brother planted ten acres of beans, in 1853, and cultivated them with a single ox. My brother J. Scott Clark, or Joseph, as he was commonly known, was taken very sick, in May, 1854, and we secured a place for his comfortable attendance with Mr. S. K. Thompson. He died on the 24th of June, of that year, in the house recently torn down by the Cemetery Association, and was buried there upon the premises; the first body to occupy that beautiful city of the dead. Elder Hamilton preached the funeral sermon, in which he declared 'that Mr. Clark was loved and respected by all who knew him, and that he was a Christian in practice, and loved to be just.'

"It has been said that I relinquished my claim. I did not do so, not one foot of it. I was powerless alone to maintain it, and neither the Protection Club nor my brothers thought it worth shedding blood for, and so the claim was acquired by Evans by forcible possession."

Up to this point in Mr. George W. Clark's statement, or narrative, there is little to criticise; it has been of historic interest, and is a graphic account of frontier life; but it is evident that his personal feelings have been disturbed in its recital, and as it is no part of my office as a historian of those days to arouse or perpetuate those old animosities, I leave them where the courts and land office decisions left them, settled, as was supposed, upon a nearly just basis, according to the evidence given at that time. I cannot close this article, however, without remarking that in ten years experience in California, from 1849 to 1859, I never knew a claim sustained by any protection club alone. Occupation was the only right recognized there, where all were trespassers; there having been no legal rights then established. So it was here, and there would have been no justice in leaving a claim untenanted, (except by special act of Congress as in soldier claims) without a certainty of the claim being occupied by an actual settler. As a matter of fact, Winona was largely colonized in the interest of Captain Smith, Silas Stevens and other parties interested in town site property. Mr. Clark himself was employed by Stevens, but was very young then, and it is not likely that he fully appreciated the value of his claim No. 6. If he had, he would have clung to it with greater tenacity than John Evans, for he would have continuously occupied it.

CHAPTER XX.

A Chapter mostly from "Neill's History"—Territorial Days of Minnesota—Part of Wisconsin Transformed into Territory of Minnesota—It became a State, with its Responsibilities and Mistakes.

"When Wisconsin became a state (in 1848) the query arose whether the old territorial government did not continue in force west of the St. Croix river. The first meeting on the subject of claiming territorial privileges was held in the building in St. Paul known as Jackson's Store, near the corner of Bench and Jackson streets, on the bluff. This meeting was held in July (1848), and a convention was proposed to consider their position. The first public meeting was held at Stillwater, on August fourth (1848), and Messrs. Steel and Sibley were the only persons present from the west side of the Mississippi. This meeting issued a call for a general convention, to take steps to secure an early territorial organization (for Minnesota), to assemble on the twenty-sixth of the month, at the same place. Sixty-two delegates answered the call, and to the convention a letter was presented from Mr. Catlin (of Madison), who claimed to be acting governor, giving his opinion that the Wisconsin territorial organization was still in force. The meeting also appointed Mr. Sibley to visit Washington and represent their views, but the Hon. John H. Tweedy, having resigned his office as delegate to Congress on September 18th, 1848, Mr. Catlin, who had made

Stillwater a temporary residence, on the ninth of October, issued a proclamation ordering a special election at Stillwater, on the thirtieth, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation.

“At this election Henry H. Sibley was elected as delegate of the citizens of the remaining portion of Wisconsin Territory.

“His credentials were presented to the House of Representatives, and the committee to whom the matter was referred presented a majority and minority report; but the resolution introduced by the majority passed, and Mr. Sibley took his seat as a delegate from Wisconsin Territory on the fifteenth of January, 1849.

“Mr. H. M. Rice and other gentlemen visited Washington that winter, and, uniting with Mr. Sibley, used all their energies to obtain the organization of a new territory.

“On the third of March, 1849, a bill was passed, organizing the Territory of Minnesota, whose boundary on the west extended to the Missouri river. At the time of the passage of the bill organizing the Territory of Minnesota, the region was little more than a wilderness. The west bank of the Mississippi, from the Iowa line to Lake Itasca was unceded by the Indians.

“At Wahpashaw (half-breed tract below Lake Pepin) was a trading post, in charge of Alexis Bailly, of whom mention has been made, and here also resided the ancient voyageur, of four score years, A. Rocque. At the post of Lake Pepin was a storehouse, kept by Mr. F. S. Richards. On the west shore of the lake lived the eccentric Wells, whose wife was a *bois-brule* (half-breed), a daughter of the deceased trader, Duncan Graham. The two unfinished buildings of stone on the beautiful bank opposite the renowned Maiden's Rock and the surrounding skin lodges of his wife's relatives and friends, presented a rude but picturesque scene. Above the lake was a cluster of bark wigwams, the Dahkotch village of Raym-

neecha, now Red Wing, at which was a Presbyterian mission house. The next settlement was Kaposia, also an Indian village, and the residence of a Presbyterian missionary, the Rev. T. S. Williamson, M. D.

"On the east side of the Mississippi, the first settlement at the mouth of the St. Croix, was Point Douglass, then as now, a small hamlet. At Red Rock, the site of a former Methodist mission station, there were a few farmers. St. Paul was just emerging from a collection of Indian whisky shops and birch-roofed cabins of half-breed voyageurs. Here and there a frame tenement was erected, and under the auspices of the Hon. H. M. Rice, who had obtained an interest in the town, some warehouses were being constructed, and the foundations of the American House were laid. In 1849 the population had increased to two hundred and fifty or three hundred inhabitants, for rumors had gone abroad that it might be mentioned, in the act creating the territory, as the capital. More than a month after the adjournment of congress, just at eve on the ninth of April, amid terrific peals of thunder and torrents of rain, the weekly steam packet, the first to force its way through the icy barrier of Lake Pepin, rounded the rocky point, whistling loud and long, as if the bearer of glad tidings. Before she was safely moored to the landing, the shouts of the excited villagers announced that there was a territory of Minnesota and that St. Paul was the seat of government. Every successive steamboat arrival poured out on the landing men big with hope and anxious to do something to mould the future of the new state.

"Nine days after the news of the existence of the territory of Minnesota was received, there arrived James M. Goodhue, with press, type and printing apparatus. A graduate of Amherst college and a lawyer by profession, he wielded a sharp pen and wrote editorials, which, more than anything else perhaps, induced immigration. . . . One of the counties bears his name. On the twenty-eighth of April (1849) he issued the first number of the St. Paul Pioneer.

"On the twenty-seventh of May, Alexander Ramsey, the Governor, and his family arrived at St. Paul, but owing to the crowded state of the public houses, immediately proceeded in the steamer to the establishment of the fur company known as Mendota, at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi and became the guest of Hon. H. H. Sibley.

"For several weeks there resided, at the confluence of these rivers, four individuals who, more than any other men, have been identified with the public interests of Minnesota, and given the state its present character. Their names are attached to the thriving counties of Ramsey, Rice, Sibley and Steele."

The wives of all these pioneers are no less worthy than their husbands, for they had to endure the hardships and annoyances of frontier life without having had any of the preparations that fitted those eminent leaders to control and guide the young territory into a state. But full justice, as far as possible, has been done to their early life in Minnesota by our historian Neill, and the example of their character set before their offspring and their social standing in St. Paul, verifies the saying that "by their fruits shall ye know them."

Hon. Edmund Rice, who served with the writer in the 1st Michigan Volunteers in the Mexican war, and whose reputation for integrity of character, was all that is ennobling to a man, was as useful to the state of Minnesota in her young days as his brother, Senator Rice. Mr. Edmund Rice was the pioneer promoter of railroad building in Minnesota and made three successful visits to England where he obtained funds with which the Duluth and other railways were built. His estimable wife and his children survive him, and they rank high in the esteem of the citizens of St. Paul.

Position of Minnesota taken from Neill. The following is a condensed statement:

"Minnesota occupies the elevated plateau of North America; and from its gently sloping plains descend the rivulets that feed the mighty Mississippi, that flows into the Gulf

of Mexico; the noble St. Lawrence, emptying its volume into the Atlantic; and the winding Red River of the North, flowing into Hudson's Bay. It extends from 43° 30' to 49° north latitude, and its boundaries are, on the north, the British possessions; on the south, the state of Iowa; on the east, Lake Superior and the state of Wisconsin; and on the west, Red river, Sioux Wood river, Lake Traverse and Big Stone Lake, and from the latter a due south line to the northern boundary of Iowa."

The name, Minnesota, is derived from the Dahkotch name of the principal river entering the Mississippi from the west below the rapids of St. Anthony's Falls, and signifies literally smoky water. The name is composed of two distinct words, Minne, water, and sota, smoke, and was no doubt suggested by the curling, smoke-like appearance of the water where it joins that of the Mississippi. Notwithstanding the supposed endorsement of Mr. Gideon H. Pond, my own knowledge of Dahkotch leads me to agree with the statement made to me by Major E. A. C. Hatch, that the interpretation of *sky-tinted water*, that is, blue water, for Minnesota, was "entirely imaginative." The word "sotah" is often used to represent a clouded state of the atmosphere, when the clouds appear like bluffs of grey smoke, and hence when the sky is perfectly clear, it is called kay-sotah, which is equivalent to saying cloudless; or, literally, smokeless sky. And as smoke affects the eyes, blurring the sight, sore eyes are commonly called ishta-sotah, or smoke-eyed, even when other causes produce the sore eyes. *Sky-clouded water* would be a significant and appropriate interpretation enough, on account of the appearance of the Minnesota at Mendota, but *sky-tinted water* is too inappropriate for me to pass it by in silence. The Missouri river is called by the Dakotahs Minne Shoshay, or muddy water, because of its muddy or dirty condition after it leaves the mountains and cuts its way through the alluvial plains; and so it will be found in every instance, that Indian names have a peculiar significance of their own, drawn from some

condition or object in nature, and while it is not always desirable to be too literal in their interpretation, there should not be such poetic license as to leave the natural significance obscured.

"On the first of June (1849), Governor Ramsey by proclamation, declared the territory organized, with the following officers: Alexander Ramsey, of Pennsylvania, Governor; C. K. Smith, of Ohio, Secretary of State; A. Goodrich, of Tennessee, Chief Justice; D. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, and B. B. Meeker, of Kentucky, Associate Judges; Joshua L. Taylor, Marshal; H. L. Moss, Attorney of the United States.

"On the eleventh of June (1849), a second proclamation was issued, dividing the territory into three temporary judicial districts. The first comprised the county of St. Croix; the county of La Point, and the region north and west of the Mississippi and north of the Minnesota, and of a line running due west from the head waters of the Minnesota to the Missouri river, constituted the second; and the country west of the Mississippi and south of the Minnesota formed the third district. Judge Goodrich was assigned to the first, Meeker to the second and Cooper to the third. A court was ordered to be held at Stillwater on the second Monday, at the Fall of St. Anthony on the third, and at Mendota on the fourth Monday of August."

Governor Ramsey remained at Mendota with his family until the twenty-sixth of June, when he came down to St. Paul in a birch-bark canoe and became a resident of the capital.

"On the first of July a land office was established at Stillwater, and A. Van Vorhees, after a few weeks, became register. . . . In pursuance of a requirement in the organic act, the sheriff of St. Croix was ordered to take a census of all inhabitants."

The result was a grand total for the territory of three thousand and sixty-seven males, and one thousand seven hundred and thirteen females.

"On the seventh of July a proclamation was issued, dividing the territory into seven council districts and ordering an election to be held on the first day of August, for one delegate to represent the people in the House of Representatives of the United States, for nine councillors and eighteen representatives to constitute the legislative assembly of Minnesota."

In July, 1849, Mr. H. M. Rice sent a boat, towed by horses, from near the head of St. Anthony Falls to Crow Wing, with goods for the Indians there—the first boat, as far as known, drawn by horses.

At the election on the first of August, in St. Paul, Hon. H. H. Sibley was elected to congress as delegate from Minnesota, as the unanimous choice of the people. The councillors elected were W. H. Forbes and J. McBoal. The representatives were B. Brunson, P. K. Johnson, H. Jackson and J. J. Dewey. Mr. J. L. Taylor declined to be the United States Marshal, and Col. A. M. Mitchell, a graduate of West Point and a colonel of Ohio volunteers in the Mexican war, was appointed and assumed the duties of the office in August.

"The first courts, pursuant to proclamations of the governor, were held in the month of August.

"On Monday, the third of September (1849), the first legislative assembly convened in the Central House, a building which answered the double purpose of capitol and hotel. . . . As the flag was run up the staff in front of the house, a number of Indians sat on a rocky bluff in the vicinity, and gazed at what to them was a novel and perhaps saddening scene; for if the tide of immigration sweeps in from the Pacific as it has from the Atlantic coast, they must diminish."

The legislature having organized, elected the following permanent officers: David Olmstead, president of council; Joseph R. Brown, secretary; H. A. Lambert, assistant. In the House of Representatives Joseph W. Furber was elected speaker; W. D. Phillips, clerk; L. B. Wait, assistant. On Tuesday afternoon both houses assembled in the dining hall of the hotel, and after prayer was offered by Rev. E. D. Neill,

Governor Ramsey delivered his message. The message was ably written and its perusal afforded satisfaction at home and abroad.

"The members of the first legislature were generally acquainted with each other previous to their election, and there was but little formality manifested in their proceedings. A child of one of the members having died, the House of Representatives adjourned to attend the little one's funeral."

The members of the first Legislature were:

NAMES.	N ^o . of Dist.	Residence.	Age	Place of Nativity.
COUNCILORS.				
James S. Norris ...	1	Cottage Grove.....	38	Maine.
Samuel Burkleo.....	2	Stillwater	45	Delaware.
William H. Forbes..	3	St. Paul.....	38	Montreal Canada.
James McBoal.....	3	St. Paul.....	38	Pennsylvania.
David B. Loomis ...	4	Marine Mills.....	32	Connecticut.
John Rollins.....	5	Falls of St. Anthony	41	Maine.
David Olmstead.....	6	Long Prairie	27	Vermont.
William Sturges ...	6	Elk River	28	Upper Canada,
Martin McLeod.....	7	Lacqui Parle.....	36	Montreal Canada.
REPRESENTATIVES.				
Joseph W. Furbur..	1	Cottage Grove.....	36	New Hampshire.
Joseph Wells.....	1	Lake Pepin.....	46	New Jersey.
M. S. Wilkinson....	2	Stillwater	30	New York.
Sylvanus Trask....	2	Stillwater	New York.
Mahlon Black.....	2	Stillwater	Ohio.
Benj. W. Brunson ..	3	St. Paul.....	25	Michigan.
Henry Jackson	3	St. Paul.....	42	Virginia
John J. Dewey	3	St. Paul.....	New York.
Parsons K. Johnson.	3	St. Paul.....	Vermont.
Henry F. Setzer....	4	Snake River.....	Missouri.
William R. Marshall	5	Falls of St. Anthony
William Dugas	5	Little Canada.....	37	Lower Canada.
Jeremiah Russell...	6	Crow Wing.....
L. A. Babcock.....	6	Sauk Rapids.....	29	Vermont,
Thomas A. Holmes .	6	Sauk Rapids.....	44	Pennsylvania.
Allen Morrison	6
Alexis Bailly	7	Mendota	50	Michigan.
Gideon H. Pond	7	Oak Grove.....	39	Connecticut.

"The first session of the Legislature adjourned on the first of November. Among other proceedings of interest was the creation of the following counties: Itaska, Wabashaw, Dakota, Wahnatah, Mankahto, Pembina, Washington, Ramsey

and Benton. The three latter counties comprised the country that up to that time had been ceded by the Indians on the east side of the Mississippi. Stillwater was declared the county seat of Washington; St. Paul, of Ramsey; 'and the seat of justice of the county of Benton was to be within one quarter of a mile of a point on the east side of the Mississippi, directly opposite the mouth of Sauk river.' The day of elections, after the year 1849, was appointed to be on the first of September. A warm interest was manifested in the common school system. . . . A joint resolution was passed, ordering a slab of the red pipe-stone to be forwarded to the Washington Monument Association."

The stone, for ages, has been used by the Dahkotahs and other tribes for the manufacture of pipes, and is esteemed "Wakan," that, is sacred, or God-given. Nicollet mentions it as a stone "not more interesting to the Indians than it is to the man of science," for it is unique in character.

A seal for the territory was designed by Governor Ramsey and Gen. Sibley, while the latter was a delegate at Washington, but the Latin inscription was not correctly engraved. "*L'Etoile du Nord*," "Star of the North," as applying to our then northernmost territory, which was substituted, seems appropriate enough, and the French motto is more easily understood by the people.

The Indian title to the greater part of the territory of Minnesota, at the date of its organization, was still in force. It was desirable to extinguish a large portion of it, and place the Indians on reservations, that there might be no conflict with the incoming tide of immigration. Accordingly, Governor Ramsey and ex-Governor Chambers of Iowa were commissioned to treat with the Dahkotahs for such lands as they could obtain. They were unable to comply fully with their instructions or assemble the Indians, as designed, at Mendota, but made a treaty for the purchase of the half-breed tract on Lake Pepin and below, as far as Grand Encampment, its lower boundary.

On a call of six Democratic members of the Legislature, as a committee appointed in caucus, a mass meeting of the Democracy of the territory was called for October twentieth, 1849, and the party organized.

On the fourth Monday of November, the elections for the officers of counties newly formed took place.

Up to the close of 1849 the ice of the Mississippi was the roadway in winter, and conveyance in summer was by way of canoe, sail or steamboat. In December of that year a road from Prairie du Chien by way of La Crosse and Hudson was lined out and some work done to make it passable to St. Paul, and it has been a thoroughfare ever since.

An Indian council, called by Governor Ramsey, was held at Fort Snelling in June, 1850, to suppress the treacherous warfare between the Dahkotahs and Chippewas. At first there was the usual hostile display on both sides and considerable independent talk, but the end was a treaty of peace between the two tribes, and a grand feast of oxen to end up the performance.

The first proclamation for a Thanksgiving day was issued in 1850, by the Governor, and the twenty-sixth of December, was the time appointed, and it was generally observed.

On Wednesday, January 1, 1851, the Legislature again assembled, in accordance with the election of September, 1850. Most of the members of the first Assembly were again returned.

The location of the penitentiary at Stillwater and the capitol building at St. Paul, was accomplished. Also a bill creating and locating the University of Minnesota near the Falls of St. Anthony. By the constitution afterwards adopted it was changed to the State University, and two townships of land were granted it.

In the year 1851 a treaty was made with the Dahkotahs, by which they ceded the land on the west side of the Mississippi and the valley of the Minnesota river, thus opening these valuable lands to settlement. The commissioners were Luke

Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Governor Ramsey. They arrived at Traverse des Sioux on the 30th of June, but were compelled to await the slow gathering of the various bands, which occupied much time.

By the 18th of July the Sissetons and Wahpaytons, the bands interested, were assembled, and a treaty was finally concluded on July 23d. All the usual formalities were observed, including feasting, smoking, talking and touching of the pen, and the treaty was ready for the action of the United States Senate.

In August another treaty was made at Mendota with the M'dewakantonwan and Wahpaykootay bands of Dahkotahs. The principal chiefs of the bands touched the pen, but Little Crow, schooled at the mission of Lac qui Parle, was able to sign his own name to the document.

Mr. Neill says: "The day after the treaty these lower bands received thirty thousand dollars, which, by the treaty of 1837, was set apart for education; but by misrepresentations of interested half-breeds, the Indians were made to believe that it ought to be given them to be employed as they pleased. The next week, with their sacks filled with money, they thronged the streets of St. Paul, purchasing whatever pleased their fancy."

Mr. Neill further says: "The week subsequent to the treaty there was a general clearing out of worn-out nags from the livery stables of the capital; and, when the cavalcade started for the Indian country, in John Gilpin style, it was a scene to excite the laughter of a stoic. Many departed empty-handed, and if they had not given a kingdom, had given their all for a horse that would die in a few months."

To the author, the scene would not have excited laughter, for there was no merriment in it. Instead, it was pitiful, not alone that old broken down nags were sold to Indians by sharpers, but that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Luke Lea, of Washington, should have allowed thirty thou-

sand dollars of school money to be diverted from its legitimate use, solemnly pledged by the treaty of 1837, because half-breeds, who wanted to get what they could of it, had lied to the Indians, making them believe they were entitled to it. Rev. G. H. Pond was the interpreter, and the facts of the case were fully made known. By the treaties of 1851, about thirty millions of acres of the richest and fairest lands of earth were acquired by the United States from the Dahkotahs, and if the Indians had been dealt with justly and firmly by the establishment of schools of instruction under competent and humane agents it is the deliberate opinion of the author that there never would have been the massacre of 1862.

It is certain that all missionary efforts in behalf of Indians in contact with white people, have been dismal failures, not for want of sincerity and zeal on the part of the devoted missionary fathers of the Catholic church in early days, nor the want of efforts made at Protestant missions in later times, but simply because the preaching was to their souls instead of their bodies; that is, furnishing them with the necessaries of life. The fine spun theories that divide the Christian churches today were above their comprehension. Only a few days before the treaties of 1851, a missionary at Shokpay's village wrote, in evidence of his failure: "They (the Indians) are almost universally thieves and beggars; and, though we endeavor to have as little property exposed as possible, we are obliged to be continually on the watch. My wife has been only a mile from home in three years, (poor woman), and when the Indians are here, I seldom go out of sight of the house, unless I am obliged to do so. Few days pass in which they do not commit some depredation. . . . We should feel contented and cheerful in our situation, if the Indians would only listen to the gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

What could such savages understand of the teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus? No more than Christian powers now upholding the murderous Turk. Only power justly admin-

istered will control the savage nature of man, and lift him up to a higher life.

The third Legislative Assembly held its session in a building that now forms a part of the Merchants Hotel in St. Paul. It was commenced on January the seventh, 1852, and some important measures were introduced.

A memorial to Congress was sent, asking for the change of the name, St. Peter's or St. Pierre river, to that of its Dakotah name of Minnesota. Congress approved of the change by law, and ordered it made in all future documents. The county of Hennepin was also created at the session of 1852. During this year the first report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction was made.

Captain Simpson of the corps of Topographical Engineers, United States Army, during a survey of the region between Watab and Long Prairie, named one of the beautiful clear water lakes, Neill's Lake, in honor of Rev. Edward D. Neill, then the able territorial superintendant of common schools. It is well that the lake was so named, but "Neill's History," will reflect his usefulness to Minnesota and the world more than the clear water of the lake. In anticipation of the ratification of the treaties with the Dakotahs' settlements were commenced on the Minnesota river at Mankahto, Traverse des Sioux, Kasota, Louisville, and Shokpay. Eden Prairie had a claim on it made by a Mr. McKenzie.

The largest early settlement made on the west side of the Mississippi, was on Rollingstone creek, at the site of Minnesota City. The settlers were mostly from New York city and came as a colony, the first squad, on the 14th of April, 1852. and others soon followed.

The agents of the colony, like others, were in error in overrating the liability of an overflow of Wah-pa-sha prairie, and finding claimants already in occupancy of the river frontage, and the soil of the prairie unfit for farming, they selected the Rollingstone as best suited to the purposes of a colony.

The association was known as "The Western Farm and Village Association," and was composed of men of high moral character and intelligence, but without experience in frontier life. The site selected was supposed to be accessible to steamboat navigation, but was not, nor was it large enough for a colony of farmers, and the association, an experiment, soon dissolved. The Rollingstone creek at the site selected, affords a good water-power for its famous mill; and for gardening and fruit culture, the reputation of Minnesota City, established by the colonists, is not excelled by any place in the county.

The legislative assembly commenced its fourth session on January fifth, 1853, by choosing Martin McLeod to preside in the council, and Dr. David Day as speaker of the House.

Governor Ramsey's annual message was a document of great value to the people, foreshadowing the great destiny in store for Minnesota, and while it greatly encouraged the pioneer settlers to efforts in behalf of their but recently acquired territory, it recommended such legislation as would best serve the people.

Upon the inauguration of Franklin Pierce as President, W. A. Gorman, of Indiana, was appointed Governor of the territory; J. T. Rosser, of Virginia, Secretary of State; W. H. Welch, of Minnesota, Chief Justice; Moses Sherburne, of Maine, and A. G. Chatfield, of Wisconsin, Associates.

One of the first acts of Governor Gorman in behalf of the territory was a treaty of exchange made with the Winnebagoes for their removal from Watab, Benton county, to a new home near the Dahkotch reservation, on the Minnesota. The Dahkotahs from below St. Paul, from Wapasha prairie, from Red Wing, and from Kaposia, began moving to their new homes on the Minnesota river during the latter part of the summer of 1853. The Wah-pa-sha band was known as the Kyuksah band, or the band that married their own relatives, contrary to the Indian custom. It was because old Wah-pa-

sha married out of his band that he was unable to live with his people in old age.

The Red Wing band was known as the Raymneecha band, because of its settlement near the wooded hill at the village called Raymneecha. The chief was known as Wah-koo-tay, the shooter.

The Kaposia band located about four miles below the upper landing of old St. Paul, was named for their "lightness" of movements, and they were governed by the chief Little Crow, an ancestral name, like that of Wah-pa-sha, that had been used by the chiefs of the band for several generations.

A change of Governors brought about a change of political affiliations, and rivalry among pioneer friends began to appear. In 1854 Ramsey, Rice and Robertson headed one school of political economists, while Governor Gorman and H. H. Sibley gave instructions to another class. H. M. Rice was elected over Alex Wilkins for delegate to Congress.

The Assembly, the fifth since the organization of the territory, met on the fourth of January, 1854. S. B. Olmstead was chosen President of the Council, and Governor Gorman delivered his first annual message.

An act incorporating the Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad Company, was introduced by Joseph R. Brown, and it was passed an hour after midnight, after the time for the close of the session. It was signed by the Governor, thereby recognizing the right to turn back "old time" in his onward course, as is done sometimes in the Congress of the United States.

During the month of June, 1854, five large steamers came up to St. Paul, and then to Fort Snelling, from whence in various ways the larger number of the passengers, a thousand, visited the Falls of St. Anthony.

The party on the steamers were the guests of Mr. Farnam, the builder of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, who, with princely hospitality, had extended invitations to eminent men and their families to visit the upper Mississippi, that

they might not only see the great beauty of its scenery, but form some idea of the vast resources of his railroad as well.

Among his guests were Ex-President Millard Fillmore, George Bancroft, Professor Sillman, Professors Gibbs, of Yale; Larned, of Yale; Parker, of Harvard; H. B. Smith, of New York; Charles Sedgwick, Miss Catharine Sedgwick, Rev. Dr. Bacon, and a host of others almost equally well known. While passing through Lake Pepin the steamers approached each other, and, as it was a calm night, they were lashed together while their passengers exchanged visits. Thus secured, the steamboats formed in line, ran on in social amity until they reached nearly the head of the lake when, the signal of separation being given, they cast off their fastenings and screaming once more their defiance one to the other, they raced their way to St. Paul, where they were received with great honors. At Fort Snelling also all due honors were paid to the distinguished visitors, and they returned east with enlarged and more enlightened views concerning the vast extent of their Uncle Sam's domain than they could have received in any other way.

On the twenty-ninth of June, 1854, an act was passed by Congress, donating to the territory of Minnesota certain lands, under certain conditions, to aid in the construction of railroads. There was great rejoicing on the part of the people, but owing to certain liberties taken with the bill in an irregular way, the act was repealed on August 3rd, as it was supposed, before it could become operative.

The Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad Company, however, contended that they were entitled under the law passed, and claiming vested rights, they opposed the right of Congress to repeal the law. After various trials involving the legal status of their case, and an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, the Attorney General at the December term of 1855, moved for a continuation, which motion was granted, but was considered favorable to the Railroad Company, rather than for the interests of the people, as intended.

On the 30th of January, 1855, the completion of the first bridge across the Mississippi river was celebrated.

At the sixth session of the Legislature, which met on the third of January, 1855, S. P. Olmstead was again elected President of the Council, and J. S. Norris, Speaker of the House.

Discussion again arose concerning the charter of the Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad Company, in which there were strongly urged arguments for and against the company. The Governor opposed the charter in his message, and in the House of Representatives at Washington the charter was declared null. The United States Senate refused its approval of the resolution of the House, and on the reception of the news in St. Paul, there was great rejoicing.

Governor Gorman vetoed an act amending an act of incorporation of the company, and it was then passed over his veto, becoming a law.

Again at the seventh session of the Assembly, convened on the second of January, 1856, Governor Gorman expressed his opposition to the Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad Company; but on the last night of the session, signed a bill extending the time for the company to do certain work. The Governor's message upon the subject was manly and he evidently had the good of the territory and prospective state in view in all he had done.

In the meantime the Republican party of Minnesota had been organized, and William R. Marshall nominated as delegate to Congress. David Olmstead and Henry M. Rice were also candidates, and the election resulted in returning Mr. Rice.

There was some effort made among certain politicians during the session of 1856, to divide the territory, but no action was taken worthy of record, for public opinion was against it. But during the summer of 1856, Mr. John E. Warren earnestly agitated the question of statehood for Minnesota, in a series of newspaper articles that attracted wide attention.

The subject of a state organization and the obtaining of land grants for railroads, was also advocated in 1857, and it was becoming evident that the popular mind was being prepared for the responsibilities of statehood.

The eighth Legislative Assembly met on January 7, 1857, and elected J. B. Brisbin, President of the Council, and J. W. Furber, Speaker.

A bill, removing the seat of government to St. Peter, on the Minnesota river, passed the House. On Saturday, February 28, 1857, was offered in the Council, by Mr. St. A. D. Bolcom, a resolution that Hon. Joseph Rolette be very respectfully requested to report to the Council, Bill No. 72, Council file, entitled, "A bill for the removal of the seat of government for the Territory of Minnesota," this day; and that should said Rolette fail so to do before the adjournment of the Council this day, that the Hon. Mr. Wales, who stands next in the list of said committee on Enrolled Bills, be respectfully requested to procure another truly enrolled copy of said bill, and report the same to the Council on Monday next." But Mr. Rolette and others absented themselves, and after a continuous session of one hundred and twenty-three hours, (members eating and sleeping in the legislative halls), without recess, a motion to adjourn was carried. Renewed efforts were made to obtain a correct copy instead of one that had been tampered with, but all efforts failed, and the time expiring by law for the limitation of the session, it was adjourned without day; the Sergeant at Arms having utterly failed to find Rolette, Thomson and Tillotson, and on roll call they were reported absent. Thus failed a determined effort to remove the capital from St. Paul, a full account of which may be found in Neill's History.

"The Spirit Lake Massacre," as it was known, by Ink-padoo-tah and members of his band of out-lawed Dah-ko-tahs, occurred during the spring of 1857. It was as fiendish in its barbarity as the later one of 1862, but only a few Indians were engaged in the rapine and murder of the victims.

An act was passed on the twenty third of February, 1857, by the United States Senate, authorizing the people of Minnesota to take the preliminary steps necessary to form a state government. And during the same session of Congress, a grant of land in alternate sections, was made for aiding in the construction of certain railroads within the territory.

An extra session was called by Governor Gorman which met on April twenty-seventh, 1857, and a message was received from Samuel Medary, the newly appointed Governor, who acting in harmony with Governor Gorman, whose term of office had but recently expired, recommended such action as resulted in securing the trusts created and given for the benefit of Minnesota. The extra session completed its work, and adjourned in May, but an election was held in June for delegates to assemble on the second Monday in July. The election was favorable to the Republican party, as was supposed, but the delegates of both parties assembled just before the midnight preceding the second Monday in July, (as no hour had been fixed by law for the opening of the convention,) and the Secretary of the territory, representing the Democracy, and Mr. J. W. North, representing the Republican majority, both claimed the power to organize. The Secretary seeing the situation, moved for an adjournment, and the Democrats after voting "yea," left the hall. Not so the Republicans, who remained and organized. After several days the Democrats also organized and formed a constitution. After both parties had good-naturedly been in session a few weeks, committees of conference were appointed, differences harmonized, and both adopted one constitution on the twenty-ninth of August, 1857.

An election for state officers and the adoption of the constitution was held in accordance with the provision made in the instrument, and on the second Tuesday, the thirteenth of October, the constitution was adopted, a provision made for the retention of the territorial officers until the ad-

mission of the new state into the Union, which provision gave those officers a longer term than was expected.

At the session on the first Wednesday of December of the State Legislature, Henry M. Rice and James Shields were elected to the United States Senate.

A bill was introduced on the twenty-ninth of January, 1858, into the Senate at Washington by Stephen A. Douglas, for the admission of Minnesota into the Union; but it was strenuously opposed by some of the southern members, as they declared until the Kansas question then agitating the nation, should be settled. Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, took a wise view of the situation, and advocated the admission. Mr. Crittenden's influence as one of the most patriotic and conservative statesmen of the South, turned the opposition, and the Minnesota bill for admission passed the Senate on April 7th, with but three votes in opposition. It soon after was agreed to in the House by a vote of 158 in favor, to 38 votes in opposition. The act was approved by the President on May 11th, and Minnesota entered the National Union.

CHAPTER XXI.

State Government—Educational and Railroad Lands and Bonds—Reputation and Redemption.

The change from a territorial to a state government occurred at a time of great financial embarrassment in our eastern cities, that was gradually extending west. An attempt was made to relieve the stringency of the money market, growing out of the lack of a circulating medium, by establishing wild cat banks; but these proved to be demoralizing in their influence, and only afforded temporary relief, with bankruptcy as a sequel. The people were in a mood to listen to any project that would bring wealth into the new state, and none seemed so feasible as to build railroads. By the act approved March 5, 1857, Congress had given the territory 4,500,000 acres for railroad construction, and here was an opportunity that *promoters* siezed upon.

| At an extra session of the Legislature an act was passed, on the twenty-second of May, 1857, giving the whole grant of land to certain railroads specially chartered to appropriate the land. It was soon made obvious that the companies could not build the roads, but they could beguile the people through their representatives, and the Legislature was again appealed to. During the winter of 1858 another act was passed submitting to the people an amendment to the Constitution that

would enable those chartered railroad companies to obtain from the state a credit of \$5,000,000 with which to build their roads, upon conditions seemingly satisfactory.

The time fixed for the election upon the amendment was the 15th of April. Before that time arrived, public meetings were held, and the people were by Ex-Governor Gorman and others, warned of the probable consequences of such a measure entailing such colossal indebtedness, but the corporation orators were still more eloquent, and the people of that day having no experience to guide them, voted for the measure and carried it by 25,023 votes in favor and only 6,733 opposed. Thus did the people themselves fix a burden upon their backs which many carried to their graves. The amendment to the Constitution had been cunningly devised in the interest of the railroad companies, and the act had allowed the issuing of 7 per cent. bonds to the extent of \$5,000,000, under the conditions imposed, but the people after a time, came to look upon the situation in its true light, and on November sixth, 1860, the obnoxious amendment was so amended as to prevent "any further issue of bonds denominated Minnesota State Railroad Bonds."

The first State Legislature was organized before the admission of the state into the Union, and when it adjourned in March, it was to meet again on June second.

Upon the assembling of the Legislature in June, Governor H. H. Sibley, who had been elected in October, 1857, delivered his inaugural address on the day after the assembly. No man could have been better qualified to deal with the embarrassing situation than himself, for he had independence, and a knowledge of the interests and responsibilities resting upon him as Governor, that few men possessed. He expressed a determination to withhold all state bonds from railway companies, that did not first give priority of lien upon their lands by mortgage bonds in favor of the State of Minnesota. One of the companies applied for a mandamus to compel the issuing of the bonds unrestricted.

In November, the court, Judge Flandrau dissenting, ordered the state bonds issued as provided by the constitution. The bonds were issued, but were not saleable. Two million dollars of bonds had been issued and not an iron rail laid, and only 250 miles of *easy* grading done. Rock cuttings were held for work trains to operate upon when iron should have been laid. Governor Sibley said in his annual message of 1859: "I regret to be obliged to state that the measure (the loan of state credit) has proved a failure, and has by no means accomplished what was hoped from it, either in providing means for the issue of a safe currency, or of aiding the companies in the completion of the work upon the roads."

Bad as was the credit of the state in the financial world, while school lands remained to be sold, Minnesota was determined that her children should not be left in ignorance, nor suffer the lack of mental improvement, her pioneer settlers upon the frontier were compelled to endure.

Principally through the energetic action and wise forethought of one of Winona's most cultured citizens, John D. Ford, M. D., three Normal schools were authorized by the Legislature on August second, 1858.

In the fall of 1859, Alexander Ramsey was elected Governor, and in his message to the Legislature on January second, 1860, he recommended that something be done with the \$2,300,000 of state railroad bonds.

Governor Ramsey argued at length the urgent need of their payment in some form, and ended with the wise declaration, founded on study and experience, that: "It is assuredly true that the present time is of all others, alike for the present bond holders and the people of the state, the very time to arrange, adjust, and settle these unfortunate and deplorable railroad and loan complications."

Neil says: "Initiatory steps were taken during the session of the second Legislature for securing an efficient system of public instruction. An act for the regulation of the State University in place of the Territorial University was passed.

Since that time, ample means from lands and money have been voted by successive Legislatures, and the University of the state is now well cared for, as has been also the Normal Schools of the state. In the third State Legislative Assembly, Governor Ramsey, in his annual message of 1861, called attention to the need of guarding and so selling the school lands that had been so munificently provided the state of Minnesota, that no loss or waste should occur in the management. The able views set forth in the message were embodied in legislation, and the state policy of Minnesota, as then adopted, has since been the admiration of educators generally. To no one man was the state of Minnesota so under obligations for the high character its educational system had assumed in so few years, as to Rev. Edward Duffield Neill; but a small minority in the Legislature of that session, so opposed the views of the majority, that Mr. Neill, who had been performing the duties of Chancellor of the State University and *ex-officio* Superintendent of Public Instruction for a salary hardly sufficient for one office, felt it a duty to himself to resign, which he did in manly terms, in a note to Governor Ramsey dated February 25th, 1861.

The Railroad State Bonds question was overshadowed by the War of the Rebellion, the Minnesota Indian massacre of 1862, and other exciting events, but on January 7, 1876, Governor John S. Pillsbury called attention to the importance of making some just settlement in words of great vigor. He said: "No duty surely can be more obligatory upon those intrusted with the highest public interests than the vigilant maintenance of a sensitive public credit. Without that, indeed, little is left worthy of preservation. The fact that the holders of these obligations are debarred the ordinary remedy provided by the courts of justice, and are forced to rely wholly upon the honor of the state, should deepen, rather than weaken, the sense of obligation in the minds of honorable men. . . . Every day they remain dishonored threatens the lasting dishonor of the state. But the conclusive estoppel of the last plea for

non-payment, whether upon legal or equitable grounds, is the fact that the state long ago obtained by foreclosure the property which was the consideration for her assumption of the debt to secure which such property was pledged. Except for her obligation to pay such debt, she had no right to the property, securing it. And moreover, this property, thus obtained, consisting of lands, road-beds and franchises, by a re-grant from the state, served to forward the construction of the existing railroads whose benefits we have since enjoyed. Can there remain a possible plea for the nonpayment of a debt thus honestly contracted, and where the object for which it was contracted, has been attained and enjoyed."

Again Governor Pillsbury, in his message to the Legislature of 1877, urged the Legislators to take some steps toward the payment of the bonds. An act was passed and approved on March first, by which the people should at a special election on the 12th of June of that year, vote for an amendment of the Constitution that would permit of the disposal of the lands in payment. Contrary to the expectations of the friends of the measure, it was defeated by a large majority.

In November, 1877, Governor Pillsbury was again elected for a term of two year, and again he called the attention to the importance of an honorable adjustment of the state's obligation to pay the bonds, saying that he would be "happy to co-operate in any practicable measure looking to an honorable and final adjustment of the vexed question."

In November, 1879, Governor Pillsbury was elected Governor for a thrid time over Edmund Rice the candidate of the Democratic party. At the first biennial session of the Legislature, in his message read on the sixth of Jannuary, 1881, Governor Pillsbury again urged the payment of the State railroad bonds, using the unanswerable arguments in previous messages to show why they should be paid.

"Selah Chamberlain," according to Neill, "in behalf of a majority of the holders of the state railroad bonds, having expressed a willingness to accept new bonds to one-half the

amount of the old, an act was approved on March 2, 1881, for the purpose of effecting a liquidation of bonds which had been a source of controversy for so many years." But new difficulties appeared and questions of law had to be settled before further progress in settlement could be made.

An appeal to the Supreme Court resulted in its decision "that the amendment of 1860 to the state Constitution was invalid, and that the act of March 2, 1881, was null and void."

, Governor Pillsbury then called an extra session of the Legislature in October; the bonds were canceled under provisions of law, and thus were settled questions of equity that had injured the fair name of the good people of Minnesota in financial circles of the east and Europe.

CHAPTER XXII.

Winona County—A struggle for the county seat—Mississippi river turned back where it belonged.

Winona county was, from 1849 to 1853, a part of Wabasha county. By act of the first Territorial Legislature, October 27, 1849, "All that portion of said territory lying east of a line running due south from a point on the Mississippi river known as Medicine Bottle's village at Pine Bend, to the Iowa line, was erected a county to be known by the name of Wabashaw."

The boundaries of Wabashaw included what is now a part of Dakota, and the present counties, Goodhue, Wabasha, Olmstead, Dodge, Mower Fillmore, Houston and Winona.

When Wabasha was created, the territory was but sparsely settled, and for political purposes it was deemed advisable to recognize the half-breeds as citizens, that their votes might be counted with those of the few whites settled among them. By this means it was made a part of a Council district, and then a full Representative district.

Its first representative was James Wells, an old settler living on the west side of Lake Pepin, who had married the half-breed daughter of Duncan Graham, the old time Indian trader. Wells was also a representative in the Legislative Assemblies of 1851 and 1853. In the session of 1852, F. S. Richards, a trader of Reed's Landing, was the representative.

On March 4th, 1853, Wabasha county was divided, and from its southern position including Winona county, Fillmore county was formed. In 1855, a new apportionment was made by the Legislature, population having increased. At the election held in autumn of 1853, Hon. O. M. Lord, of Minnesota City, was elected from Fillmore to the fifth Territorial Legislature to be held in 1854. At this session, on February 23, 1854, Winona county was created.

The first justice of the peace appointed by Governor Ramsey for Wabasha county, was Thomas K. Allen, of Minnesota City. Mr. Allen in order to qualify, went to St. Paul, as there was then no one duly qualified to administer or receive his oath of office. By an unauthorized vote of the people of Minnesota City, expressing their preferences, Mr. Allen was elected justice of the peace; Josiah Keen, constable; James Wright, assessor; and August A. Gilbert, notary public. These men were duly recommended to Governor Ramsey, for the various offices for which they had been elected, and were by him appointed, legalizing thereby the first act of Minnesota squatter sovereigns. Mr. Allen took his oath of office on July 28, 1852. Messrs. O. M. Lord, John Iams and Hiram Campbell were elected road commissioners for the colony or precinct, and thus was initiated the first movement towards the building of good wagon roads in the county. Mr. O. M. Lord was appointed coroner for Fillmore county on July 2, 1853, by Governor Gorman, who had but recently assumed his office.

At the session of the Legislature held from January 4th, to March 4th, 1854, Mr. Lord secured the passage of bills granting the original charter for the Transit Railroad; a division of Fillmore county; the creation of Winona county, and the final establishment of the county seat at the City of Winona. Other work done by Mr. Lord for the people of Winona county, will be noticed.

There had been great difficulty in establishing the Winona county seat at Winona.

Dakota and Wabasha counties had remained unorganized (for want of population) as they had been specially created for local political and judicial purposes. After provision had been made for several counties to be created out of Dakota and Wabasha counties, every settlement along the river was an aspirant for a county seat. "Minnesota City, Winona, Minneowah and Brownsville, were then young rivals for the honor." The western boundary of Fillmore county was then supposed to include the present city of Rochester, in Olmstead county, and the present village of Chatfield in Fillmore county. Its northern and western boundaries were not clearly defined.

The act by which Fillmore county was created declared it to be an organized county, "invested with all and singular the rights and privileges, immunities to which all organized counties are in this territory entitled to by law;" and that it was the duty of the Governor, "at so soon a time as possible to appoint all county officers, justices of the peace and constables, as said county may be entitled to by law, who shall hold their offices until their successors shall be elected and qualified at the next general election." I now again copy from, "Winona County History."

"Wabasha county, before it was divided, had no county seat. The act creating Fillmore county, provided as follows: It shall be the duty of the first board of county commissioners which shall be hereafter elected in any county laid off in pursuance of this act, as soon after said board shall have been elected and qualified as provided by law, as the said board or a majority of them shall determine, to locate the county seat of the county, and the location so made as afore-said shall be the county seat of the county, to all intents and purposes, until otherwise provided by law.'

"Under this act the Governor appointed the following officers: Register of Deeds, H. B. Stoll, of Minneowah; Treasurer, Erwin H. Johnson, of Winona; Judge of Probate, Andrew Cole; Sheriff, John Iams. The justices of the peace previously appointed for Wabasha county were continued,

viz: T. K. Allen, John Burns, George M. Gere and H. B. Waterman. The county commissioners appointed were Henry C. Gere, of Winona; Myron Toms, of Minneowah; and William T. Luark, of Minnesota City.

"The first meeting of the board of county commissioners was held at the 'Winona House' on May 28th, 1853. H. C. Gere was chairman and H. B. Stoll, as register of deeds was clerk.

"The second meeting of the board of county commissioners was held at the house of John Burns, in the mouth of Burns valley. Mr. Toms, Mr. Luark and the clerk, Stoll, were present, Mr. Toms acting as chairman. The next meeting was July 4th, at Minneowah, at which no one was present but Mr. Toms and the clerk." [The chairman adjourned to meet in Winona July 5th, and when assembled, but little was done seriously. I continue from the County History.] "In the fall of this year, 1853, T. B. Twiford came into this county from Lansing, Iowa. In his prospecting excursions and explorations he discovered the present site of Chatfield, in the northern part of Fillmore county, and conceived the project of making it a town site. At Winona he formed the acquaintance of Grove W. Willis, and a scheme was concocted to form a stock company and make Twiford's newly-discovered town site the county seat of Fillmore county.

"The plan proposed was to divide the stock into twelve shares. The shareholders were T. B. Twiford, G. W. Willis, H. C. Gere, Myron Toms, Wm. B. Gere, Harvey Hubbard, John I. Hubbard, Robert Pike, Jr., James McClellan and W. B. Bunnell. It was designed that each of the members of the board of county commissioners should be presented with a share in the new town site—the proposed county seat—but Mr. Luark, of the appointed board, was absent from the territory, and John C. Laird, of the newly elected board, was too strongly interested in Winona to be utilized. Neither of these men were shareholders in the project. Twiford and Willis put up a log shanty on the proposed town site, to which they gave the name

of Chatfield, (at suggestion of Bunnell), in honor of Judge Chatfield, and placed a man by the name of Case in the shanty temporarily, to hold the locality for the company. It was generally known that the members of the old board of county commissioners, Gere and Toms, whose terms of office expired on January 1, 1854, were in favor of locating the county seat in the locality selected by Twiford, but it was considered extremely doubtful if they had any authority to act in the matter.

"The law provided that it should be the duty of the first board of county commissioners *elected* to locate the county seat. The first board had been appointed by the Governor, as provided by the act creating Fillmore county.

"In furtherance of the plan of Twiford and Willis the appointed board assumed the authority to locate the county seat, although it was generally conceded by every one that this power belonged to the first elected board.

"The following entry was made on the record of the proceedings of the county commissioners by the clerk:

"Pursuant to agreement the commissioners of Fillmore county, Minnesota Territory, on December 19th, A. D. 1853, at the residence of Mr. Case, in Root river precinct, in the town of Chatfield—present Henry C. Gere and Myron Toms. The object of said meeting was to locate the county seat of said Fillmore county, pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided. It was then and there resolved that the county seat should be located at Chatfield, in the center of section 6, town 104 north of range 11 west. Then the commissioners adjourned to meet at the house of W. B. Bunnell, in Minneowah, on Tuesday, December 27th, A. D. 1853.

G. W. WILLIS.

'Clerk County Commissioners *pro tem.*'

"The commissioners, Gere and Toms, met at Bunnell's on the 27th of December, 1853, and appointed C. F. Buck clerk of the board. They here audited the accounts of county officers presented, and issued county orders to the amount of \$411.47. This was the last meeting of this board of commissioners. . . . The board of county commissioners of Fillmore county, elected October 11, 1853, met at the house

of Robert Pike, Jr., in Minnesota City, January 2, 1854. Robert Pike, Jr., John C. Laird and W. B. Bunnell were present. The register of deeds, W. B. Gere, clerk of the board, was also present. The board was organized by electing W. B. Bunnell chairman. This session of the board continued two days. . . . The board then proceeded to ballot for the location of the county seat, which resulted in one vote for Winona, one for Chatfield and one for Minnesota City. As the board could not agree upon the location, they decided that the locating should be postponed until a future meeting. . . . On January 7th the board met at the office of John C. Laird, and accomplished considerable business, but failed to settle the county seat question. . . . On January 30, 1854, the board of county commissioners, pursuant to adjournment, met at the house of Robert Pike, Jr., in Minnesota City, at which meeting Robert Pike, Jr., John C. Laird, and W. B. Bunnell, the chairman, were present. The register of deeds, W. B. Gere, was clerk of the board. At this meeting vacancies were filled by the following appointments: M. Wheeler Sargent, District Attorney; and C. F. Buck, Judge of Probate. The clerk was ordered to notify them of their appointments. Robert Pike, Jr., had been appointed county surveyor at a previous meeting. . . . The record says:

“In pursuance of and in accordance with the eighteenth section of the eleventh chapter of the session laws of Minnesota Territory, passed by the Legislative Assembly, at the session commencing January 5th, A. D. 1853, the county commissioners proceeded to locate the county seat of Fillmore county. It was decided by the board of commissioners that the county seat of said Fillmore county should be at Chatfield, in said county, on section 6, township 104 north of range 11 west.”

And thus apparently, the question was settled, but not for *aye*, for it was against public policy and against the real interests of the people whose agents had located the county seat in such an out-of-the-way and houseless locality as Chatfield then was.

Mr. G. W. Willis, who was the real manager of the "Chatfield Land Company," says: "None of the commissioners were bribed to vote for it, though everything else was done to influence them. Bunnell and Pike located the county seat—a majority could do it. . . . Bunnell and Pike would have voted for Tophet rather than have given it to Winona."

It was really a foolish rivalry, and an utter lack of appreciation of the natural advantages possessed by Winona, that caused Bunnell and Pike to place the county seat at Chatfield. But as might have been anticipated, a subdivision of Fillmore county soon followed, and Winona county was organized, through the wise efforts of Hon. O. M. Lord, backed by a powerful public opinion. Mr. Lord introduced the bill for the division of Fillmore county, and the Territorial Legislature passed the act for the creation of Winona county on February 23, 1854. But all difficulties were not yet ended, for there was talk, in 1858, that the county seat might be taken from the city. To add to the alarm of some, the Mississippi river attempted to change its channel to the north of Island No. 72, as if in league with the conspirators, but the city fathers were men of mettle as well as of resources, and calling to their aid such men as were devoted to Winona, in concert with the county commissioners, a meeting was called to take *preliminary steps* toward the building of a court house *of stone*, as no other material, they argued, would be safe against fire or flood, if it should come.

There were some very astute advisers in the back grounds of the undertaking prompting and sustaining H. D. Huff, but he was the moving figure in the grand drama to be enacted, and the plan was adopted with enthusiasm of building the basement at least *of stone*. A contract or order for the delivery of the stone from the Wisconsin bluffs to or upon the landing at foot of Center street, was given to Mr. Jacob Denman, in 1858, and he at once began his work. In the meantime, the steamboat Dr. Franklin, whose officers were none too friendly to the new town, passed up north of island

No. 72, seeing which, a very heavy barge-load of stone was hurried forward from the stone quarry above, and by a phenomenal accident (?) the barge and stone were sunk at the head of the slough at such an angle as effectually to turn the course of the Mississippi into its old channel, nor has it ever tried to play truant since. No Government rip-rap could have been more effectual.

As to the court house, the interest in it seemed to abate, and it was finally built of wood, and the unfortunate contractor who lost his boat with the stone, was compensated by the generosity of Winona's leading citizens.

The present court house of Winona county is a magnificent structure, costing \$125,000, though its acoustic qualities should be improved.

The report of changes in the channel of the Mississippi in olden times, is not a myth. It is now controlled effectually by the system of river improvements established by the United States Government, it can be turned in any direction desirable, and steamboats are rarely "dashed upon the sawyers."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Formal Organization of Township of Winona, which included City of Winona—Land Office established at Winona—A potent factor in building up the city—City improves rapidly, and its limits extended—Will eventually reach Minnesota City, which tried to *go it alone*—A scrap of Minnesota City history—Established by an enterprising colony from New York—Breweries near the city—Some early manufactories and public spirited men—Notable men and women who have resided in Winona—Schools of the city—Some of the medicine men of the city—A large “Proprietary Medicine Establishment”—Poem by Captain Sam Whiting.

As may be seen in the chapter on county organization, Fillmore county was divided and Winona county formed out of a part of it, with its boundaries established as at present exist, with the then embryo city of Winona as the county seat. Previous to the act of February 23, 1854, Winona was but a precinct of Fillmore county. The act creating Winona county, ordered a special election to be held on April 4th, 1854, and in addition to the county officers elected, Wm. H. Stevens and George H. Sanborn were elected justices of the peace, and Frank W. Curtis constable. No official record of that election is on file in Winona county, as the returns were made to the county of Fillmore.

The Winona county commissioners elected on April 4th, 1854, met at the new county seat of Winona on the 28th of April, 1854, and next day, redistricted the county. Six elect-

oral precincts were formed, one of which was the township of Winona, which included the present corporate city of Winona. The official terms of the officers elected in April, expired when the autumn elections of October occurred, and the new officers were qualified for their respective offices. Hon. R. B. Basford, kindly brought the ancient record to light, which shows that at the October election of 1854, S. K. Thompson and A. C. Jones were elected justices of the peace, F. W. Curtis and A. C. Smith constables, and Enoch Hamilton road supervisor. A. C. Jones appears not to have served as justice of the peace. The election of 1855, returned Henry Day and John Keyes, justices; Harvey S. Terry and W. H. Peck, constables; and Wm. Doolittle, road supervisor.

At the election of 1856 G. R. Tucker and I. B. Andrews were elected justices of the peace; Harvey S. Terry and C. C. Bartlett, constables; and Asa Hedge as road supervisor. "The terms of office for which the above election was held expired with the charter election held Monday, April 6, 1857." According to the "History of Winona County," the population of Winona county at the date of its organization is generally placed a little below 800—a slow growth and one not destined to be much accelerated during the year and a half that followed. The attractions of southern Minnesota, to which Winona has ever been the chief gateway, seemed generally disregarded, and the rush of settlement was farther north, along the Minnesota river; the St. Paul press growing so eloquent in its descriptions of the beauty and fertility of that valley as to attract the attention of prospective settlers to that region. The protracted occupation of this section of Minnesota by the Indians, their final removal not having been effected until the autumn of 1853, had much to do in preventing the early settlement of southeastern Minnesota."

"But when the vast territory lying west of Winona was opened for settlement in 1855, and the government land office was established here in November of that year, the change from dull inactivity of the previous year was almost marvel-

ous. The influx of population, the rapid increase in the number of business houses of all kinds, the activity manifest in every department of trade, the impetus given to all speculative movements, the number of buildings in course of erection, all testified to the fact that a new day and a better one had dawned upon the prospective metropolis of southern Minnesota."

The condition of affairs at the close of the year 1856 may be summed up as follows: "The population had increased from about 800 in December, 1855, to 3,000 in December, 1856." "There had been erected during the year 290 buildings of all kinds, among them three good churches, a large four story warehouse, a commodious hotel (the Huff House), a steam flouring mill with five run of stones, a large three story banking building, besides scores of others of less note, yet decidedly creditable to the young city." An idea of the value of real property may be had from these specimen quotations of sales of real estate, taken from the columns of the *Winona Republican* of that date: "A lot on Second street, between Center and Lafayette, 40x100 feet, \$1,600 cash; two corner lots on Walnut street, \$1,800; a lot, 80x140 feet, corner Second and Center streets, \$6,000." The manufacturing establishments were two steam saw mills, one steam planing mill, one steam flouring mill, one cabinet manufactory with steam power. The river was open to navigation from April 8th to November 17th; and during that time there were 1,300 arrivals and departures of boats. A tri-weekly line of steamers was maintained for the greater part of the season between Winona and Dubuque, and the forwarding and commission business for that one season aggregated \$182,731.96. There were fourteen attorneys-at-law and nine physicians waging war against crime and death, (when not retained on the other side,) and about 150 business houses, stores, shops, etc., distributed as follows: dry goods, 14; groceries and provisions, 16; clothing, 7; hardware and tin, 6; drugs 5; boots and shoes, 4; furniture 4; books, 2; wholesale liquor, 2; hotels and

taverns, 13; eating houses and saloons, 10; lumber yards, 5; blacksmith shops, 3; warehouses, 4; brick yards, 2; livery stables, 2; sign painters, 3; watchmakers, 3; butchers, 2; wagon and carriage shops, 2; fanning-mill maker, 1; gunsmith shops, 2; bakeries, 2; dentists, 3; daguerrean artist, 1; banking offices, 6; real estate and insurance, 10; printing offices, 2; harness shops, 2; barber shops, 3. To these may be added five churches and two schools, and you have a fair summary of Winona's business at the close of 1856.

The original plat of Winona, surveyed, June 19th 1852, by John Ball, for Erwin H. Johnson and Orrin Smith, was so set apart and recorded under the revised territorial statutes of 1851, in accordance with the town site act passed by Congress May 23, 1844. This original plat was bounded on the north by the Mississippi river, on the east by Market street, on the south by Wabasha street and on the west by Washington street. It comprised a square, each side of which was six full blocks. This plat was enlarged from time to time by "additions," until at the close of 1856, the platted area on Wabasha prairie covered a tract of ground fully two miles in extent from east to west, and nearly half that distance from north to south. The principal of these additions was never recorded as such, and is generally known as Huff's survey of the city of Winona. This survey and dedication was made in 1854, and extended from the original town plat on the east to Chute's addition on the west, a total length of seven blocks and a fraction, and covering an area considerable larger than the original plat itself.

This addition does not now appear on the maps as such, and for years has been included and its blocks numbered as a part of the original town plat."

The Winona of 1897, with its population of 23,000, can scarcely be recognized as the barren, sandy, Wapasha prairie of 1851, and yet, there were a few far-seeing and hopeful men who anticipated its growth. The *Winona Republican*, on Nov. 11, 1856, in an editorial called attention to the impor-

tance of securing a city charter. A meeting was called, and on January 3rd, 1857, the meeting was held with Elder Edward Ely in the chair, W. C. Dodge, secretary, and measures were approved looking to obtaining the charter. A committee was appointed to draft a charter, among whom were G. W. Curtis, W. Newman, C. H. Berry, William Windom, M. Wheeler Sargent, John Keyes and Edward Ely. "Hon. C. H. Berry, on behalf of the committee, presented the report, which at their instance he had drafted, together with an abstract of charter. . . . The report was adopted, the abstract of charter commended and returned to the committee with instructions to complete the draft and submit it as a completed charter for adoption by the citizens at a meeting to be held the following Saturday evening, January 17, 1857." This was done, and the charter forwarded to St. Paul, where it came before the Legislature, was passed and became a law on March 6, 1857. The act of incorporation required a charter election to be held, which was accordingly done on Tuesday, April 7, 1857, and the following officers were elected: R. D. Cone, Mayor; E. A. Gertzen, Recorder; J. V. Smith, Treasurer; E. A. Batchelder, Marshal; H. W. Lamberton, Attorney; H. B. Cozzens, Surveyor; Thomas Simpson, Justice; O. M. Lord, A. P. Foster and P. P. Hubbell, Assessors for First, Second and Third wards; and W. H. Dill, Tim Kirk and J. Bolcom, Aldermen for the same wards. The charter contemplated the election of but one assessor for the city and six aldermen, but by some error the result was as stated above. Many amendments were made, and important changes in the mode of administration of the city government inaugurated as experience suggested; and as population increases, no doubt others will still occur.

No attempt that might be made in this volume to describe the city of Winona could by any possibility do the city, or its inhabitants justice. Illustrated, and descriptive articles, ably written and well printed, have appeared from time to time in the local press, with portraits and biographical

sketches of some of its most active and able men, and a work entitled, "The Gate Way City," "Winona Illustrated, Historical, Picturesque, Descriptive," has been issued by the Art Publishing Company, besides a very elaborate account of the city's growth up to 1883, may be found in the "History of Winona County," wherein its commercial importance and educational advantages are ably set forth. My purpose has been to bring the neglected past down to the present, knowing full well that the enterprising citizens of the now beautiful and wealthy city of Winona, will hence forward take care of themselves. And yet, perhaps, it may not be deemed invidious if a few names are mentioned of men who in the past have done much to aid the city of Winona in its early struggle for growth. Among the first to aid the city in the Legislature of the territory was O. M. Lord, as a member of that body, and H. D. Huff as "a promoter." Then L. D. Smith's work in connection with his brother E. S. Smith and others, in locating the "Transit Railroad," now "Winona and St. Peter" at Winona, as a terminal point for its early traffic, should not be overlooked. The lumbering interests of the Mississippi valley have a representative journal that carefully keeps its patrons well informed, but it is not so generally known that among all the very able managers of the lumber business upon the tributaries of the Mississippi and the lake region, as well as among southern pine and fir trees, and cedars of the Pacific coast, none stand higher for ability and integrity of character than the Winona lumber companies: Youmans Brothers & Hodgins, Empire Lumber Company, and the Laird, Norton Company. The last named company, now owns two saw mills in Winona, drying houses and planing mills that prepare for market during the summer season and winter, a very large amount of lumber of all kinds, including much manufactured stuffs, dimension timbers, sash, doors, counters, mouldings, etc. The mill built by Andrew Hamilton in 1881, which is now owned by the Laird, Norton Company, and known as "The Winona Lumber Company's Saw

Mill," has a capacity equal to any other mill in the city, and for one day in June, 1888, it is believed that it cut more than any other mill in the city, the amount being 341,030 feet of good merchantable lumber accurately measured. Its total cut for that week was an average of 278,400 feet per day, and for the month of June, 233,665 feet per day. The yearly average was not so high, owing to interruptions and improvements made, but it is now one of the best mills in the state, and kept in thorough repair, by the able and expert millwright, Mr. E. White, who has taken part in its construction and supervised its operations since its foundations were laid.

It is such perfect work done by their mills, (for their other mills are no less industrious,) that the members of the company of Laird, Norton Co. have been able to add to their wealth, securing not only some of the best forests of pine in Wisconsin and in Minnesota, but also building other mills not exceeded in capacity for economical work by any in the world. It is the genius of the men composing the company, acting in concerted interest with men of like capacity and vigor, favored by opportunities of acquiring virgin forests that can never arise again, that they have acquired their great wealth and have been able to furnish employment to so many men. Nor does their munificence halt at the lumbering business. Commencing their work in a mill built in 1857, they have passed through many trials and great losses by fires and flood that would have discouraged less determined men, until now, they are able to give to the public some of the fruits of their labor and increase. William H. Laird, the head of the firm, has recently donated to the city of Winona, a public library building which alone will cost over forty thousand dollars, and what he has hitherto given to churches, christian associations, and in relief to the poor, it is very doubtful, (not withstanding his business habits,) if he himself could tell. Matthew G. Norton, another member of the company, may be said to be no less benevolent in his nature, and perhaps even

more so in some directions, as his donations toward the building of the beautiful Central Methodist Church and the Christian Association Building and its equipment attest. Matthew G. Norton's brother James L. Norton, is, owing to poor health, more retiring, but his reputation among the few who know him well is that of a very kind and humane gentleman who has also bestowed large benefactions. Matthew Norton could not *retire* if he would, his experiences in the management of financial affairs, in which he is an expert, always brings him into prominence at the meetings of the company, and where his knowledge is required in management of railroad and other public enterprises in which many of the wealthy men of Winona are engaged. Mr. Charles Horton, another Winona capitalist, of the Empire Lumber Company, a former partner of Andrew Hamilton, both of whom have acquired wealth in Winona, has recently donated a very fine building, built upon his order, to be used as a parsonage for St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church. What other donations he may have in view will probably appear in due time, but it will be safe to assume that he will scarcely rival the Laird, Norton Company, all of whose members take pride in beautifying Winona. Mr. Wm. Hayes, of the Laird, Norton Company, seems to devote his spare time and means more especially to the building up of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The public spirit of the Youmans Brothers, especially that of Addison Youmans, with others, has displayed itself in building the splendid Winona Hotel and the Winona Opera House, as well as in improvements of Woodlawn Cemetery and our thoroughfares.

Mr. V. Simpson, of Winona, and the Schlitz Brewing Company, of Milwaukee, with an eye solely to business, have added to the comfort of commercial men and the traveling public, by erecting two most excellent hotels that are liberally patronized. "The Schlitz Hotel" is famous for its *cuisine*, a "Stadelman Hotel" on a larger scale.

For the poor and unfortunate, in addition to the admirably conducted hospital of the city, there has been recently incorporated, the "Margaret Simpson Home," which has for some years past afforded relief to many an unfortunate person in the city, in a quiet way, as had been the custom of Mrs. Margaret Simpson (for whom the Home is named) for several years before her death.

Winona is well supplied with church edifices of nearly all denominations, the most tasteful in architecture being the newly erected Central Methodist Episcopal Church, the original congregation of which was organized on April 22, 1855, by Rev. David Brooks, presiding elder of Minnesota district, Wisconsin conference. Its first members were Joel Smith and wife, Wm. T. Luark and wife and Mrs. Mary Stockton. The present edifice and congregation are greatly indebted for their building up to Rev. Benjamin Longley. The first church organization in Winona county was that of the Baptist of the Minnesota City Association, on July 11, 1852. Minnesota City was the place of residence of the pastor, Rev. T. R. Cressy, but he preached in other places.

Other denominations existed among the early pioneers, but there was no clashing of opinion then for all *isms* had their believers, and all had the largest latitude of opinion. The lines are now more closely drawn, and "*our church*" is more often heard in the conversation of communicants than formerly.

The First Congregational Church is another fine, commodious structure that does credit to its congregation, and the same may be said of the First Baptist Church building. The Protestant Episcopal and the Presbyterian Churches are not very pretentious structures, but their congregations are quite wealthy, and when required, no doubt, finer buildings will be erected. The German Lutheran is a substantial edifice, and its congregation is ably administered to by Rev. Philip Von Rohr. But the Roman Catholic Church edifices of all kinds are the most numerous, and one, the St. Stanislaus Polish

Catholic Church, is the most pretentious in the city. Like the Poles and Russians of their father-land, they have numerous bells that no doubt remind the old people of the congregation of their childhood homes. Not satisfied with their church bells to tell the hours of matin and of mass, they prevailed with the school board of the city to erect a call-bell for their children attending the Kosciusco School. There are three Catholic schools and a large seminary in Winona, and four Catholic churches whose flocks are presided over by the very able and eloquent Bishop J. B. Cotter. Bishop Cotter is esteemed by all who know him, and this regard is not by any means confined to members of his faith.

There are several smaller churches in the city, the Skandinavian church, the Olive and Wesley branches of the Central Methodist church, small German Methodist and others, but their congregations all know where to find them and keep up the interest in them their faith requires. The secret societies, Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Druids, United Workman, Catholic Knights, and perhaps others, have their halls or buildings especially adapted to their uses, as have also two organizations now of the Grand Army of the Republic, the John Ball Post and the Sheardown Post and Woman's Relief Corps, and Son's of Veterans. The first organization of G. A. R., the Goddard Post No. 4, was dissolved. These various societies maintain a feeling of comradeship and are increasing in usefulness. Sociability, *without excess*, is a marked feature in their gatherings.

According to a statement recently given the author by Mr. C. C. Beck, of Winona: "The first brewery built in Winona county was at the entrance of Gilmore valley, and was known as the 'Gilmore Valley Brewery.' It was erected in about 1855, and was owned by Brentle, Scherer & Rath."

In November 1858, two of the firm, Brentle and Scherer, sold their interest in the brewery and two acres of land to Mr. C. C. Beck, a practical brewer from Wurtemberg, Germany, the other partner, Frederic Rath remaining in the busi-

ness. In 1859, sixty acres of land bought of George W. Clark was added to the brewery property; in 1862, Mr. Beck bought out his partner in the brewery, and they divided the lands. Mr. Beck subsequently purchased other lands until now, his sightly homestead contains 160 acres.

In 1872, Mr. Beck built a brewery-saloon of brick with large storage capacity, and in 1876-7, a very fine dwelling from which most magnificent views of the city, lake and Mississippi bluffs may be obtained. The house is of stone and brick, costing over \$15,000.

In 1877, the brewery was burned at a loss above insurance of over \$8,000. The brewery was never re-built, and Mr. Beck is now conducting, as sole proprietor, a very large hardware store and business in Winona, extending it from year to year.

The second brewery built in Winona county, was erected in East Burns Valley by Jacob Weisbrod, during the summer and autumn of 1856. Mr. Weisbrod, who had been a practical brewer in Germany, arrived in Winona on April 20th, 1856, and selecting a location where he could have pure spring water and cultivable land, he at once commenced to build a small brewery which he used for a few years. The increasing demand for his beer which was of fine quality, caused him in 1862, to erect what has since been known as the "Sugar Loaf brewery," though the original plant was destroyed by fire in 1872, and new structures have been built from time to time to meet the increasing demand. In 1870, Mr. Weisbrod died, and after the property had been very much reduced in value by the fire of 1872, Mr. Peter Bub purchased it, and at once commenced the erection of the present costly and complete structure. Mr. Bub, a Bavarian, was taught the brewer's art (for it is an art as well as a science,) in the land of beer, and having been a foreman in the brewery of Mr. Weisbrod, he knew what the increasing demand would most likely require, and has met it. Mr. Bub has now a three story stone building 52x118 feet, and cool storage cellars at base of Sugar Loaf cliff, of 2000 barrel capacity, ice houses of ample dimensions,

stables and other buildings, and the whole plant has now the resources for manufacturing 20,000 barrels of beer per annum. In proof of the popularity of Mr. Bub and his beer, he is extending his trade, adding house after house and lands to his domain, and not being satisfied with the hum-drum life of "single blessedness," he married the widow of his early employer, and transformed the "old stone house," as it was called, into a veritable mansion, adorned with most beautiful shrubbery and flowers, which show Mr. Bub to be a man of exquisite taste as well as of rare business capacity. Mr. Bub has quite recently shown his feeling for suffering humanity by donating one thousand dollars to the hospital fund of the city of Winona, and it will be quite safe to predict that his beneficence has not yet halted.

In 1863, Neufer & Becker erected the brewery now owned by Mr. William Schellhas. Mr. Neufer soon sold his interest to John S. Becker, who carried on the business in silent association with his wife's father Mr. Faehr, but after the latter's death and subsequent death of Mr. Becker's most excellent wife, the quality of the beer and the management lost their pristine reputation. At this stage and condition of affairs, Mr. Wm. Schellhas, a most excellent brewer, an energetic business man, and a man of high personal character, bought a controlling interest in the brewery, and assuming the management, he at once made such additions as were needed, and its beers are now little, if any, inferior to the best beer made in the country. Mr. Schellhas was also interested in a brewery in Ogden, conducted by a son of Mr. John S. Becker, who learned the business of brewing at his father's brewery, and the two establishments are said to have now a very large and increasing trade in the "wide, wide west."

Among the business associations that have been very successful in furnishing employment and homes for a large number of Winona's industrious citizens, may be mentioned The Winona Building and Loan Association. This corpora-

tion has now been in successful operation over fifteen years, ample time to test its usefulness and integrity of management, and it is gaining in popularity as the years pass by.

The Winona Gas Light Company, established in 1870, holds its own against the introduction of electricity, *natural* and artificial.

The Winona Wagon Company, a reorganization of the Rushford Wagon Company, established in Winona, in 1879, has done and is doing an immense business, receiving orders from many of the states and territories of the Union, from Mexico, Utah and the far off Pacific Coast and Manitoba.

The Gate City Carriage Works, the Winona Carriage Company and the Union Carriage Works are doing a fair amount of business, notwithstanding the inroads made upon that kind of work by bicycles and electric cars.

The Winona Manufacturing Company first established at Owatonna, Minnesota in about 1882, and as successful manufacturers of the Diamond grinding mills, came to Winona and established themselves in 1892. From the very commencement of their operation here in Winona, they have been eminently successful, and now, not only manufacture their celebrated Diamond mills, but feed-cutters, corn-shellors, horse-powers, hay-presses, corn and cob mills, wood saws, Otto gasoline traction engines for thrashing, and other farm machinery, as well as filling orders for special work, such as a horseless carriage or any other work they may be called upon to execute. The company's plant covers several acres, and their facilities for good work are unsurpassed.

Another important and growing industry is that of Philip Biesanz, stone contractor and quarryman who has some most excellent dolomite stone in his quarries, as well as flag and other limestone for various purposes. Dolomite quarries of deep stratum and of very fine quality have recently been opened on lands belonging to Mr. Knopp, Mr. Hayes and to Mr. Coleman, but a short distance from the city. Mr. Steinbauer has uncovered good stone lately. Although the

stone quarries of the Winona and St. Peter Railroad have been opened and in use for years, as well as others in Winona county and in Wisconsin, it is only recently that the dolomite limestone, so abundant in the near vicinity of Winona, has become popular as a building stone. Soon after the close of the Civil (or uncivil) war of '61-5, a dolomite quarry was opened in the Trempealeau bluffs, and a number of large blocks were shipped to St. Paul for use there, but the industry languished and then died out for some cause. It was not until the "Bear Creek stone," as it was called, was used in the Government building at Winona, that especial attention was attracted to its merits, although its plentiful existence in Winona county had been mentioned in Professor Winchell's Geological Reports. Now, however, thanks to Mr. Finkelnburg and Hon. William H. Yale, the whole state is becoming acquainted with its large deposits in Winona county. Its appearance in the new Central Methodist Church is very fine, very like marble at a distance, and the general effect of the contrast between white dolomite and red brick tiling shows most excellent taste in the managers of construction.

The cut-stone yard and office of Philip Biesanz is in Winona, where also may be seen some fine specimen bricks from his yards in Gilmore valley, very like those of the yards in Burns valley, and little, if any, inferior to the Dresbach brick.

The various merchants and professional men, that is, those who advertise, are well known to the reading public and no space here would or could add to the interest the public have in the very elegant display advertisements made by them in newspapers and at various fairs held in street and at fair grounds. Neither can justice be done, in this volume, to the magnificent common school system that now obtains in Winona, grown from the early schools so admirably traced in a pamphlet by Franklin Staples, M. D. The perfect system of control and the rapid advancement made in the Winona High School by its pupils while under the management of Mr.

Tormey, who, while principal, introduced *restrained* athletics, cannot be too highly commended. Now that Mr. Tormey has been advanced to the position of superintendent of the city schools, a wider field is open to his well-trained abilities.

The high school building is a model of architectural beauty and arrangement. It is considered one of the finest structures of its kind in the United States and was erected in 1887 at a cost of \$50,000. The capacity is sixteen rooms and the school is free to pupils of school age of the entire city.

The first Normal school in Minnesota, the first institution of its kind west of the Mississippi, was erected in Winona. The school commenced its first term on the first Monday of September 1860, in the old city building. It has been well said, that, "The growth, development and success of this educational institution has been marked and is a part of the history of this city and state. The present modern and handsome building is not only an ornament to Winona, but it is also elegant and tasteful in design, convenient and complete in arrangement and pleasant and healthful in location, occupying as it does more than two entire blocks of ground. It was erected and furnished at a cost of about \$175,000." The building has been enlarged to double its original dimensions; the grounds improved and the faculty increased to thirty members; there is a continuous session, and an average attendance of from 600 to 800 throughout the year.

To Dr. John D. Ford, in co-operation with Rev. E. D. Neill and Gen. C. H. Berry, is Winona primarily indebted for its splendid Normal school. But even their early work would not have been perfected had not the management been placed in able hands. Therefore honor also is especially and continuously due to Prof. Wm. F. Phelps, Gen. C. H. Berry, Thomas Simpson, and more modernly, to Prof. Irwin Shepard, the very able president (of national fame), and to Prof. C. A. Morey, the present resident director and treasurer, for the high degree of excellence the Winona Normal School has attained.

Mr. James Aiken of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, expressed in the *Winona Republican* in measured cadence, a worthy tribute to our Normal School of Winona, that I gladly repeat. It is entitled:

THE NORMAL SCHOOL AT WINONA,

BY JAMES AIKEN.

The germ of future greatness for the state!
Blessed machinery for the spread of light,
O'er the wide world, in ages yet to be!
The grand old English bard so sadly sang.
"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
"Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll!"

Young Minnesota takes the hint on time!
For every child that's born upon her soil,
For every child within her borders brought,
Grand Minnesota will prepare a school!

"Bricks, without straw," Egyptian tyrants claimed;
But Minnesota, asking of her sons
Enlightened service, opens founts of light.
Justice and mercy on her banners shine.
It is her aim to make her children wise;
And when my head shall rest beneath the sod,
What happy millions then will tread the soil
Of Minnesota, virtuous and free!

"No prophet I, nor yet a prophet's son:"
But I see causes actively at work
Which must secure to Minnesota's sons
The foremost rank, among enlightened men.
I visited the school, and though my ears
Are dull of hearing, yet my eyes can see.
I saw the effects of constant discipline,
I saw from flashing eyes, the earnest thought,
I saw that teachers understand their theme,
I saw that pupils are resolved to learn.
But I saw not, and pray who ever saw,
Where to fix limits to the human mind?
The knowledge of to-day, so clear, so bright—
The knowledge of to-day, so practical—

The steam our slave—lightning our errand boy,
Riding o'er mountains in grand palaces,
We seem, indeed, to have subdued the earth.
But what Canute shall say to human thought:
"Thus far, no farther, shall thy waves advance!"

Of one thing I am certain—these students here
Will be prepared, when floods of knowledge come
With barks so trim, to mount the topmost wave!
A veteran educator as its head,
Whose earnest soul is ever in his work,
You should be proud of this, your normal school.
Sustain your teachers; for this very hour
They're laying deep the firm foundation stone
Of Freedom's Temple, for all future time.

I would like very much to quote from the interesting account of "Early Schools and Teachers," by Franklin Staples, M. D., published in 1895, but my allotted space is nearly exhausted, and then as it has been printed, the report of Dr. Staples will, I feel sure, be preserved. So it is with many things that occur to my mind; but I am compelled to limit this book in size, or it would grow to unreasonable dimensions. As for the professional men of Winona, they are too well known to need a place in these pages, but it may not be out of place for me to barely enumerate a few men and women who have made Winona and themselves famous in the world. There are others here, perhaps, equally talented, but not so famous. Among the best known are Hon. William Windom, late Secretary of the Treasury and United States Senator; Hon. D. S. Norton, also an United States Senator; Hon. Thomas Wilson, Chief Justice of Minnesota; Hon. William Mitchell, Associate Justice of the Supreme Bench; Hon. W. H. Yale, for two terms Lieutenant Governor and several terms State Senator; Hon. C. H. Berry, Attorney General of Minnesota and subsequently United States District Judge for Idaho; Hon. George P. Wilson, Attorney General of Minnesota; Hon. Norman Buck, Judge of the United States District Court for Idaho; Hon. Thomas Simpson for many years president of the

State Normal School Board, and now the able president of the "Winona County Old Settlers Association:" Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, M. C., and State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Rev. Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Swamp Doctor," etc., commenced his public career in Winona; Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, Prof. W. F. Phelps, Captain Sam Whiting, of the Star of the West and Fort Sumpter fame; Mrs. Seely, a daughter and colaborer of Rev. Eggleston; W. J. Youmans, M. D.; Hon C. F. Buck, and others that might be named.

As for Winona's surgeons and physicians, their rank is of the highest standing. It may be deemed indelicate to particularize (but this is not an *advertisement*) but the well known experience and cool judgment of Doctors Staples, Stewart and McGaughey will justify me, I think, in ranking them as being at the head of their profession. There are younger surgeons and physicians who have proved themselves skilful and talented, notably, Doctors Pritchard, English and Tracy, but, as a rule, operative surgery, like dentistry and other artistic and mechanical employments, require practice and a special adaptation to the work or there will be no great improvement in the operator. Anæsthetics have taken the place of blood-letting and pulleys in surgery, and "new remedies" are now often introduced, making changes in views and practice previously in vogue, not unlike the changes in religious sentiment that required in ancient days a barbarous treatment of the soul in its unfortunate condition of sin.

At the annual convention of the Southern Minnesota Medical Association, convened in Winona on the fifth of August, 1897, and of which Dr. N. S. Teft, of Plainview, was president, there were in attendance from outside of Winona a large delegation, and from within the city, Doctors D. A. Stewart, N. S. Lane. H. F. McGaughey, J. B. McGaughey, E. D. Keyes, Franklin Staples, D. B. Pritchard, J. S. Tracy, C. Pern Robbin, Thos. Howell, P. Blair, L. H. Munger, H. A. Beaudoux, W. T. English, J. Steinbach.

Among the homeopathic physicians of Winona, of good repute, are Thomas A. Pierce, M. D., Drs. I. W. Timmons, L. G. Wilberton, A. Putsch and J. C. Crandall.

L. A. Kelley, M. D. and G. L. Gates, M. D. sustain the independent practice of the Eclectic school of medicine.

There are other representatives of the German, French and Canadian schools of medicine with whom I am not personally acquainted, but the well known thoroughness of those schools in training their students is a sufficient guarantee of their knowledge and ability.

In addition to a large number of drug stores and apothecary shops, there is what is known as "The J. R. Watkins Medical Co.," established in a large brick manufactory on Fourth street, where absolutely tons of proprietary medicines and flavoring extracts are made, and they are constantly distributed, through the company's agents, throughout the western states and territories.

The lawyers of Winona generally know how to care for themselves and make their presence known, but lest some, in pure modesty, should think it unprofessional to advertise their qualifications to extricate their clients from the meshes of the law, I avail myself of Judge William Mitchell's admirable address in which he has done ample justice to the old bar of Winona.

The mayors of Winona have been in the order following: M. W. Sargent, 1857-8; Wm. A. Jones, 1858-9; M. K. Drew, 1859-60; M. K. Drew, 1860-1; A. W. Webster, 1861-2; A. F. Hodgins, 1862-3; A. F. Hodgins, 1863-4; A. F. Hodgins, 1864-5; A. F. Hodgins, 1865-6; R. D. Cone, 1866-7; R. D. Cone, 1867-8; John A. Mathews, 1868-9; John A. Mathews, 1869-70; Wm. S. Drew, 1870-1; A. F. Hodgins, 1871-2; A. F. Hodgins, 1872-3; John A. Mathews, 1873-4; A. F. Hodgins, 1874-5; A. Hamilton, 1875-6; A. Hamilton, 1876-7; V. Simpson, 1877-8; V. Simpson, 1878-9; V. Simpson, 1879-80; A. F. Hodgins, 1880-1; H. W. Lamberton, 1881-2; H. W. Lamberton, 1882-3; John Ludwig, 1883-4; John Ludwig,

1884-5; A. H. Snow, 1885-6; H. J. Willis, 1886-7; John A. Mathews, 1887-8; John Ludwig, 1888-9; John Ludwig, 1889-90; C. F. Buck, 1890-1; M. Toye, 1891-3; David Fakler, 1893-5; A. B. Youmans, 1895-7; E. K. Tarbell, 187-9 (the term having been lengthened from one to two years in 1891).

Any attempt to describe Winona as it appears to-day with its shady, paved and macadamized streets, its river and other parks and play grounds, its palace-like dwellings and schools, its hotels and restaurants, its large stores and warehouses, its elevators and flouring mills, its saw-mills and lumber yards, its railroad shops, depots and manufactories, its library and society buildings, its opera house and halls of entertainment, its fine church buildings and seminaries of learning, would require a special volume, and I shall not make the attempt, but instead, give the views concerning Winona, anticipated by Captain Sam Whiting, the old time editor of the *Winona Argus*, expressed in poetic numbers when warmed by his admiration for Winona, and with which I end this chapter:

WINONA.

Father of waters! by thy side
Cities and towns are rising fast;
Beneath the bluffs, thy beauteous pride,
Gay dwellings now their shadows cast—
But there's a scene surpassing all,
On which the setting sun doth rest—
On thee its latest glories fall,
Winona—pride of all the west.

Far, far inland the farmers thrive,
And reap a rich reward for toil—
The laborer ne'er can vainly strive
Upon thy rich, luxuriant soil.
May fortune's sun resplendent shine
Upon thy town and rearward plains,
And be such future glory thine,
As merit everywhere attains.

The Sioux, their first-born maidens, call
"Wenonah" and no sweeter name
On parent's ears could ever fall,
Or fill the sounding trump of fame !
From far Itasca to the sea,
No spot is half so sweetly blessed—
And here's a bumper health to thee !
Winona—glory of the West.

CHAPTER XXIV. .

Organization of County and Townships.

ST. CHARLES.

From the History of Winona County I thankfully take what relates to county and township organizations:

“By an act of the Legislature of the territory of Minnesota, passed February 23, 1853, so much territory as is embraced within the following boundaries, to-wit: Begining at the southwest corner of T. 105, N. R. 10 W., thence north twenty-four miles to the northwest corner of T. 108, N. R. 10 W., thence east to the Mississippi river, thence down said river to the northeast corner of Houston county, thence west to the place of beginning, was established as the county of Winona. . . . After the government survey, St. Charles was known as T. 106, N. R. 10 W.

“On April 29, 1854, the county commissioners divided the county of Winona into six election precincts. The precinct of Elba, in which was St. Charles, included T. 105 N., R. 8, 9 and 10 W., now Hart, Fremont and Saratoga; T. 106 N. R. 9 and 10 W., now Utica and St. Charles, and T. 107 N. R. 10 W., now Elba. E. Haws, William Davidson and L. H. Springer were appointed judges of election.

“At this session the county was divided into assessment districts. District No. 1, embracing T. 108 N., R. 9 and 10

W., and 105, 106 and 107 N., R. 10 W. A. P. Hall was appointed collector. On July 3, 1854, the valuation of personal property in this district was \$11,318.

"As the real estate belonged to the government, the improvements on the lands were taxed as personal property. The tax per cent. on the valuation this year was one and thirty-five one-hundredths per cent.

"On May 1, 1854, a resolution was passed by the county commissioners, constituting each election precinct a road district, and William Davidson was appointed road supervisor for the Elba district.

"On May 19, 1854, School District No. 3 was organized, embracing T. 106 (St. Charles,) and the north tier of sections in T. 105, R. 10 W

"In March, 1855, School District No. 5 was organized, consisting of sections 7, 8, 17, 19, (city of St. Charles,) 20, 21, 30, and all of section 29, excepting the southeast quarter, of town 106 N., R. 10 W.

"The first election in Elba precinct was held in the fall of 1854, at the house of Wm. Davidson. Joseph Mixter and John T. Blair were appointed clerks of the election. Benjamin Langworthy was elected justice of the peace. William Davidson, was elected one of the county commissioners. . . . The earliest records of the precinct of Elba have not been preserved, and the historian has been compelled to rely on the memory of its pioneers.

"In the fall of 1856 the second election for the Elba precinct was held at the house of James Ball, situated on the premises now known as the "Summit Farm," in the town of St. Charles. At this election, L. H. Springer and William Davidson were appointed judges, and Joseph Mixter, clerk. . . . During this year the Republican party in the territory was organized, and pitted against the democracy. C. H. Berry, now of Winona city, and Wm. Ashley Jones were present at this election to sustain democratic nominees. . . . L. H. Springer was elected one of the county commissioners.

"At the April session of 1853, the board of county commissioners organized geographically T. 106, N. of R. 10 W., into a separate precinct, denominated St. Charles precinct; and H. G. Rice, Benjamin Raynolds and Wm. P. Wood were appointed judges of election, to be held at the schoolhouse in the village of St. Charles.

"On May 11th, 1858, the first township election for the organized town of St. Charles was held for the purpose of electing town officers. A. G. Murray was elected chairman of the board of supervisors, and Franklin Langworthy and David Bolcom were elected supervisors; Harris Scoville, town clerk; J. F. Remore, assessor; Geo. P. Pratt and Geo. Bartlett, constables; Harris Scoville and Wm. McKnight, justices of the peace, and Wm. Hendee, overseer of highways. At this election L. H. Springer, Wm. Davidson and M. Grover acted as judges; John M. Cool and Charles Brewer, acted as clerks. . . . In the spring of the year 1853, Wm. Davidson pre-empted on Sec. 10, T. 106, N. R. 10. W., upon which he built a log-house, into which he moved his family. He claims to be and is considered to be the first settler of the town of St. Charles, and is entitled to be called 'The Old Settler.' . . . In the latter part of May, 1853, Lewis H. Springer and family, from the state of Illinois, after a short residence at Winona, moved and settled on section 19, in the now city of St. Charles, and erected a double log-house on the south bank of the south branch of the Whitewater river, and near the foot of what is now Whitewater Street. The family consisted of himself, and his wife Adaline and his daughter Ella. With him also came Benjamin Langworthy and Mrs. Langworthy, the father and mother of Mrs. Springer, and Alonzo and Benjamin Langworthy, Jr. Alonzo and Benjamin, sons of Benjamin Langworthy, made their claims on section 18. In the same year, and soon after Mr. Springer had settled on his claim, Robt. Calhoun and Carter Fuller made their claims on the uplands, south of St. Charles city. James Smith, Mr. Kately and Mr. Russell made their claims and

settled in the southeasterly part of the town in the fall of the same year. . . . No other claim was made in the north part of the town until the year 1855, when David Evans made a claim and erected a small log-house about a mile north of the city of St. Charles.

"The government surveys of the lands of Southern Minnesota were made in the fall of 1853, and the spring of 1854. . . . During this year Lewis H. Springer erected a small frame store a few rods south of his dwelling house, and kept a small assortment of dry goods and groceries for the accommodation of the settlers. This was the first mercantile establishment and the first frame building in town. Mr. Springer was appointed post master in the spring of 1854, and kept the post office in this new building. . . . At the time Mr. Springer settled in St. Charles, there was no settlement west on this route, and no public house west of Winona to accommodate emigrants until Mr. Springer, in the spring of 1853, opened his dwelling as a public inn, and many of the old settlers will remember where, after a weary journey from Winona up the steep and rugged windings of the high bluffs that skirt the western side of the valley of the Mississippi, and crossing the prairie where little water was found, famished from hunger and thirst, they arrived at Springer's tavern where their wants could be supplied. . . . In the year 1854, Mr. Wheeler settled on sec. 19 in the town, now city of St. Charles, adjoining the county line, upon which he built a log-house and in the following year opened the same for a public inn. The skin of a wildcat stuffed with straw and elevated on a pole gave intimation that entertainment for man and beast could be had. It was popularly known as the "Wild Cat Tavern." This was the second house opened for a public inn of the town.

"In the summer of 1856, James and Joshua Easton erected the first framed public inn, being the same building now owned and occupied by Henry Hall, situated on Winona Street. . . . In the month of July, 1856, a violent tor-

nado accompanied with rain, thunder and lightening, swept through the village, prostrating large and firmly rooted trees in its course, taking off the roof of Mr. Hall's house and all the logs above the upper joists and landing them at a distance, and took up over the walls of the house beds, bedding, and furniture, exposing the inmates of the dwelling to the furious blasts, frightening them out of their senses and committing other misdemeanors against the peace and dignity of Mr. Hall and the people of the village. . . . In the year 1858, M. H. Gates and H. C. Parrott erected a store building. After the closing of the mercantile business, the building was used as a wagon shop by H. C. Parrott, being the first wagon shop established in St. Charles, and from which beginning sprang the present large and extensive wagon and sleigh manufacturing establishment of H. C. Parrott & Co. . . . Up to the winter of 1863-4, there was no market in this place for wheat or other farm products, save what was required by the people for home consumption; but at this time Charles Wardner came from Winona, built a store and grain warehouse attached, and put in a large stock of general merchandise, and received farm products in exchange for goods, or purchased the same for cash.

"The Winona & St. Peter Railroad Company were laying the iron track between here and Winona, and in the month of February, 1864, the road was completed to this place, and the iron horse for the first time entered the beautiful village of St. Charles."

An act was passed by the Legislature of Minnesota to incorporate the city of St. Charles, which being approved by the people on March 1, 1870, an election for city officers was then held on March 8, 1870, and S. W. Stone was elected the first mayor. Since that time, St. Charles has been recognized as one of the most important and growing commercial centers in the interior of the state, and her citizens among the most enterprising. But it does not come within the scope of this small volume to enumerate the extensive developments that

are showing the prosperity of St. Charles; nor is it necessary, for the History of Winona County has done justice to her younger days, and her ably conducted newspapers, and her most excellently conducted brass and silver band, have, together, spread her fame.

ROLLINGSTONE TOWNSHIP.

It is always a difficult matter to overcome an error that has crystalized into print, the more especially when that error seems to have for its sponsors such high authority as Sibley and Kittson, two of the oldest of the white fur traders of early days. Nevertheless, my reliance upon Thomas La Blanc, a half-breed Sioux, born at mouth of Minnesota river, is such that I confidently give his origin and signification of the Sioux or Dakota names for the Rollingstone creek, and for the site of Minnesota City, as correct. La Blanc told the author that the Rollingstone creek was so named for a rolled stone or bowlder, "*a stone that had been rolling*," E-yan-o-min-man and Wat-pah, a creek or river. As on that creek was found at its mouth, a peculiar round stone, held sacred by the Sioux of the Wa-pa-ha-sa band as an altar stone. Minnesota City, an old Indian village, he called E-yan-bo-do-tah, or the place of the sacrificial stone, which he described as a round, dark-colored bowlder. The Winnebagoes called the creek Nees-scas-hone-none-nig-ga-rah, meaning the Little Whitewater; and the larger Whitewater, they called Nees-scas Hay-ta-rah, the bluff "Whitewater," because the "Bald Bluff" below its mouth (Chimney Rock) was a conspicuous mark to its outlet. Winona, Minneska, Dakota and Witoka are also Indian names, the latter meaning a female captive taken prisoner near there by the Sauks in early days. The girl was a child of the war-chief Wah-kon-de-otah of the Wapasha band, and the story of her capture and rescue was told to the writer by the girl herself and also by the brave old chieftain, her father.

So much in answer to the statement on page 555, History of Winona County. While I do not accept the interpreta-

tions given in the history, the facts so concisely stated, I gratefully use.

"Rollingstone township as organized by the county commissioners, consists of parts of townships No. 107 and 108 north, of range No. 8 west, of Winona county, Minnesota. The Mississippi river flowing along the northern boundary in a southeastly direction makes the township irregular in form. It takes its name from the creek which flows through it from south to north, affording complete drainage, except a small brook in the northwest part which drains five or six sections.

"The surface consists of about seven sections of bottomlands contiguous to the Mississippi and subject to overflow, but producing wild grass and timber, and about 1,500 acres of terrace or tablelands lying between the bluffs and bottomlands and the remainder of bluff or ridge and of valley land.

"The Sioux treaty which extinguished the Indian title to the land was not ratified till 1853, but in February, 1852, Mr. Israel M. Noracong made a claim for the purpose of securing a water-power on the Rollingstone. This is now occupied by the flouring mill of A. D. Ellsworth (now Reed Brothers). Mr. Noracong remained here till July following, when he left for his home in Wisconsin and did not return. Mr. Noracong made no improvements excepting a board shanty 8x12 feet in size, which he occupied in company with a man by the name of Josiah R. Keene. They spent part of the winter and spring in cutting black-walnut timber which was rafted and sold in La Crosse. The first permanent settlement was made in the town by a colony which was organized in New York City in October, 1851, under the name of the "Western Farm and Village Association."

The Association and its object are more fully described, as well as what relates to the township, under the head of Minnesota City.

"Mr. E. B. Drew had broken thirty acres of valley land in 1852, and therefrom raised a small crop of sod corn, some

potatoes and other vegetables, and in the fall he sowed some winter wheat. This was considered the first farm opened in 1852, though small patches of ground were broken in numerous places during the same season.

"The next season several of the settlers moved onto the valley farms and continued to reside there. This year a large supply of sod corn, potatoes and a great variety of garden vegetables were raised. Wild grass was abundant, and though a good deal of hay was burned by prairie fires in the fall, the cattle, numbering about eighty head, did remarkably well. Fish were plenty and easily taken, and wild game also; flour was procured down the river at \$4.00 per barrel, and from that time to this there has been no want of the staple articles of food, and usually a large surplus.

"Before the lands were offered at public sale, pre-emption claims had been filed upon the valley farms and upon the village plat, and these lands were entered at the land office in Goot's subdivisions." [During the season of 1854 Mr. Lord put in operation a saw-mill.]

"Settlements were gradually extended and new farms were opened, buildings added, etc. A wagon road was established to Winona, and one up the south valley and one up the north valley, and bridges were built, but nothing occurred beyond the ordinary incidents of early settlement for several years.

"In 1854, Congress established a mail route, No. 14,015, from Minnesota City to Traverse des Sioux, and semi-monthly service was ordered in the fall of 1855. This was the first mail route established in the territory south of the St. Peters river. The route was afterwards extended from Minnesota City to Winona and terminated at St. Peters instead of Traverse des Sioux."

MINNESOTA CITY.

According to the History of Winona County, confirmed by statements of the old colonists there were efforts made by Governor Ramey and others, to induce the people of Minne-

sota City to change their location to one more desirable on the Minnesota river. Mr. William Haddock and some members of the association, still had hopes that a landing could be made for the colony on "Strait Slough," but captains and pilots of steamboats assured those interested that their scheme was impracticable, even at a common stage of water, and it was reluctantly abandoned. But the public spirit and energy of the colonists was such that though lacking funds they determined to explore the region of Minnesota river, and the country intervening for a wagon road, and prospective railroad, that should start from their city, and to carry out the first part of their programme "A committee was appointed to explore the interior of the territory and find the most feasible route for a wagon road from Minnesota City to the great bend of the St. Peters river, at the mouth of the Blue Earth; with instructions to note the quality of the land, water and timber observed on the route over which they might pass. The committee were each allowed a dollar a day to defray their expenses while on the survey."

"The committee consisted of Robert Pike Jr., Isaac M. Noracong and William Stephens. They left the colony on the 26th of June, 1852, and reached Traverse des Sioux on the 3rd of July, where Mr. Pike was compelled to lay up from disability to travel. Mr. Noracong and Mr. Stephens completed the survey to the mouth of Blue Earth river. Mr. Noracong stopped for a few days at Mankato to consult with the proprietors of the new town then but just starting at that place, and returned by another route across the country, accompanied by D. A. Robertson, one of the proprietors of Mankato. Mr. Pike and Mr. Stephens took passage on the Black Hawk, down the Minnesota river to St. Paul, and from there to Wabasha prairie, and thence by land to Minnesota City."

Mr. Pike on returning made the following report, which was signed by Mr. Stephens and himself, and it was formally accepted. Through the kindness of Mr. E. B. Drew, I am

able to present the report, which shows the intelligent observation and prophetic judgement of the committee. Mr. Pike says:

"We started from Minnesota City June 26 and arrived at Traverse des Sioux July 3, occupying seven days in the journey, and estimating the distance by most direct route to be not far from one hundred miles. The distance we traveled in reaching that point was considerably greater, as we turned aside in many instances to visit the adjacent country and to explore the branches of several streams.

"Particular reference was had in our inquiries as to the face of the country, quality of the soil, supply of water and the abundance of timber, all of which was answered most satisfactorily by our subsequent examinations. The face of the country is generally level or slightly rolling, consisting of prairies in much the larger proportion, though there is sufficient timber in most places if savingly used to furnish fencing and fire wood for many years to come.

"Nothing in the shape of bluff after rising out of our own valley is encountered to the extent of more than twenty or thirty feet, and those are of very gradual ascent, and may probably be avoided altogether by subsequent examinations. The country is uniformly free from marshes and swamps for the first sixty miles, and it is only at that point when small lakes begin to appear that marshes are found. These mostly have the appearance of having formerly been lakes and are covered with grass or rushes, frequently from five to eight feet high.

"For the last fifty miles the timber becomes more abundant, perhaps predominating over the prairie, and for the last twenty or thirty miles before reaching the Minnesota river we passed through an uninterrupted forest and only emerged from it as we came in sight of the river. The bluffs on the Minnesota river are probably from thirty to forty feet high, but the descent is gradual and at considerable distance from the river. The character of the soil is unsurpassed and

seems to increase in fertility as we go west. We found only one tract that could not be considered first rate, and that was of few miles in extent, lying between the head branches of the Wazioji and consisted of two dry valleys, each a half mile across with the intervening country. For picturesque beauty and whatever goes to make a country pleasant and homelike, we all agree that we never had seen its match.

“Although designing to keep on the divide between the streams flowing north and those running south, we experienced little trouble in finding water often enough to allay thirst, even though the weather was extremely warm and we were entirely unacquainted with the country. The springs, however, are not of that gushing character we find in our own valley, owing, undoubtedly, to the want of bluffs and hills. We have no doubt, however, water may be obtained almost anywhere by digging from five to twenty-five feet.

“We passed through some few burr oak openings, but the majority of the timber was of a close, compact growth, consisting of the usual kinds, in many cases accompanied by a dense undergrowth through which it was often difficult to penetrate.

“We found the sugar maple, the black walnut, the black cherry, with the white ash some fifteen or twenty miles this side of the Minnesota for the first time.

“The kinds of timber on the high lands and those along the streams differ considerably as well as the character. As to the exact locality of the “Great Bend,” we were unable to determine, but we suppose it to be between Travers des Sioux and the mouth of Mankato or Blue Earth rivers, perhaps a little nearer the former than the latter.

“From inquiries made we are inclined to believe that the most feasible point for the terminus of a road will be found at a place where a mill is now in process of erection, five miles above Traverse des Sioux, and where a town is contemplated. This point furnishes the best crossing for a ferry or bridge to be found for many miles above or below, as the

bluffs approach near to each other and are not overflowed. Consequently a ferry may be operated at a high or low stage of water, while in high water the river expands to the width of several miles in many places both above and below.

"The cost of opening a road so as to make it passable for teams will be very small, requiring only the bridging of a few streams, and the clearing away of a small amount of timber. We even suppose it practicable for loaded teams to pass over the whole route at the present time by going somewhat circuitously.

"We had the good fortune to fall in with a gentleman who had driven his carriage through from Dubuque, indicating very clearly if a carriage can be driven two hundred and fifty miles it certainly can be one hundred.

"The importance of having a road opened to the Minnesota river can hardly be overrated. Already the settlers of this valley are looking in this direction as furnishing the natural avenue they must seek to the east, and much interest was manifested in the object of our mission.

"The fact is unquestionable that the Minnesota valley is the finest agricultural section of Minnesota, as well as of the world, and it is a question of no small importance as to how its future productions are to be marketed most cheaply.

"The Minnesota valley embraces an area of probably thirty thousand square miles, and much not included in this valley will find its natural outlet in the same direction with this region. So it is safe to conclude that this is the most feasible outlet for every part of the valley of Minnesota; that is, a territory four times as large as the state of Massachusetts will here concentrate its surplus productions so far as they are sent east.

"The distance from the heart of this valley to this point on the Mississippi, as has been before stated, is 100 miles. From the same point by way of the river is, to say the least, 250 miles, or 150 miles further.

"Steamboat navigation is open six months in a year by two classes of boats. Consequently goods must be trans-shipped at St. Paul and during the winter this avenue is closed.

"It is obvious to the most casual observer that a wagon road, and a railroad, too, will very speedily be required, destined as this country is to very rapid settlement.

"No one can pass through this section, as we have done, without being satisfied that not more than a couple of years can elapse before this whole country bordering on the route of the proposed road will be settled.

"We have no hesitation in saying that a road will be built whether we take the lead or even a part in the movement or not.

"We go further and predict that not ten years will elapse before the Mississippi and the Minnesota rivers will be linked together with iron bands. Whether we derive any advantage from the proposed road or not will depend upon ourselves. We would urge the importance of the matter upon the association. All of which is respectfully submitted.

"ROBERT PIKE, JR.,

"WILLIAM STEPHENS."

Mr. Noracong, also on his return, made a report which has been preserved by Hon. O. M. Lord, our well known pioneer horticulturist of Minnesota City, but as the report of Messrs. Pike and Stephens had been adopted, Mr. Noracong's report, recommending a more southern route to Mankato, was given respectful consideration, but no action was taken. Mr. Noracong's report and that of Mr. D. A. Robertson of Mankota, one of the proprietors and first settlers of Mankato, is interesting and may be found in the History of Winona County, commencing at page 292.

I cannot close this chapter in better form than by using the closing sentences of Mr. O. M. Lord who so truly contrasts the past with the present condition of Minnesota City. He says: "To the settlers who came here first the days seemed

like a perpetual Sunday, now even the darkness does not hush the hum of active life. The cars, the mills and the steamboats during the night keep pace with the plow and harvester and thresher in the day. Thirty years ago (more now) our resources were limited, our numbers comparatively few; now we have all the advantages pertaining to communities of civilized life. Of the persons who came here then, there are at present remaining in the vicinity, twenty-three (not so many now). Some of them have grown up families and their grand-children are going to school, and old and young are still ready to cheer to the sentiment of Robert Pike given over thirty years ago:

‘Hurrah, then for our chosen home!
No greener valleys meet the sight,
No purer fountains gushing free,
No birds of song or flowers more bright,
Bringing perfume and melody.’ ”

CHAPTER XXV.

MOUNT VERNON TOWNSHIP.

“Town 108, range 9, was settled about the same time as the adjoining towns, more particularly Minneska, in Wabasha county, which bounds it on the west. Some of the earliest settlers were Whiteman, Deacon Smith, Brizius and Patrick Murray, in Trout valley, Williams and Smith on the ridge, who were quickly followed by others, and all the available land was soon taken up. Not a section of the township but what is more or less productive and under cultivation. The Trout valley intersects it, running almost north and south, while the eastern and western portions are considerably broken by valleys, containing considerable timber, while on the ridges is to be found good prairie land.

“The first town meeting was held at the house of S. N. Burns, May 11, 1858, and the following officers were elected: G. A. Whiteman, Patrick Murray, H. C. Jones, Supervisors; G. A. Whiteman, Chairman of Supervisors; Charles Smith, Town Clerk; Samuel Bullard, Assessor; Lyman Lovel, Collector; M. Malmson, Overseer of Poor; John Montgomery, Justice. . . . Good roads are constructed on the ridges and in the valleys, and considerable money has been expended on the improvements. The first road laid out by the township was ordered July 5, 1858, four rods wide, commencing at section 17 and running two miles through trout valley.

"There are four school districts, with four good, substantial schoolhouses; the first one built was at Oak Ridge. Previous to the erection of any schoolhouse, or opening of any public school, the wife of Deacon Smith, in Trout valley, was persuaded by a few of her neighbors to teach their children, which she willingly did, teaching gratuitously the few she could gather in the then almost unbroken wilderness. A few years have since rolled by, and now as good schools and as efficient teachers minister to the wants of the young as are to be found in any country."

WHITEWATER TOWNSHIP.

"The surface is generally very much broken. On the western part, however, nearly the entire length of the township skirts Greenwood prairie, in Wabasha county. The township lies in T. 108, N. R. 10 W. It is bounded on the north and west by Wabasha county, on the east by Mt. Vernon township, and on the south by Elba township. Whitewater lies in the extreme northwestern corner of Winona County. There are two principal valleys, Whitewater valley and Beaver Creek valley. Whitewater valley is six miles long, and runs directly north and south through the township. It is traversed by Whitewater river, which enters the township on section 35 and leaves it on section 1. This river attains an average width of forty feet and a depth of three feet. Beaver valley runs almost east and west; it is four miles long and traversed by Beaver creek. This creek rises in section 19, flows east, and empties into the Whitewater river at the village of Beaver on section 15. Timber is abundant along the valleys, and trout plentiful in the streams. There have been two village settlements in the township, viz: Whitewater Falls, now gone to decay, and Beaver. The early history of these is in general the early history of the township."

"The following (pioneers) came in 1854. Stephen Covey, John Cook, F. C. Putnam, Wm. J. Dooley, Wm. Wood and Albert Scrivens. . . . The year 1855 was marked by the

arrival of the following: A. J. McRay, J. M. Minnegar, Albert Hopson, Pliney Putnam, Lyman Young, S. A. Houck, Oliver Porter, Nathan Fisher, J. W. Hayes, Wm. Vilander, Louis Skidmore, Leonard Robinson, C. W. Buswell and Nathan Warner. A. J. McRay took up his residence on the site of Beaver.

"Beaver village is situated on section 15, at the junction of Beaver creek with Whitewater river. Beavers were numerous in these streams at an early day. A large dam was built by these animals in the creek near the village; from this came the names Beaver creek and Beaver village. The village was laid out in 1856, and covers an area of forty acres. The first house in this locality, and, indeed, the first in Whitewater township, was put up by Stephen Covey in 1854; the first store was built in 1856 by Wm. Dooley; it was a log structure, 14x20 feet, and devoted to general merchandise. Among the early residents were John Knowles, H. B. Knowles, Dr. Sheldon Brooks and J. W. Hayes. . . .

"A saw-mill was built on Beaver creek, on section 16 in 1856, by Carleton and Gardner Malindy; it was a very crude affair at first; a hollow log was pressed into service and used as a flume; in 1857, it was converted into a grist-mill with one run of burrs; F. E. Becker is the present owner. The mill has been improved; it is now two stories in height, is 40x100 feet in dimensions, has two run of burrs, patent rolling machinery and a capacity of fifty burrels per day; the water-power is excellent at this point. . . .

"Whitewater Falls is situated on Whitewater river, on sections 26 and 27. It is so called from rapids in the river at this point; it was laid out in 1856, but gradually fell into decay. . . . There are six district schools in Whitewater township and two postoffices—one at Beaver, with Samuel Detamora as postmaster, and another at Whitewater Falls, with A. C. Randall as postmaster."

ELBA TOWNSHIP

"Elba is situated in T. 107 N. R. 10 W. Its boundaries are, on the north, Whitewater township; on the east, Norton; on the south St. Charles, and on the west Olmsted county. The surface is very much broken. and is covered by three deep valleys, which in turn are traversed by three prominent streams. There are three branches of the Whitewater river, the north branch, the east branch and the middle branch. These unite at the village of Elba, on section 10, and form one principal stream which flows north and leaves the township on section 2. Whitewater river is formed by numerous springs arising from the bluffs, and furnishes excellent water power for a number of mills along its course. The streams abound in speckled trout, and the country is much visited all through the summer months by fishing parties in quest of sport. The bluffs along the valley are from 350 to 400 feet in height, and form some of the most beautiful scenes in that section of the country.

"Good farms are found in the valleys, and excellent 'wheat tables' on the highlands. Floods caused by heavy rains in summers are frequent on the Whitewater and its branches, causing much annoyance by the washing away of dams and the injury of mills. The timber found in the township is principally oak and elm, which is plentiful in the valleys.

"Immigration into the township began as early as 1854. Robert Crooks was probably the first among the early pioneers. He came to that locality in the spring of 1854, and took up a claim on what is now part of section 28. He was followed the same year by F. McCarty and a man named Southwick. F. McCarty settled on what is now section 22, while Southwick made a claim on section 3. The following came in 1855, A. E. Todd, D. J. Todd, D. R. Holbrook, L. U. Todd, W. Telugan, Peter Kiefer, Andrew Burger, Wm. Hemelberg, A. D. Nichols, Alva Philbrick, H. D. Baily and Jerry Philbrick. . . . The first school was held in a little

log school-house, built in 1855, by Alva Philbrick, on what is now section 10: The first saw-mill was built on the north branch of the Whitewater, on section 8, by A. E. Todd, in the summer of 1856. It was washed out by a flood some time after, and was rebuilt on section 7. The mill is now standing and does principally a custom business for the farmers in the neighborhood.

“Fairwater Flouring Mill’ was built on section 7, on the north branch of the Whitewater, sometime in 1866, by W. Parr and W. R. Ellis. It was two stories in height and had a dimension of 35x40 feet. E. C. Ellis is the present owner. The mill has two run of burrs and a capacity of thirty barrels per day.

“The first laid-out road in the township was the road running from Winona west to the county line. This road ran directly through the center of Elba township, and was laid out in 1857. The postoffice in the village was the first and only one in the township. It was established in 1857 with H. D. Bailey as postmaster.”

There are five district schools in Elba, on sections 33, 27, 10, 3 and 8.

“The first meeting took place May 11, 1858, for the general organization. J. H. Dearborn was elected Town Clerk; J. W. Ireland, J. Philbrick, N. V. Crow, Supervisors; John Bole, Assessor; E. B. Barnes, Collector; Thomas Barnes, G. E. Fisher, Justices of the peace; David Duryea, Overseer of Poor; Hugh Barclay, Aaron Baker, Constables.

“Elba village is situated on sections 9 and 10, at the Junction of the three branches of the Whitewater. There has been a settlement there since 1856. The first house was put up by C. Southwick. The first school was in a log-house, built in 1858. The flouring mill in Elba was built in 1860, by John Rodgers. The water power is furnished by the north and middle branches of the Whitewater. The mill is 25x30 feet. The present owners are J. Hoffman

and T. C. Udell. . . . The present school-house was built in 1866. It is a district school with an average attendance of fifty pupils.

"Elba has a very heathy climate, never has had a case of scarlet fever or diphtheria."

NORTON TOWNSHIP.

"This township when organized, May 11, 1858, was given the name of Sumner. It was afterward changed to Jefferson and finally to Norton, its present name. The town line passing through its center locates it in township 107, while the range places it in 9 west. It is bounded on the north by Mt. Vernon; on the east by Rollingstone and Hillsdale; on the south by Utica, and on the west by Elba. The surface in the central and southern parts is what is known as rolling, open land and contains some of the best land in the county. While in the eastern portion the land is very much broken.

"Rollingstone valley, traversed by a branch of the Rollingstone creek, is in this locality. This valley is said to be from 400 to 500 feet deep. The scenery is wild and romantic. The wagon road winds in and out along the edges of frightful precipices and under immense overhanging rocks hundreds of feet overhead. A great attraction in this valley or ravine is a large cave which reaches over a quarter of a mile underground, and is filled with stalactites and curious stones. Elm, ash, bass-wood, oak, hickory and some maple are found along this valley. On the high land water is very scarce. The water is hauled from the valleys and put in cisterns, or, in some cases, wells are drilled 500 feet deep through the rock and the water drawn up by a wind-mill. When the early pioneers made their appearance in 1855, wolves were numerous and black bears were seen occasionally. Deer have been known to come up and eat along with the cattle, and one old settler had a large flock of quail that he fed regularly near his cabin.

“Out of a large number of pioneers that made their homes in this locality there are scarcely a half dozen remaining. A large number have died, and a large number have sold their farms and emigrated to Dakota. Wm. Sweet entered (or took) what is now the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 32, in the early part of May, 1852. It will be of interest to note that this was the first claim made back of the bluffs from the Mississippi river in Winona county. John Van Hook is the next man supposed to have made his appearance. In 1854, he pre-empted what is now S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 30. Peter Epelding came in 1855, and settled on section 24; J. P. and H. N. Hilbert came in 1855, and settled on section 12.

“A postoffice was kept as early as 1864, by Frederick Gensmer. Ely Turner succeeded him in 1868. Since then Norton has been without a postoffice. Wm. Ruprecht built a saw-mill in 1860, on section 25, on Rollingstone creek. The water-power at that point was found to be excellent, so in 1875, it was turned into a grist-mill with two run of burrs. This was a frame building, 34x20 feet, and two stories high. In 1882, the mill was enlarged and new patent rolling and crushing machinery was added. The mill has a custom business principally. Norton has no village organization, no physician, no lawyer, and above all no saloon.

“There are five district schools. . . . Besides these there is one German Catholic School on section 31. This school was organized by private enterprise At present the population is mostly Prussian Germans. Some of these have been known to come in with nothing but a few head of cattle, and by hard work and perseverance, have secured themselves large and valuable farms.”

HILLSDALE TOWNSHIP.

“Hillsdale is but one-half of an entire township, comprising eighteen complete sections in all. Its boundaries are: on the north, Rollingstone; on the east, Winona; on the

south, Warren; and on the west, Norton. It is six miles long and three miles wide. On the north, east and south portions the surface is broken, while to the northwest there is a slight prairie land, or 'grub land,' as it is sometimes called. It has a limestone soil, composed of a rich, dark loam. . . . Timber was plentiful at first, especially along the streams. There were several kinds of oak, besides hickory and butternut. Oak is plentiful still.

"The early pioneers, shut out almost entirely from the east except in summer, found it difficult to secure provisions. Deer and prairie chickens were numerous and venison was a great article of food. Potatoes alone brought \$1.40 per bushel and other things in proportion. Timber was plentiful, but lumber was scarce. J. H. Swindler says he built him a house in 1855, 14x16 feet, out of 1,200 feet of lumber; the dimension pieces and frame work were taken from the neighboring woods. The earliest settlers were a few members of the 'Western Farm and Village Association' of New York City, S. D. Putnam, Charles Bannan and Lawrence Dilworth all came in 1852, and were members of the above company. S. A. Houck, O. H. Houck and John McClintock came in 1853. In 1855, J. J. Matteson, John Hart, C. Hertzberg, Jabez Churchill and J. H. Swindler arrived. S. D. Putnam entered a part of section 23, and John McClintock a part of section 27, Lawrence Dilworth settled on section 23, J. J. Matteson on section 26 and John Hart on section 23."

"What is now known as district 31, on section 23 is said to have been the first school in Hillsdale. The house was built early in 1857 by private subscription, the district not being organized at that time. . . . A grist-mill was built in 1865 on section 26, by Benjamin Sherry. It was two and one-half stories high and had two run of burrs. It stood on Rollingstone Creek. . . . The Winona & St. Peter railway runs through the township in a northeasterly and south-westerly direction. It has a station at Stockton. Hillsdale is also traversed by Rollingstone creek, which enters the

township on section 34, flows north through sections 27 and 26 and leaves the township on section 23.

"The township was organized and the first board appointed May 11, 1858: J. B. Alexander, town clerk; L. R. King, James Gwinn, M. Collins, supervisors; J. B. Morehead, assessor; O. D. Hicks, collector; Henry Wiseman, overseer of the poor; T. Q. Gage, justice of the peace; S. T. Gwinn, J. Schmeltzer, constables."

STOCKTON VILLAGE.

'The village of Stockton, in Hillsdale township, was laid out in the summer of 1856, although the land was pre-empted in 1855; J. B. Stockton, Wm. Davidson and Wm. Springer were the proprietors.

"The town was named after J. B. Stockton. Stockton stands on the east half of section 34.

"The plat is one mile long and one-half mile wide, and embraces an area of 320 acres. Rollingstone creek enters the town plat on the west and flows northeast through the village. Stockton stands in the main Rollingstone valley, sometimes spoken of as the 'west branch.'

"In the summer of 1855, H. A. Putnam immigrated to this section with his family and built a frame building 18x24 feet, which was used both as a dwelling and as a store for general merchandise. This was undoubtedly the first house erected. Among the early residents may be mentioned: George Gregory and family, Rev. Wm. Poling, John Decon, (blacksmith), Andrew Miller, (carpenter), Henry Parrot, (wagon maker), Robert Curtis, (blacksmith), Henry Wiseman and John Alexander. Wiseman and Alexander owned a carpenter and wagon shop in 1857.

"The year 1858 was marked by the grading of the 'Transit Railroad,' (now Winona & St. Peter), which cut through the town. The population were pleased with the new venture and were anxious for its completion, but when the company failed and were unable to pay their bills for labor and goods,

the enterprise was looked upon with disfavor. The road was then purchased by the Winona and St. Peter Company, and completed in 1861.

"J. B. Stockton was the proprietor of the first hotel, in 1856. Wm. Dodge was the first postmaster in Stockton. The office was kept, in 1856, just south of the town line. The present mill was built in the shape of a saw-mill, in 1855, by Wm. Dodge. In 1857, it was sold to Starbuck & Jones, who converted it into a grist-mill with two run of burrs. In 1859 it passed into the lands of Hugh Sherry, who sold a half interest to Dr. J. B. Sheardown. It was run by the above for five years, when it was purchased by Mowbray & Sons. . . . In 1879, the old burrs were abandoned and new patent rolling and crushing machinery put in.

"The first school was held in a frame building 20x28 feet, built in 1857, and was taught by Albert Thomas."

Stockton, is a quiet, healthy little village; a good summer resort for old persons, invalids and children, and is growing in importance socially, as it has a good reputation for the morality and good order maintained.

WILSON TOWNSHIP.

The township of Wilson occupies T. 106 and R. 6. It is bounded on the north by Winona township; on the south by Wiscoy township; on the east by Homer township, and on the west by Warren township.

"The surface is very much broken and is divided by the bluffs into two valleys, running north and south. These valleys are traversed by two creeks, West Burns valley creek and East Burns valley creek. West Burns valley creek rises in section 15 and flows northeast through the valley, and joins the east branch on N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 3. East Burns valley creek has its source in section 9, flows north to section 3, where the two unite and leave the township on section 2. The soil is productive, and wheat, corn, oats and barley are raised. In an early day this land was thickly covered with

timber, which has been to a great extent cut down. The township comprises thirty-six complete sections, and measures six miles in each direction.

"It was organized May 11, 1858, with W. W. Kelly as Town Clerk. The officers appointed at this meeting were J. S. Wilson, (Chairman), D. McDougal, Myron Toms, Supervisors; M. W. Crittendon, Assessor; Amos Shepard, Collector; William Jones, Overseer of the Poor; William Jones, Alvin Lufkin, Constables; Renel D. Fellows, Dexter Shepard, Justices of the Peace. At this first meeting there were seventy-seven votes cast."

"The first house in the township was built by John R. Gile, in 1854, on section 29. Frank Brown was the first child born, in 1854. The postoffice now known as Wilson postoffice, was first called Wayland postoffice, and was kept by John F. Gile. John R. Gile was no doubt the first man to settle in Wilson; he came as early as 1853, and entered a part of what is now section 29. He was, however, dissatisfied with his claim, and removed, but returned again in 1854. The year 1855 was marked by the entrance of a large number of land seekers, who became old settlers."

The flour mill of M. J. Laird and a small mill put up near Babcock hill were the only water power mills put up in Wilson. The near and easy access to the markets of Winona make the farming lands of the town of Wilson very valuable.

WARREN TOWNSHIP.

"Warren township lies in T. 106 N. and R. 8 W. Its boundaries are as follows: On the north, Hillsdale township; on the east, Wilson township; on the south, Hart township; and on the west, Utica township. The surface in the north and northeastern part is very much broken, while the remainder forms a level prairie. The soil is good and the products are wheat, corn, oats and barley. Warren is traversed by two branches of the Rollingsstone creek. The east branch rises in section 26, flows north through sections 23, 14, 11, 10, 3

and 2, leaving the township on section 3. The west branch rises in sections 7 and 8, flows northeast through section 5 and leaves the township on section 5. Warren is also cut by the Winona & St. Peter Railway which enters the township on N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 4, runs southwest through sections 5, 18, 17 and 8, and leaves it on S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 18. Warren has no village settlement whatever. There are two post-offices, each in the southern portion of the township. Wyattville postoffice is in section 33; it was established about 1859, with Hiram Wyatt as postmaster. Frank Hill postoffice was established at the same time, with A. B. Dunlap as postmaster. About 1862, two other postoffices were in existence, one in section 19, and the other in section 20. The one in section 19 was known as North Warren and kept by L. C. Ferrin; the one in section 20 was kept by Hiram Paris, and was known simply as Warren postoffice. Both of these were abandoned soon after their establishment.

"In 1856 a large hotel or tavern was kept for the accommodation of travelers, by James McQuestion, on section 20. This hotel was burned sometime in 1865. A store devoted to general merchandise was owned and run by Farrer & Russell, in 1859 on Sec. 33. This has been abandoned long since. A flour mill was built in 1857; this was at first used as a saw-mill, but was converted into a grist-mill in 1865. This mill stands on Sec. 4, and is owned by Wm. Duncanson; its capacity is very small.

"Leonard George kept a school, in 1856, in a private house which stood on Sec. 21. The next school was kept by Margaret Gray in a little schoolhouse built on Sec. 31, in 1857. Susan Buswell taught the next in 1858; this was on Sec. 20.

"William Duncanson came to Warren township in the spring of 1854, from La Crosse. The first wagon track was made by him through this section on June 5, 1854. He settled on what is now the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20. In the fall of 1854, Theodore, son of Wm. Duncanson was born; this was undoubtedly the first birth in the township. The first

laid-out road was that known then as the territorial road, running from Chatfield through Rush Creek and Sec. 20 to Stockton. Church service was first held in the various school-houses. At present there are the following churches: Methodist, in Sec. 20; Presbyterian, in Sec. 36; Brethren, in Sec. 19. To each of these is attached a cemetery. "William Duncanson, of whom mention has been made, was the oldest settler in Warren. He came in June, 1854. He was followed in the fall by Jacob Duncanson, his brother. Jacob Duncanson, with his family, settled on Sec. 21; Oliver Panger and A. J. Ayers arrived at the same time and entered part of Sec. 19. The following made their appearance in 1855: Joseph Mixter, Lucius Brainerd, Frederick Hall, Moses Stickney, Hiram Wyatt, Sylvester Frink, E. B. Jewett, Mortimer Gage and H. P. Archer. . . . Warren township has six district schools. . . .

The first meeting was held and the township organized May 11, 1858. G. W. Gleason was appointed Town Clerk. The board elected: Supervisors, A. P. Hoit, L. B. Terrin, T. Thayer; Constable, W. B. Thayer; Overseer of the Poor, Sylvester Frink; Justice of the Peace, Jesse Wheeler; Collector, I. N. Farrer; Assessor, Lucius Brainerd. . . . A stone quarry on Sec. 3 of Warren township employs a number of men during the summer months. A variety of limestone, very valuable for building purposes, is taken from this quarry. It is owned by the Chicago & North-western railway.

UTICA TOWNSHIP.

"This is undoubtedly one of the richest agricultural townships in the state of Minnesota. With the exception of a few groves of limited area, it is entirely composed of gently undulating prairie, with a rich surface soil lying on a clay sub-soil. The township extends nearly to the bluffs and valleys bordering the Mississippi river. It is bounded by Norton township on the north; Warren on the east; Fremont south and St. Charles west, and is described as T. 106 R. 9. W. of

the 5th P. M. of the United States survey. Agriculture employs the attention of nearly every one of its citizens.

"There are two small villages within its limits, one bearing the name of the township, and the other called Lewiston, in honor of its founder, Jonathan Smith Lewis. The latter village is incorporated. Both these hamlets sprang into life with the construction of the Winona & St. Peter railroad, on which line they are located. There is scarcely a farm throughout the extent of this township that is not marked by large and handsome buildings, many of them built of brick or stone. The number and size of farm barns is something remarkable. Utica was first settled by people from New York and Indiana, but most of the early residents have gone, and their places are mostly taken by emigrants of Germany.

"The eastern half of the township is now almost wholly occupied by these people, many of whom are recent arrivals and they bid fair to possess the whole township. Many of them cannot read or speak the English language, but they are an industrious, peaceful class of citizens, and are fast developing the agricultural resources of the country. Schools and churches receive a liberal support, and the intellectual development of the community is not backward. The first permanent settlement in the town of Utica was made in the fall of 1854. During this year came Andrew Peterman and Peter Raymond, of Indiana, Henry and Lyman Raymond, of New York, Rev. Wm. Sweet, E. H. Barrett, Dr. John W. Bentley, and two others named Hall and Malloy, all of whom spent the following winter here. Collins Rice came and took a claim and built a sod house thereon in the fall of 1854; the next spring he brought his family and lived a short time in this house. Mrs. Rice relates that one morning while washing her dishes, she happened to look up and discovered a snake lying close under the roof on a shelf formed by the sod wall, and it was surveying the scene with quiet contentment. The good lady's contentment was not so quiet, and the intruder was soon banished. A frame building was soon pre-

pared and occupied. . . . During the fall of 1854 occurred the birth of the first white child in the town, a daughter born to Dr. Bentley and christened Harriet.

"In 1855 nearly all the land was taken by settlers. In the spring of this year came Austin Raymond, father of the brothers above named, Luzon, his son, James Myers, Wm. H. Dwight, Clayburn Cheatham, J. S. Lewis, David Whetstine, Philip Ramer, and numerous others. . . . Among the settlers of 1855 were a number of Dunkard families, who sought to settle a community of their faith. They succeeded in so doing, and now have a neat and commodious church edifice, standing on the eastern side of the line dividing Utica from Warren township. Philip Ramer, one of these pioneers, was a preacher of this faith, and very soon after their arrival regular meetings of the sect were inaugurated. . . . The first school, of which we can find any memory, was taught in the summer of 1856, by Miss Elizabeth Sands, in Mr. Raymond's pre-emption shanty, on section 19. The next year a frame schoolhouse was built in the same locality, and a good-sized school occupied it. . . . In the fall of 1855, the first postoffice was on section 23, at the house of William D. Dwight, Collins Rice acting postmaster. Soon another office was established on section 17, Dr. Bently, postmaster.

"On the organization of the township, following the admission of the state, May 11, 1858, the town election was held at Dr. Bently's house. The next year it was held at the house of Levi Mathews, on S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 16, and continued to be held there for many years. . . . The first board of supervisors was composed of Clayburn Cheatham, E. P. Williams and William Elliott. . . . James H. Perry has been chairman of the town board fourteen years, and a member of that body sixteen years. John Posz has been supervisor or assessor every year, since 1874, except one."

LEWISTON VILLAGE.

"The act incorporating this village was approved February 23, 1875. It includes section 17. The organic act required that the first election be held on the first Monday of March that year, which was the first day of the month. The following officers were elected: Trustees, L. J. Allred, William Elliott and Peter Peters; Clerk, N. E. Kirch; Treasurer, Peter Lewis; Justice, I. C. Slade; Constable, J. B. Lancaster. The village is now in a prosperous condition financially.

"The site of the village was chosen in 1863. The railroad company had contemplated the location of its station a half mile farther east, and a few farmers in that locality offered Philip Raymer \$50 per acre for the site in order to secure its location there, but he refused to sell at that price. J. S. Lewis, who owned the site of the present station, deeded the railroad company an undivided half-interest in fifteen acres of land, and secured the location of the station where it now is. The first building was put up by Jonah Peterman and occupied by him as a store."

UTICA VILLAGE.

"Utica village was laid out in 1866, by Benjamin Ellsworth, owner of the site. It is platted at right angles to the railroad, and is nearly all on the north-west quarter of Sec. 19, one corner lying on Sec. 18. The first building on the site of the village was a grain warehouse, erected by Mr. Ellsworth on the advent of the railroad in 1863, and for some years a portion of this structure was occupied as a depot by the railroad company. The plat embraces fifty lots, 106x60 feet in area, and twenty lots, 132x60 feet. The first building after the survey was a store on lot two, block two, built and occupied by Gideon Peterman; L. C. Bates soon built a general store on lot one, block two, and A. D. Ellsworth built the hotel on lot five, block three."

At present there are four church organizations in the township.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SARATOGA TOWNSHIP.

“This township lies in the extreme southwestern corner of Winona county, having Olmsted county on the west and Fillmore county on the south. Though the face of the country is somewhat broken along its western front, it contains some of as fine farming land as is to be found in any state of the Union. Settlements were made almost simultaneously in the western portion of the township and along the northern ridge adjoining the township of St. Charles. These settlements date back to a period (now 1897, of about 44 years), and some of the claims then taken are still being farmed by the original pre-emptors. The soil upon the prairie is a deep vegetable loam, with a clay subsoil; but in the oak openings it is of a lighter character, a sandy loam intermixed with gravel. This latter is a quicker, warmer soil, and especially adapted to the growth of corn, as this cereal ripens quicker on the gravelly soil, a very material consideration in this latitude. All of the valuable farming lands of the township may be included under one or the other of these classes of soil. The western portion of the township is well watered and quite a valuable water privilege exists at Troy. The volume of water, though not large, having its source in unfailing springs, affords with its head of twenty feet sufficient power to maintain a very considerable milling industry. The staple

of the farms in the past years has been wheat, to which within the past decade the growth of barley has been added in quantities sufficient to dispute the palm. These grains, with clover and timothy seed, (which are grown in large quantities), oats and corn have been and still are the main dependence of the farmer throughout this whole region, little if any stock more than sufficient for farm purposes having been raised. But as the wheat yield has decreased from time to time, more and more attention has been paid to the breeding of horses, cattle and swine for market, and now there are some valuable herds of these animals on well-conducted stock farms within the area of the township. Dairying has also begun to challenge the attention of the farmers of this and adjoining townships, and some farms keep quite a number of milch cows, the number and quality of them increasing from year to year. Creameries are being established to manufacture products of these dairy herds, and the industry promises soon to assume an important rank among the farm products of the western portions of the county.

“Many settlements had been made in Saratoga township as early as the spring of 1855; a few pre-emptions and actual occupancy of the land dating as far back as the fall of 1853. Settlements during 1855 were numerous, and the following season, 1856, it was quite difficult, if not impossible, to find any valuable lands unclaimed. The formal organization of the township was affected under the new state government, May 11, 1858, at Troy, a small village and post-office in the southwestern part of the township, at which time the usual officers were elected. Luke Blair and Thomas P. Dixon were appointed judges of election. and J. P. Moulton and E. W. Day, clerks. The whole number of votes cast was 146. Luke Blair, James Walker and Robert Nesbit were elected Supervisors; J. C. Dixon, Town Clerk; E. S. Harvey, Assessor; D. Durham, Collector of Taxes; Thos. P. Dixon and Oscar Kately, Justices of the Peace; L. M. Phelps and Alvin Durham, Constables; Geo. W. Craine, Overseer of the

Poor, and L. B. Smith, Overseer of Roads. The township was named Saratoga on account of the beautiful natural springs in its western section, the vote standing eighty-six in favor of Saratoga and sixty in favor of Afton. . . . A comfortable and commodious town hall was erected in 1877. It is situated in the center of the township and cost \$800.

The early records of the township are very imperfect, as no records can be found of earliest events occurring. However, the historian to whom I am so greatly indebted for everything relating to township organizations says: "On the night before Christmas 1856, a brother of Mrs. William Reeves, traveling from High Forest, Olmsted county, passed through Saratoga village, warmed himself at the hotel of Moulton & Dixon, and notwithstanding the warning of Mr. Dixon, concluded to try and reach his sister's house, five miles distant, despite the severe storm and cold. This man was found frozen to death on section, 9, by Mr. Charles Gerrish, on Christmas morning at 8 o'clock, one-half mile from his house, one and one-fourth miles from Mr. Reeves's. Mr. Gerrish took charge of the body without waiting for a coroner, and finding from the deceased's papers that he had come from Chatfield, took him, (the corpse), to Saratoga for identification. And this act of Mr. Gerrish in taking charge of the body without waiting for the coroner, was made the occasion of an electioneering argument against his election to the territorial convention of 1857, called to frame a state constitution."

This incident is only mentioned here to show how low politicians will sometimes descend to defeat a rival. Mr. Gerrish's standing then, as now, was above reproach, and it is highly probable that if the body had not been removed when found, it would have been mutilated by wolves, which were then quite numerous. Besides this, I have been informed by an old employe of the Burbank Stage Company, who happened to be at Saratoga when the body was so fearlessly and humanely brought in, that the snow was drifted and the cold so extreme that no man could long endure it. Then what

folly to leave the body of the poor victim like a dead animal, on a mere technicality of law. But Mr. Gerrish has outlived the abuse heaped upon him, and no man doubts his integrity of character or his humanity.

FREMONT TOWNSHIP.

"Fremont township lies in T. 105 N., R. 9 W. Its boundaries are: On the north, Utica; on the east, Hart; on the west, Saratoga; and on the south, Fillmore county. The surface of Fremont township is diversified. In the eastern and southern portions the land is much broken, while in the central and western parts it is almost level. Rush creek flows through the northeastern corner, cutting sections 1, 2, and 12, while Pine creek flows through the southeastern portion, cutting sections 25 and 35.

"The Town was organized May 11, 1858, and E. B. Wells appointed Town Clerk. The first house built in Fremont township was erected by Isaac Arnold, in the fall of 1854, on what is now section 2. It was a small log-house, perhaps 14x16 feet in dimensions. In 1856 L. C. Rice built a small store on what is now section 2. This was the first store known to have been kept in Fremont. In the same year 'Captain' Hinckley started a blacksmith shop on section 22. The first postoffice was established in 1857, on section 2, at a village known as Neoca (long since abandoned), with L. C. Rice as postmaster.

"In 1856 a saw-mill was built by John Henry and John Du Bois, on section 26, on Pine creek. Although a very crude affair, it was capable of sawing 1,000 feet of lumber per day. The water power was not very good at this point. In 1870 this was converted into a grist-mill. Since then it has been very much improved. It is now 36x20 feet, is two stories in height, has two run of burrs, and a capacity of grinding fifteen bushels of wheat per hour. . . . In 1857 the first schoolhouse was built. It stood on section 8, and was 24x16 feet. Malinda Joy was the first teacher. There were on an

average 40 pupils in attendance. Fremont has been honored by the presence of one doctor. Dr. W. S. Morrison came in 1867 and has been practicing in the vicinity ever since. The first hotel was kept by Isaac Arnold on Sec. 2, as early as 1855. The first road was built under the supervision of Phineas Gates in 1856. It was known as the Gates road, and led from DuBois mill on Sec. 26 to the territorial road in the center of the township. There are two churches in Fremont—Scotch Presbyterian on Sec. 20 and the Methodist Episcopal church on Sec. 10. The Presbyterian church was built in 1865. It is 38x26 feet, with a spire seventy-one feet from the ground. The first minister was Rev. Craven, from St. Charles. The membership which is composed almost entirely of Scotch, numbers about fifty. A cemetery, the only one in the township, is connected with this church. . . . The Methodist Episcopal church stands on section 10, and was built in 1874. It is 20x40 feet, with a belfry fifteen feet high. . . . The first minister was Rev. Wm. Poling. There are two stores in Fremont, one on section 10 kept by Kelley & Brother, at a place known as the 'corners,' or Fremont postoffice, and another on section 29, kept by H. Sennis. The three postoffices are: 'Fremont,' on section 10, J. A. Kelley, postmaster, established in 1876; Argo postoffice, on section 16, with John Henry as postmaster, established in 1866, and Clyde postoffice on section 19, with Martin Schultz as postmaster, and established in 1873. There are six district schools. . . .

"The following came in 1854: Isaac Arnold, Phineas Gates and Phineas Gates, Jr." . . . In 1855, the following named came: Noah Gates, Edward Porter, Samuel Arnold, E. Kelley, Mathew Ferguson, John Ferguson, John Jarman, Orsmus Joy, Lemuel Bartholomew, Porter Richards, John Henry, Duncan Ferguson, Donald Ferguson, John Du Bois, Thomas Robertson, Reason Evarets, John Dobbs and Geo. Johnson." . . . A party of young men came to this locality in the spring of 1855, and camped on what is now section 4. Among these were 'Jack' Earle, W. H. Joy and John

Draper. The population is composed mostly of Scotch at present, while most of the early pioneers have disappeared."

HART TOWNSHIP.

"This township lies in T. 105 N., of R. 8 W. It comprises thirty-six complete sections. Its boundaries are, on the north, Warren township; on the east, Wiscoy; on the south, Fillmore county, and on the west, Fremont township. The surface is rough and broken, what is known as 'grub land.' The soil, nevertheless, is very productive. The high bluffs divide the country into four valleys. Rush Creek, Dry, Pine Creek and Knapp valleys. All excepting Pine Creek valley run north and south; the latter runs east and west. Dry valley is so called from a small stream which disappears in a subterranean channel only to reappear again in unexpected places. Rush Creek valley is the largest of the four, and is named after Rush creek. Knapp's valley, so called from J. B. Knapp, an old resident in that vicinity. Pine Creek valley named after Pine Creek. This stream in an early day was heavily timbered with black walnut, maple, oak, basswood and scattering pine. The pine has now disappeared. . . .

"Hart was organized May 11, 1858, under the name of Benton township; a year after it was given its present name. The first Town Clerk was John Pierce, appointed at the first meeting in 1858. The first board were: J. W. Young, John B. Knapp, Justices of the Peace; Laborious Kauphusman, Patrick O'Rourke, Constables; George Bissett, Assessor; Jesse Conner, Collector; M. T. Doherty, Thomas Bailey, F. M. Andrews, Supervisors. . . . Oliver Parmelee came to this section in 1854 and took up part of Sec. 2. Laborius Kauphusman came in 1855, surveyed land, and made a claim on S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 16. He then left, and returned soon afterward with his family; he is now dead, but the farm is in the hands of his children. Thomas Heberer and M. T. Doherty came the same year (1855); Thomas Heberer settled on Sec. 2, while M. T. Doherty entered the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 12. The follow-

ing made their appearance in 1856: Henry Ronnenberg, Rev. A. Brand, J. C. Brand, John Parmelee, Smith Thorington, Job Thorington and John Brammer. . . . A large hotel (or tavern as it was called) named the "Benton House," was kept by O. E. Fockens in 1857 on Sec. 2. "At this time there was an immense amount of travel through this section of country, and the hotel did a thriving business. This soon fell off, however, at the entrance of railways, and the place was deserted in 1865. There is but one mill in Hart; it is a flouring mill built on Rush Creek in 1860 (Sec. 29) by G. M. Hitchcock. It is a frame structure of medium size, and has a "custom business" only. There is but one post-office in the township, namely, Hart post-office. It was established in 1872, with John Kickbush as post master. . . . There are five schools in Hart; District 10 in Sec. 8, Dist. 37 in Sec. 12, Dist. 50 in Sec. 10, Dist. 48 in Sec. 20. . . . There are two churches in Hart, Lutheran on Sec. 23, and Roman Catholic on Sec. 9."

WISCOY TOWNSHIP.

"Wisconsin township lies in T 105, R. 7. Its boundaries are, on the north, Wilson township; on the east, Pleasant Hill township; on the south, Houston county, on the west by Hart township. It comprises thirty-six complete sections. The surface, like that of the neighboring country, is very much broken. Money creek valley, a deep valley running almost north and south, is traversed by a stream which bears its name. There are two branches of this creek, the east branch and west branch. The main stream enters the township on section 35. The east branch flows north through sections 27, 26 and 24, while the west branch traverses sections 28, 29, 20 and 16. This subdivides and flows north through sections 8, 9, 7 and 5. The soil is productive, raising wheat, corn, oats and barley, and has verified, in its wild pasture land's production of juicy beef and mutton, the pioneer visitor's prediction that '*there is money in this valley*,' from whence the

name Money creek was derived. Witoka-Wat-pah was its Indian name, but the incident that gave rise to the name Witoka has already been alluded to, that is, the capture by the Sauks of a female child near Centerville, and her reclamation by the enraged father, the war-chief of the Wapasha band of Dakotahs.

"The first school was opened on section 12, in 1857. The teacher was Rufus Thomas. There are two other district schools, one on section 16, the other on section 27. There are two flour mills in the town of Wiscoy, one on section 29, built in 1856, the other, on section 16, built by Mr. L. J. Clark, in 1865. The first postoffice was established in 1857, on section 36. Benton Aldrich was postmaster. The first settler in the township was Ira A. Boyington, now deceased, who settled on section 12, in 1855. A. F. Hill arrived the same year and settled on the same section. H. A. Corey and Lemuel Abell came to Wiscoy also in 1855. H. A. Corey established himself on section 24 in the valley, where he yet resides. Lemuel Abell and O. G. Morrison made claims which are still retained.

"The township was organized and the first meeting held May 10, 1858. Rufus Thomas was appointed Town Clerk. The members of the first board were: Lemuel Abell, Joseph Brooks, Supervisors; H. A. Corey, Assessor; Franklin Vidits, Collector; James Greenfield, Overseer of the Poor; Calmer Parris, Edward Taylor, Justices of the Peace; Esben Skinkle, A. B. Watson, Constables."

WITOKA VILLAGE.

"Witoka was laid out in 1855, by George W. Morse, L. Thomas and David Parker. It lies on section 35 and comprises an area of fifty-eight acres. It was known at first by the name of Centerville, but was afterwards changed to Witoka. L. Thomas came, May 16, 1855, and built the first house in the village. He also put up a store for the sale of general merchandise. The same year Calvin Ford came and

started a store also. A blacksmith shop was built at this time by Wm. Jones, who was followed by Harvey Bourne. The first postoffice was established in 1856; L. Thomas was the postmaster. During the first year he carried the mail at his own expense, but at the end of that time a mail route was established. The first marriage was that of Becky Smith to Wm. More in 1857. In 1856, a small dwelling house was built, which was turned into a schoolhouse. This school was taught by Rufus Thomas. A district schoolhouse was erected in 1857; the first teacher was Charlotte French. . . . The first hotel in Witoka, a large frame building, was owned by L. Thomas, and was burned in 1877. At present there are two towns, (or villages), known respectively as West or Old Witoka and East or New Witoka."

PEASANT HILL TOWNSHIP.

"Pleasant Hill township, commonly described as No. 105 N. of R. 6, W. contains thirty-six full sections of 640 acres each. It is situated on the ridge between the Mississippi and Root rivers. The old territorial road between La Crosse, Wisconsin, and Mankato, Minnesota, runs upon this ridge, entering the township at the southeast corner of section 36; thence pursuing a winding diagonal course, it leaves the township about eight rods south of the north line of section 7. The northeastern part of the township is drained by Trout creek, the northwestern part by branches of Cedar creek; both of these streams flow into the Mississippi river. The western part is drained by three branches of Money creek. The principal one is called Corey Valley creek, in honor of H. A. Corey, who settled just over the line in the edge of Wiscoy township. The southwestern and southern portions are drained by branches of Silver creek. The principal one of these streams is called Loony Valley run. These streams flow into Root river. The eastern part is drained by the branches of Pine creek, known as north branch and south branch. They unite about one-hundred rods east of Pleasant Hill township, at New

Hartford postoffice, and flow into the Mississippi. This township was named by Joseph Cooper, who came here in December, 1854, and made a claim. Sometime in the spring of 1856, Mr. Cooper made application to the postoffice department at Washington for a postoffice, to be called Pleasant Hill. While awaiting the return from Washington, he and others organized a school district, and when asked by the county registrar of deeds, at Winona for the name of the township, he turned to a neighbor, Mr. Reynolds, and asked what they should call the town. Mr. Reynolds said: 'Call it the same as the postoffice.' So he told the recorder it was Pleasant Hill.

"The surface of the township is very uneven, the bluffs varying in height from 200 to 300 feet. Upon the crest of nearly every bluff can be found the well-improved farms of the inhabitants, who are happy in the possession of their homes, and surrounded by all the comforts of industry and the beneficence of an ever-merciful God. But it is by the views in the valleys that the eye is held as if by enchantment. . . . Farmhouse and barns, orchard and woodland, golden grain and waving maize, stream, pasture and meadow-land, all unite in the sunshine to form a picture which no brush can paint and no pen describe.

"The history of Pleasant Hill township since the first white man settled in it is one that will undoubtedly interest the majority of its present inhabitants and will also be of general interest to the people of Winona county.

"The first man to build a house inside of the present limits of Pleasant Hill township, was Mr. John Hooper (in summer of 1854), who is frequently spoken of as 'High-low' Hooper, from the fact that he could not converse in an even tone of voice, but would start in a low, gruff tone and change to a higher key and back to a low one without apparently noticing it himself. . . . He soon sold out his claim and followed blacksmithing in various places in Winona and Houston counties. The first man to make a permanent home

in the township was Mr. Joseph Cooper, who came to the 'ridge' at the head of the south branch of Pine creek in December, 1854. Here he exclaimed, 'What a pleasant hill!' and immediately made a claim of 160 acres of land, lying on the ridge and embracing the heads of the south branch and Money creek valleys. He at once commenced to chop and hew logs for a house, and on March 20th, 1855, he had completed and moved into a log-house 22x24 feet and one and one-half stories high. He was followed the same spring by Michael Burns, Andrew Finch, Calvin Grant, Alexander Steadman and others. Soon the sound of the woodman's axe was heard resounding throughout the length of the ridge, and what once had been the hunting grounds of the red man now began to assume the appearance of white habitation.

"There was an abundance of wild game in the woods, and the unerring aim of the chopper (who always carried his rifle with him) often brought down a fine buck as it bounded through his small clearing.

"This township was better provided for with roads than most adjoining ones. The territorial road was 'blaised,' and had been traveled a few times with wagons. . . . The topography of the country is such that it is almost impossible to build the road in any direct line; but such is the energy and determination of the people that they spare neither labor nor expense, but excavate roads in steep hillsides at a cost of from \$500 to \$800 per mile.

"The people showed an early determination to supply their children with an opportunity to obtain an education; and as early as the spring of 1856 an application was made to form a school district in Pleasant Hill township, to be located near the center of the township, and a plat for the same was drawn by Mr. Joseph Cooper. The plat included the majority of the inhabitants on the ridge at that time. . . . The house was built of hewn logs, covered with oak shingles. The only pine about the building was a blackboard and teacher's desk. . . . It is pleasing to state that the old log-house has been replaced with a comfortable frame building."

CHAPTER XXVII.

NEW HARTFORD TOWNSHIP.

"The township of New Hartford was organized in 1858. Excepting a small corner of section 1 the township embraces thirty-six entire sections. Its boundaries are: On the east, Dresbach township and the Mississippi river; on the west, Pleasant Hill township; on the south, Houston county, and on the north, Richmond township.

"The soil on the ridge land is a reddish clay and in the valleys a black loam or muck. The surface is very much broken, high bluffs or hills and deep valleys and ravines follow each other in rapid succession. The products are wheat on the ridge land and corn, barley and oats in the valleys.

"Pine creek enters the township in section 18, flows southeast through New Hartford village, sections 19, 30, 29, and leaves the township in section 32. Pine creek branch enters the township in section 31, flows east and joins the main stream in section 32.

"Among the old settlers may be mentioned Nathan Brown who came as early as September 29th, 1849, (to his present home in New Hartford township) and settled on what is now section 1. Nathan Brown has lived almost without any change whatever in this one locality for forty-eight years."

H. W. Carrol came to the township in 1854, and settled on Pine creek. He now resides on N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 6. Geo.

Johnson came in 1854, and settled in Rose valley, Sec. 27. He now resides in Lane's valley on W. $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 25. James Lane arrived the same year. He now lives on Sec. 35. The year 1855, was noted for the arrival of the following: Helkiah Lilly, Jerry Tibbetts, Joseph Beach, Daniel Blankley, Myron Steadman, and S. C. Dick. Helkiah Lilly entered the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 34, and has kept it until the present day. Jerry Tibbetts settled on section 4. Daniel Blankley secured that E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 16. Myron Steadman entered the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 6, while S. C. Dick settled on S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 4.

"There are ten district schools in the township. . . . The first township meeting was held April 11, 1858. Joseph Babcock, J. B. More and Joseph Goodyear were appointed as a board of supervisors. . . . There are two cemeteries in the township, one on S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 12, owned by Nathan Brown; another on Sec. 9, owned by George Hiler. . . . New Hartford village lies on section 19, of New Hartford township. It was laid out by Henry Cushman, Daniel Clay, and a man by name of Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds owned the first house in the village. The first store was kept by Benjamin Young.

"No regular postoffice existed until about 1866, when a regular office was established, and H. Lilly appointed postmaster. He kept the office nine years. Henry Cushman built the first saw-mill in 1856. Soon after, a grist-mill was erected by H. Lilly and H. Cushman. This was about 1860. In one year H. Lilly bought out H. Cushman and run the mill three years alone. At this time it was purchased by Mr. Bluminthript, who has kept it ever since. . . . Mr. G. Lion is the present postmaster; he also keeps the one store in the village. . . . The village of New Hartford has an area of forty acres, and is traversed by Pine creek."

TOWNSHIP OF DRESBACH.

"The township of Dresbach lies in the southeast corner of Winona county. It is the smallest township in the county,

containing 4,400 acres. The shape of the township is nearly a perfect right angled triangle, with the acute angle on the bank of the Mississippi, just above Dakota. The township is five and one-fifth miles long from north to south; and about three and one-fourth miles wide on the southern boundary. It is bounded on the east by the Mississippi river; on the south by Houston county, and on the west by the township of New Hartford.

"The township was formed under the organization act of 1858, and named Dresbach after Geo. B. Dresbach, Sr., the founder of Dresbach village. The surface of the township is considerably broken by the chain of bluffs extending through the county along the Mississippi.

"The bluffs from their abruptness and loftiness, in some parts of the township, form a very majestic appearance, and are much admired by the lovers of nature. The highest bluffs are found along the Mississippi, where they rise several hundred feet above the river. Mineral bluff (named from the mineral deposits found under its base) is the highest (405 feet) in the township. This bluff is just at the upper end of the village of Dresbach. It affords from its summit, one of the grandest views of any bluff along the Mississippi. One can see La Cross, Onalaska, Trempealeau, Galesville, and several other towns in Wisconsin, at a distance of ten to twenty miles. There are other bluffs in the township, from the tops of which one never becomes tired of looking or 'grows weary and sick at heart.'

"The soil of the township is good, being a black sub-clay soil, and annually produces large crops of wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, etc. It is also well adapted to grazing, to which many farmers are beginning to turn their attention. All, or nearly all, the township was once heavily timbered, the principal species being white and black oak. The timber cleared from the farms has been a source of great income to the farmer as it always brought him ready cash in the market.

In fact, many farmers have relied too long on their timber for their incomes, until, as a result, their lands have become almost treeless.

"The township is well supplied with water. Living springs are found gushing from the bluffs all over the township, some affording sufficient water the year round for large farms. The springs are cold and clear as crystal, and free from all unpleasant tastes. There are no large streams in the township, but in every valley and from every bluff you will find a little rill with clear and cool water rippling its way to the Mississippi. . . . The township has good public roads running and intersecting each other at various places, thus affording the farmer an easy and accessible way to market with his produce. Most of the produce of the township is marketed at La Crosse, La Cresent, Dakota, Pickwick and some at Winona. No other township in the county has so many and accessible markets as Dresbach. The farmers find a regular market at Dakota the year round.

"Indian mounds and relics are found in various parts of the township. . . . The first permanent settler that came to the township was Nathan Brown, of New York, who settled in 1849, at Dakota. There was a man by the name of John Reed here a few years prior to Mr. Brown, but Reed was merely a trader and never became a permanent settler. All that now can be learned of Reed is that he had a trading post on the banks of the Mississippi at (old) Dakota. The ruins of an old chimney were seen for several years after he left, which were supposed to be where he had his trading post."

The John Reed referred to was never a regular trader or settler at Dakota, but had a cabin and wood yard there for a time, until told to leave by the Sioux. He had previously been employed by Brisbois, and by La Bathe, and probably had a few goods with which to pick up some trade, as most white men had in those days who established themselves temporarily to get out wood or timber.

There were four men named Reed in those early days, who established themselves for a time on the Mississippi, two of them permanently. Their names are: Antoine Reed a Canadian, who with James Douville settled at Trempealeau in 1838. James Reed, a Kentuckian, who settled at Trempealeau in 1840. Charles Reed, who first came in 1844, and finally buying out the "Hudson's Landing" at foot of Lake Pepin, gave his own name to the place, "Reed's Landing," by which it is known to-day. John Reed, who a short time before, had been compelled to leave his chosen place of habitation on the landing above Dakota, returned in November, 1841, employed by Nathan Myrick, with Horatio Curtis and Eben Wells, to assist him in locating his post at La Crosse. Mr. Nathan Brown, who had a trader's permit from the United States Indian Agent at Fort Snelling, is beyond any doubt, the first actual settler near the village of Dakota, and only missed being the first settler of Winona county by a few days or weeks.

"The next permanent settler was a Frenchman named Peleau, who was sent there by Richard Chute & Co., in 1850. Peleau built a store and residence at (old) Dakota, and carried on considerable trade with the natives and scattering settlers. His building, as well as those first built by Mr. Brown, have all been torn down. In fact, the buildings known as old Dakota have all disappeared, and not even a relic left to commemorate the spot of the "Ancient City." The next settlers after Messrs. Brown and Peleau, were a colony of French, who bought land and settled where the village of Dresbach now stands. Of this colony Joseph Maynard bought 120 acres of land of the Government in 1852. Lambert Robillard, in 1852, bought 160 acres from the Government. Joseph and Francis Trudell (1852) had 112 acres. Alfonso Warren (1852) bought 190 acres. He was the first to burn lime and manufacture grindstones," [That is, in Minnesota, Philip Jacobs of La Crosse used the same stone which he took to La Crosse to make grindstones for Black River

lumbermen, nearly ten years before—Author.] “The above described lands constitute the present plat of the village of Dresbach. The said lands were bought by George B. Dresbach, Sr., in May, 1857. The village site was located and platted in September, 1857.” And a postoffice established, with Mr. Warren postmaster. “In 1874, the postoffice of Dakota was established, with Nathan Brown as postmaster, which office he still holds.”

Both Dresbach and Dakota are prosperous villages, and desirable places for residence, and Sherwood & Johnson can furnish as good brick for building purposes as can be found in the county.

RICHMOND TOWNSHIP.

“Richmond township lies in T. 106 N. of R. 5 W. Its boundaries are: On the east and north, the Mississippi river; on the south, New Hartford township, and on the west, Homer township. Richmond is but a fractional township at most, being cut by the Mississippi into twelve complete and seven fractional sections. It was organized May 11, 1858. The members of the first board were: Town Clerk, J. M. Dodge; Chairman of Supervisors, A. M. Gross; Supervisors, Amos Shay, M. Dunning; Assessor, J. M. Winnie; Collector, A. C. Dunning; Constables, C. C. Willy, C. R. Howe; Justices of the Peace, B. F. Davis, N. D. Gilbert. There were forty votes cast at the first election. . . .

“The surface of the township, like all the country immediately around, is very much broken; the soil is a clay loam. The products are wheat, corn, oats and barley. The average crops are good.

“Richmond township is traversed by two creeks, Little Trout run and Richmond creek. Little Trout run rises in section 32, flows northwest and leaves the township on section 18. Richmond creek rises in sections 27 and 28, flows northwest and empties into the Mississippi river near the village of Richmond. M. Dunning was about the earliest set-

tlar in the township. He came to the village of Richmond in 1852. Amos Shay came in 1854; he remained in the village a short time and then removed to section 27, where he has been engaged in farming until the present day. M. Dunning reached the village in 1852; in 1855, he removed to section 28, where he may be found still.

"Edward Outhouse, in 1854, settled on section 19. The farm is now in the hands of his children, he having died sometime since." In 1856, Patrick Griffin settled on section 18 (the farm is still in possession of the family). The N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 19 is owned by J. M. Gates, who took possession in November, 1857.

"There are but two schools in the township, namely: District 47, on section 17; district 46, on section 21; number of school-children in the township, 24. . . . The first road through the township was the present river road. The first marriage was that of Austin Dunning to Sydney Yalton. . .

"A discovery of a very valuable blue sand-stone was made in 1882, on section 21. . . . Also a white sand-stone (resembling marble and susceptible of high polish) and red ochre have been discovered.

"Richmond village was laid out in 1855, by Frederick Cushman, John Fortune and Henry Cushman. The plat stood on N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 21, on the bank of the Mississippi river, and had an area of twenty acres. Among the old settlers in the village may be mentioned: M. Dunning, Isaac Nichols, H. Carrol, Thomas Gordon, Jacob Donehower, Andrew Michell and Amos Shay. John Fortune built a house in 1854, and his house was, without doubt, the first in the village (after organization). He was soon followed by J. F. Martin, S. C. Dick and Jacob Donehower, each of whom owned a store of the same description." The Leach brothers were also old-time residents.

In the foregoing account of the early settlement of the township and village of Richmond, taken from History of

Winona County, published in 1883, nothing is found concerning the origin of the name Richmond, or of an incident (an elopement) that determined the removal of its founder.

In 1850, a Frenchman named Richmond, established a wood-yard on the site of the landing where George Catlin the noted artist, was forced by obstructing ice to winter his boat, when he was painting his celebrated Indian portraits, and pursuing his voyage up the Mississippi in early days. For years, on a conspicuous sand rock in a cove where his boat lay out of danger from running ice, the name of George Catlin could be seen in glaring red, and the landing was well known to steamboat men and pioneers as "Catlin's Rocks." Finally, the name of Catlin disappeared by the action of frost and rain, and Richmond's name was given to the landing and perpetuated in village and township. A small saw-mill was erected in 1855, by Frederick Cushman, but the power proving insufficient its valuable portions of iron were removed, and the timbers used for other purposes. For a time, Richmond was a flourishing village, but its trade was gradually withdrawn, the steamboat channel changed its course, and now, Richmond is but a garden and residence spot for the few that remain. Its distinctive and most attractive feature, is the beautiful "Queen Bluff," near the eastern border of the township.

HOMER TOWNSHIP.

"Homer township was organized May 11, 1858. It lies in T. 106 and 107 N. of R. 6 W. It is bounded on the west by Wilson and Winona township; on the south by Pleasant Hill township; on the north by the Mississippi river. It comprises thirty-three complete sections and five fractional ones. The Mississippi river strikes the township on N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 31, and flows shoutheast through Secs. 1, 2, and 3. The surface is very much broken; the soil on the ridge land is clay, while in the valleys it is a black loam. The products are wheat, corn, oats and barley."

The average crops are good, the lands being quite productive. All along the river front, the ridges terminate in bluffs, the highest on the Mississippi, but the soil and timber extends even over the declivities, producing a very picturesque appearance. The highest perpendicular wall is that of the projecting "Minneowah bluff point," which has an elevation above the railroad track of 545 feet at its brink, and its height a few yards back from the brow of the bluff is 582 feet above the line of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, making it 600 feet above low water mark, and 1203 feet above sea level. The Minneowah bluff, is at its brow, 563 feet above low water, and is a rival in height, if not of beauty, to the celebrated "Queen Bluff," (to be seen a short distance above the village of Dakota), the highest perpendicular wall of rock found on the Mississippi from its sources to its mouth. "Queen Bluff," is the queen of the Mississippi, having been so crowned with evergreens by nature's handy work and by the United States Engineers who have measured her symmetrical and lofty proportions. Like the "Maiden Rock" and the old "Wapasha's Cap," now badly disfigured in new name and appearance, the Queen bluff is a nearly half-dome in shape, colored red on its face by oxidation and lichens, and is fringed with arboral growths and grass that make it very beautiful. The next bluff west of the Minneowah bluff is but little less in height, and like the one back of the McIntire place, has been for years past a great resort for the brown and bluish falcons, of the Mississippi valley.

The peculiar bluff ridge that projects into the center of the village of Homer, named by a steamboat captain, "Kettle Bluff," from his fancied resemblance of the range of rocks on its top to a row of salt kettles, is 453 feet above low water. The ridges below Homer, running back from the Decker place, as it is commonly called, and that of John Le May, are of about the height of the ridges above Homer, six hundred feet from low water, though the height of land farther back from the river is considerably more. The highest point of the

Trempealeau bluff is but 548 feet, and of Trempealeau mountain, 398 feet, as given by W. A. Finkelnburg, Esq., of Winona.

In the ravine back of Mr. Wm. F. Martin's house at Minneowah, and a little west of the "Snow-cold," or Minneowah spring, in some conditions of the atmosphere, and especially at a high stage of water on the river with a north wind blowing, a remarkable echo is thrown back from whistling steamboats and railroad locomotives that is quite noticeable. My attention has been called by Mr. S. H. Lombard to the same peculiarity of sound, especially in the night time, thrown back by the ravine and bluffs back of and below Hon. C. F. Buck's beautiful premises. A wooded island, a wall of rock, or a block of buildings may do the same, but not so perfectly.

The names of the officers of Homer township at its organization, on May 11, 1858, are Charles Griswold, Town Clerk; S. Britton, Collector; Samuel Britton, Overseer of the Poor; Jarard Baldwin, Chairman of Supervisors; Daniel Daugherty, G. W. Grant, Supervisors; J. C. Norton, Ferdinand Cox, Justices of the Peace; J. C. Crane, Albert Preston, Constables; Samuel Alling, Assessor. John Torrey, in 1857, was the first to keep a regular postoffice in the village, the mails had been received and distributed from the postoffice, at the house of Willard B. Bunnell, the first postmaster, as early as 1853. The first marriage in the village and township was that of Harry Herrick, in 1856, to Rachel, a girl employed in the family of Mrs. W. B. Bunnell.

The first settler in Homer township, and also the first in the county of Winona, was Willard Bradley Bunnell. He came with his family from La Crosse in the summer of 1849, and occupied a house just completed under the direction of Peter Burns, assisted during occasional visits by himself. The house was built of hewn oak logs, two stories high, with a framed addition, and is still in pretty good condition, and is now occupied by the author.

C. F. Buck, Esq. came to "Bunnell's Landing," as Homer was first known, in September, 1853. He resided there for a time, and at Minneowah, and in 1855, moved to Winona where he has since continued in various offices of honor and emoluments. Leonard Johnson came in 1852, and located a woodyard about a mile below Homer at a place still known as Johnson's Point. John Lavine came in 1853, and located at the mouth of Pleasant valley, but in 1855, finally settled on section 11, in Cedar Creek valley, where he still resides. Peter Gorr came to the township in 1851, and in March, 1852, to reside in Minnesota. After many changes and checkered fortunes, he died in Homer in 1891. R. F. Norton came to Minneowah in 1854; he is now proprietor of a store in Homer, and the owner of a goodly number of village lots. Wm. Lamson, another old settler, reached the township in 1855. He occupied a good farm on the bluff table-land below the village for a number of years and after retiring from labor, died in the village in 1892.

The first birth in the township, as well as county, was that of Frances Bunnell, who was born on February 22, 1850.

The first schoolhouse in the township was built in Homer by subscription; though a private tutor had been previously employed by Bunnell. The first road in the township was located and worked from Bunnell's Landing by private enterprise to the township line. Homer village was laid out in 1855, by Willard B. Bunnell, and lies on section 33, T. 107, R. 6. It was named Homer in honor of the place of Bunnell's nativity in the state of New York.

Frank Wilson built the first store in the village in 1855. Dr. J. C. Norton was in practice for sometime in Homer, and reached distinction as an army surgeon in the war of the Rebellion.

Among other "old settlers" of Homer who may be named are Woodruff Griswold, who, in company with Norton, built a store and warehouse in 1857; Ferdinand Cox, who sold

drugs and liquors for a time in 1855, and then moved to Pickwick. Jacob Meyers came in 1856, and built a blacksmith shop, but sold out those premises to S. A. Alling, and marrying Miss Lucy Michell of La Crosse, erected a shop and dwelling in another part of the village which he still occupies. Mr. Meyers' wife, a most estimable woman, loved and honored by all who had any knowledge of her real worth, died on March 28, 1895; aged 64. Both Mr. and Mrs. Meyers were from Zurich, Switzerland, and they have imparted to their son, John J. Meyers, of San Francisco, and their daughter Emma, now Mrs. Wolverton of Minneapolis, those sterling qualities of thrift, economy, good common sense and patriotism that is so characteristic of those people. Both son and daughter were born in Homer, and their devotion to their parents has been a means of drawing them back upon frequent visits to the old homestead, and as John says, to admire the scenery of one of the most beautiful locations on the great river. Mr. Jacob Meyers has reached the age of 77, but is still quite vigorous.

A saw-mill was erected in 1868, by R. F. Norton and brothers, but not proving remunerative, it was sold and some improvements made, but like a previous experiment by Mr. Hoxis Able, in 1860, it failed for lack of power. Aaron Decker and his family came to Homer in 1855, and died in the village in 1867. Aaron Decker's wife died three years before. His son, Aaron, Jr., died in 1882. There are members of the families of both men still living in the village and township. A daughter of Aaron Decker, Sr., is the wife of Sylvester Gardner, who came in 1855. Mr. Gardner has been a resident of the village, almost continuously since, and has two daughters living—Mrs. Nash of Homer, and Mrs. George Rogers, of Winona. Dr. J. Q. A. Vale, with his family, a model wife and children, came in 1865, and has been the only physician in practice in the village since. He is now well advanced in years, but is still a most cautious and successful practitioner, and one to whom the author is greatly

indebted for his wise counsels and treatment during sickness in his own family.

Mr. Nelson Breed, Charles Green and James C. Towne are also "Old Timers," though the date of their residence here, is comparatively recent. Mr. Breed came here as a boy, but was absent in Iowa and other places for some years, and did not actually *settle down*, until he married his good wife, in 1874; though no doubt, as he says, always regarded Homer as his home. Mr. James C. Towne is a man of varied experiences, having served in the United States Navy, in the regular army, and in the volunteer service during the war of the Rebellion. He has also been on whaling voyages; in the gold fields of California, Colorado and Montana, and possesses considerable knowledge of events that have transpired in the long ago.

Mr. Thomas Wilson now deceased, was an early settler in Decker valley. George Kimble, Presley Tuel and Mr. E. B. Huffman are also old settlers, the first two named having come to Minnesota as early as 1855, and Mr. Huffman in 1857. Wesley Martin and his son Wm. F. Martin came to Homer in 1864, and now reside in the hotel building, (which is owned by Wm. F. Martin,) built by the Minneowah Land Company, and it still is in a good state of preservation. Wesley Martin is now advanced in years, but in comparatively good health, and makes his winter pilgrimages to Washington City to visit a daughter, he having an ample fortune. Mrs. Wm. F. Martin is the daughter of Mr. Samuel Britton, one of the first officers of the township of Homer. Mrs. Ellis, another daughter of Mr. Britton, resides in Winona. Mr. Samuel Alling, the Isaac Walton of the county and state, came to the township in about 1853, and settled on a farm now owned by Judge John Sheardown. Later, Mr. Alling came to the village of Homer, and entering into fruit culture, he has been remarkably successful. His good wife, *nee* Maria Greenman, has been a great help to him in the management of cherry pickers, mostly girls, and in every way, as

a wife and mother. But one daughter, Mrs. Ida Booth, wife of George Oliver Booth, of Prescott, Iowa, now remain to them, but Mrs. Booth's offspring, two sons and two daughters, bless the grandparents in their old age, for their grandchildren are not only talented, but are what is still better, well bred, and affectionate toward their family and friends. Mrs. Harrison of Homer township is the sister of Mr. Samuel Alling, and her husband and son-in-law, Mr. Charles Merritt are also engaged in horticulture.

"Pickwick was laid out in 1857. It stands on section 13, of Homer township, at the foot of a tiny lake, formed by the expansion of Big Trout run, or creek." (its waters elevated by a mill-dam.) It is almost surrounded by high bluffs, and is widely known for its picturesque situation. Big Trout run flows northeast from the village, and its zigzag course can be traced for miles down the valley by the willows growing on its banks.

"The village was named after 'Pickwick Papers,' by Charles Dickens. Thomson Grant, who came in 1853, was the first settler in the village. The first store was owned by Ferdinand Cox, who came in 1855. Thomson Grant and Wilson Davis were the principal land owners in the village. Wilson Davis came in 1856. Thomson Grant owned the first house. There was at that time one wagon shop and one blacksmith shop. . . . A saw-mill and grist-mill combined was erected in 1854, by Thomson Grant. The present flour-mill was commenced in 1856, by Thomson Grant and Wilson Davis. A small building owned by the mill company was used for a school as early as 1858. Miss Lou Grant was the teacher. In 1861, a schoolhouse was put up by the district. Miss Sarah Shorey was the teacher for several years.

"Charles Sufferins kept the first postoffice in 1858. The hotel, quite a large building, is three stories high, and owned by George Outhouse. The mill is built of stone, is 45x60 feet, six stories high and has a capacity of 100 bbls. of flour per day. . . . Near the mill is a beautiful little water-fall

(formed by the dam) of twenty-eight feet." The spray from this fall cools the surrounding atmosphere, and makes a residence in Pickwick during the hot months of summer very agreeable. In this brook trout are frequently caught in the shady nooks of the creek, or perhaps in the pond itself an occasional "rainbow" may be extracted to excite and delight the fisherman or woman.

Pickwick is becoming more and more famous as the years go by, and its home-like hotel, visited by the elite of Winona, is by them said to be first class.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

First organization of an "Old Settlers" Association in Winona county—
Some of the proceedings—First Annual Festival held at the Huff
House—Fourth and last held there also—Some of the proceedings
there introduced into this chapter.

The first organization of an "Old Settler's Association" for Winona county was perfected on the 8th of January, 1862, and that date was fixed upon for its annual meetings. The officers chosen for that year were: President, E. Ely; Vice-Presidents, J. S. Denman, E. H. Barrett; Recording Secretary, James H. Jacoby; Corresponding Secretary, C. H. Berry; Treasurer, G. W. Clark; Directors, Wm. Ashley Jones, William H. Stevens, J. M. Cole, L. D. Smith, and J. W. Bentley. The principal condition of membership was a residence in Winona county prior to the 4th of July, 1855. By the by-laws of the association it was required that a festival should be given annually on February 22nd, that all old settlers might attend for social converse and enjoyment. The first annual festival was held on the evening of February 21, 1862, at Huff's Hotel, with a large attendance. About two hundred ladies and gentlemen, from all parts of the county assembled, and it was soon apparent that the pioneer settlers of Winona county had not yet reached such grizzled age as to have lost their fondness for the good things of life. A writer of that period whose name is unknown to the author, said:

"That even the farthest advanced of them in the scale of years carries a young heart in his bosom, judging from the universal hilarity which characterized the first annual festival. . . .

"At 10 o'clock, the large dining hall of the Huff House was filled to its utmost capacity, and the Old Settlers sat down to a bountiful supper, prepared for the occasion by Messrs. Cockrell and Williams in a style which did much credit to those gentlemen and the house under their charge. Having disposed of this part of the programme to their satisfaction, the Old Settlers were called to order by Mr. E. Ely, President of the association, who introduced Mayor Webster as master of ceremonies, and the following order of exercises was gone through with:

- "1. Music by the band.
- "2. A brief statement of the objects and conditions of the association, by C. H. Berry, Esq.
- "3. Singing of an 'Old Settler's' song, written for the occasion by L. A. Babcock, M. D., with air—*Happy are we to-night*.
- "4. The day we celebrate. Responded to by Judge Thomas Wilson." Judge Wilson arose, and amid plaudits interrupting the strong points of his eloquent historial address, held the attention of his pioneer associates to its closing sentence, expressing the hope that "this our first annual festival, happy though it is, might be the precursor to us all of many still more happy."
- "5. Toast—George Washington—was then given. Responded to by the audience rising in silence.
- "6. Toast—The President of the United States. Responded to by C. F. Buck, Esq., in remarks eulogistic of the patriotic and eminently wise policy of President Lincoln in the present emergency.

- "7. Toast—The Executive of the State. Responded to by C. H. Berry, who read a letter from Governor Ramsey.
- "8. Music—Hail Columbia.
- "9. Original poem by an Old Settler—presented herewith:

THE PIONEER.

BY C. H. BERRY.

He loved in youth; and with his gentle bride—
Who bade adieu, for him, to early ties—
Sought out a home where Mississippi's tide
Sweeps grandly on, to far more southern skies.
Months, years, went round; the seasons hastened by,
And left them in their chosen solitude,
Till want compelled the husband to apply
To haunts of brother man for raiment and for food.

Crisp rime was over all—the wintry pall
Enwrapped the hills, the trees, the icy streams,
The wild gusts in their fitful rise and fall,
Sighed as a spirit from the land of dreams.
Brilliant the winter moon; the stars gleamed forth—
Silent the river's deep, dark waters ran,
As * * * * turned him to the frozen north,
And with strong, manly heart, his homeward march began.

Companion he had none, or any friend,
In all that cheerless country, far or near,
Save where his chosen rill and river blend,
His home where all was stored, his heart held dear.
His body bent beneath a heavy load
Incongruous treasures, he had packed with heed,
With eager steps the treacherous trail he trod,
And toiling bravely on, God gave the *voyageur* speed.

Far, far away, where Winter holds his reign,
Upon the margin of that ice-bound tide,
The wife he loves, and little prattlers twain,
His household gods, in loneliness abide.
He knew a dreary waste around them spread,
Gaunt poverty sat grinning at their door!
No friendly ear could hear their cry for bread,
Or soothe their shinking terror at the tempest's roar!

Untrodden wilds! how very, very long
Ye ever are; but ye are doubly so,
When anxious thoughts and horrid fancies throng,
And doubts and fears beset the way we go.
But nothing him appalled; when night came down,
And found him houseless on the wind-swept waste,
Small choice, but through the snow to flounder on,
Nor leave to 'bey in sleep his nature's stern behest.

Such was his fate. But nature is more kind
Than man to man, when troubles press him sore;
Though succor there was none, the world behind,
And there, no friendly foot had trod before,
Yet sleep came over him; his mental eye
Was greeted with inspiring vision, bright as e'er
Bedecked the dreaming prophet's orient sky,
Or graced the gorgeous tale of the Arabian Seer!

He saw the darkened present—solitary, dumb—
Bright Spirits of a coming time, elate;
Not in the pomp of war, with sword and drum,
And blood-shot eye-balls, seared with hate,
But in habiliments of peace—the mellow sheen
Of rural, civic life—unnumbered flowers
Were strown—plenty, in robes of living green—
And song, dance, love and smiles, beguiled the golden hours!

A spirit to the murmuring sleeper's ear,
In low and silvery accents gently spake:
"Behold the future—Minnesota dear;
Thy children's home! 'Tis thine and theirs to make
The vision true. Success rewards endeavor,
But learn to wait, and think not to evoke,
By magic, what by God's decree is ever
The fruit of patient toil." The sleeper smiled and woke.

A long night over, and the day returned—
A day, naught varying from the day before—
But aye, for home the untiring spirit burned—
Till hope rewarded, and the journey o'er;
Bold *voyageur*! Thou earned'st thy reward;
But thou wert happy, and thy guerdon sure;
Thou and thy loves there met in sweet accord—
Love paid thy labor, favored of the toiling poor!

Thou never saw the substance of thy dreams,
Only as Moses saw the land he sought,
Only the dawning of the day's bright beams—
Then to thy grave! To be forgot?
Oh no! A health to thee, Old Pioneer!
Sweet be thy sleep beneath thy chosen mold—
Rest till we meet thee in another sphere,
When toils will all be o'er, and hearts shall ne'er grow cold.

The pathos and true poetry of General Berry's contribution to the enjoyment of those assembled at the first banquet, has lost none of its pristine charm, and many a pioneer can, in reading the poem, imagine it to apply to the feelings of Rev. J. D. Stevens (or others) when in the winter of 1838-9, he was returning with food to his family in their winter hut on the banks of the Mississippi opposite Winona.

The entertainment was continued by the announcement of the 10th number in order.;

"10. The Pioneers of Winona County. Responded to by Mr. E. Ely.

"11. The City of Winona. Response by Mr. S. J. Smith in an elaborate poetic address.

"12. Music by the band.

"13. The *claims* of the Old Settlers upon posterity. Responded to in a song by Mr. C. H. Blanchard in a new version of 'The Happy Land of Canaan' that though containing little poetry, was truthfully realistic.

"14. Call for the reading of communications. Letters were received from Judge Flandreau, A. P. Foster, Esq., James W. Taylor, Esq., Richard Chute, Esq., Gov. Alex. Ramsey, M. P. Bemus, Hon. Cyrus Aldrich, M. C., Gen. James Shields, J. B. Brisbin, Esq., Hon. H. M. Rice, U. S. Senate, Dr. Childs, Judge Atwater, Ex-Lieutenant Governor Holcomb and others.

"At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Berry introduced to the audience Miss Frances M. Bunnell, the first white child

born in Winona county—just 12 years of age on the day of this festival. . . . Mr. Berry also introduced Miss Prairie Louise Denman, the first white child born on the prairie where now stands Winona.

“15. The Press of Southern Minnesota. Responded to by Wm. Ashley Jones, Esq.

“16. Music by the band.

“17. Volutteeer Toasts.

“18. Closing Ode sung by the choir. And a parting song by Miss Asenath P. Waldo, to the tune of “*Auld Lang Syne*.”

“And thus,” says the Chronicler, “at 2 o’clock a. m. closed the exercises of the first annual festival of the Old Settlers’ Association—an accasion long to be remembered with pleasure by the participants.”

At the fourth annual festival of the first organization and as far as I can discover the last, held at the Huff House, on Friday evening, February 24th, 1865. After some preliminary remarks by the president of the association, Mr. J. H. Jacoby, he called upon the recording secretary, C. H. Berry, Esq., for his annual report, and it was of such historic interest, that I give an abstract of it in these pages. General Berry said:

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I am fully aware that we are not yet arrived at that period in point of time, when the incidents and events of the early settlement of southern Minnesota can be called historic. Things trivial in themselves change from common-place to matters of interest, by the lapse of time. A ludicrous incident, the record of a claim controversy, an old letter, or a book of simple autographs, may have little interest today, but let the dust of a few years settle upon them and they are sought for with avidity. Knowing as we go along that we are ‘making history,’ it is but reasonable that we take care that when the historical time shall come, whether we shall be present to welcome it or not, those facts, in view of which we measure progress, as the mariner measures his

speed, shall not be sought for in vain. Whatever shall gratify and amuse the curious, or assist the practical, it is the aim of this society to preserve. I will not here give a detailed statement of facts we have gathered—there is not time now for entering into items—but I must be content to state that there has been something done in this line, and negotiations are in progress looking towards a digest of the material thus gathered, preparatory to a history of southern Minnesota. For a long time perhaps, it can be little better than a documentary history. Those who are in any way connected with the events to which it must refer, will find in such a work, I think, matters of quite as much interest as though its character was more ambitious. To illustrate: No one can come in sight of the city of Rochester, Olmstead county, without recurring to the event of its transition state. He has pleasure in the contemplation. But shall he enjoy it in full, if many facts now almost gone out of memory shall be suppressed?"

"Then my friend over yonder, Thomas Simpson, Esq., was in government employ as a surveyor, he came upon the site of what is now that city. He saw its natural advantages, and glancing into the magic glass, saw a city around him. He and his companions built an altar thereon, and dedicated it to civilization. The altar was in the shape of a poor and crazy shanty of poles. As we look at it now and see it in the mist of a few years, it looms into larger and more home-like proportions than the reality ever possessed. I believe the weather-stained surveyors tabernacled there one night, and doubtless had many and bright dreams. But they went on, and another company, consisting of Mr. E. S. Smith, M. W. Sargent, Charles Eaton and others, came to the consecrated ground, and said, 'Yea it is a city.' They took possession *with their eyes*, and while they were in the enjoyment of their property, others, pilgrims to the same shrine came. George Head and Jonathon Head, were the men. Mr. Smith and his friends resided in Winona, and of course could not keep possession of their new city. They liked the appearance of the

new comers, admitted them to equal fellowship with themselves, left all in their care, and returned home.

"A few days went by, and word came that 'the Heads were jumping the claim.' No second summons was needed. Mr. Smith mounted his horse, pistol in belt, and deep resolves in mind, set off for Rochester. It was only forty-six miles, and with one house on the way, the ride was of small moment, a mere trifle in the way of exercise. The sun was sinking in the western sky when 'the solitary horseman' arrived upon the scene. His worst fears were realized. The Heads had built a shanty, fully as large as a hen coop, into which their household goods were already removed, and the vandals were in the act of drawing off the town mansion of the claimants with one yoke of cattle, by a chain attached to one corner. The 'jumpers' were then five in number. Smith threw the rein on the neck of his horse, sprang to the ground, and was with them in an instant. 'Stop and unhook that chain,' says Smith. No answer, but a dark scowl from the five faces. At that moment the clatter of horses feet were heard and Charley Eaton, pistol in hand, came dashing over the Zombro, up to where the belligerents were, and stood by the side of his comrade. 'Bring out the guns,' said the elder Head. 'No you don't,' said Eaton, and rushed to the door of the new house so as to bar the entrance before one of the 'jumpers' could reach it. 'Now,' said Smith again, 'unhook that chain without another word. I will shoot the first man that resists.' There was a moment's silence; one looked at the other in blank astonishment, then at those ugly revolvers, both impudently showing their black noses. 'Well,' said Head, 'if we had thought—in fact you know we don't want any body's claim—its all right here you see, all safe, all safe, gentlemen. There, the claim is off, all off, all off gentlemen. Its all right.' 'All right,' says Smith, and thereupon was a shaking of hands all round, and mutual pledges of renewed friendship.

"But the trouble did not end here. The game of euchre went on, a 'cut throat' game, where every one was for himself—

until the site of a town, as well known by name in southern Minnesota then as now, was entered in three entries as farms! The question as to whether the very center or business was farm, or town-site, was not settled until late in 1856, and then in favor of the former. There is something grimly suggestive in all this, but wherever that thread may lead, I have now no time to follow. General Berry then glances at the death roll of the early pioneers, some of the tragic incidents growing out of claim jumping, and then in paying tribute to some of the departed ones said: As to L. D. Smith, I can not improve on the remarks of Mr. Ely, before the Young Men's Library Association. I endorse all he said, and will not repeat.

"His biography will be found in the chronicles of the old settlers. When St. A. D. Bolcombe was on his way to his distant Indian location, he, Mr. Smith, Wm. Ashly Jones, and one other, (doubtless Gen. Berry,) met at the Huff House and took their last social glass together. It was taken to the toast—'Us four when shall we meet again?' They drank and parted in silence. The question is partly answered. One sleeps quietly in the valley of his choice, beside the railroad track, (in sight of it at Woodlawn) the building of which, in connection with our own city, was the grand project of his life. *His grave will be remembered longest by those who, in his lifetime, knew him best.*"

There may have been other gatherings of the original Old Settler's Association, but the limitation of membership to those only who had settled in Winona county prior to July 4th, 1855, would rule out many who came soon after, and were very active in the good work of building up a civilized community. For a time the business activity following the close of the war of the Rebellion, engaged the whole attention of the people, but finally, after a business depression, and time was given, or taken for thought, it was determined by some of the older members of the first organization, and others, to form a new Old Settler's organization, the present

one. Accordingly, at a meeting called for an organization of an 'Old Settler's Association' for Winona county, held in the Board of Trade rooms of Winona on April 16th, 1889, the new association was partially completed by the appointment of H. D. Morse, as President; G. W. Clark, Vice-President; W. G. Dye, Secretary; N. C. Gault, Treasurer, and C. F. Schroth, P. G. Hubbell, Sam Melvin, Ed. Pelzer and C. G. Maybury, Executive Committee. Upon motion of O. K. Jones, the appointments were confirmed by the meeting. Further time was granted the appointing committee to make appointments of vice-presidents for the other townships, and W. G. Dye, O. K. Jones, W. N. Hamilton, S. D. Van Gorder, John O'Dea and Thomas Simpson were appointed to prepare and submit articles for organization at the next meeting.

During the discussion of subjects brought to the notice of the meeting Hon. Thomas Simpson said, in part: "I was pleased with the social idea of the organization, but let us go farther and perpetuate every peculiarity or characteristic belonging to this county; let us go back to the earliest days and point out every legend or that having the nature of a legend and interest, not only to the older ones, but arouse the feelings of those who came later; let us rescue everything of traditional or historical interest which is connected with this locality and which has for years been fast fading from the minds of those whom I know will be pleased and filled with enjoyment as one by one the old reminiscences, for a time forgotten, are brought back to light."

It has been such appreciative remarks of such brainy men as Mr. Simpson and General Berry and a few others, that have encouraged me, as historian of the association, to persevere in obtaining facts, however ancient or obscure, that I have thought would interest the enlightened members of our association. Unfortunately for some, and certainly so for myself, the incidents of more modern pioneer life have not been furnished me, though urgently requested, and therefore if this volume does not fill the "*aching void*" in some lone pioneer's

breast, and he mourns for some good but departed story of bear, fish or Indian scare, he himself must bear the burden of my neglect.

There is a large collection of very valuable materials in the books and papers of the secretary of the association, that will interest many, as well as scrap books and files of the *Winona Argus*, *Winona Republican* of ancient date, and other material preserved by the late Mrs. A. B. Smith, or "Aunt Catherine," as she is gratefully remembered for her numerous good deeds, as well as the original papers belonging to the first organization that will increase in value. There will come a time, when all material will have a greater value than now, including this book, but as for the present association—the increasing membership, the annual social gatherings for recreation and interchange of memories, will suffice for the present to keep the interest alive, and the more recent pioneers of the association, with better preparation, will elect a new historian to extend their histories into other volumes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Present organization of Old Settlers—Its formation as taken from the records of the Secretary—An address by Judge Wm. Mitchel.

At the meeting for organization of the Old Settler's Association on April 16th, 1889, the chairman, A. F. Hodgins, appointed Messrs. W. G. Dye, O. K. Jones, W. N. Hamilton, S. D. Van Gorder and John O'Dea, a committee on constitution and by-laws.

A committee was on motion also appointed by the chair to nominate officers and it was moved that they be requested to report *to-night*—adopted. The nominating committee reported in favor of H. D. Morse, President; George W. Clark, Vice-president; W. G. Dye, Secretary; N. C. Gault, Treasurer; and Charles F. Schroth, P. G. Hubbell, Samuel Melvin, Edward Pelzer and C. G. Maybury as Executive Committee. The nominating committee was composed of W. G. Dye, C. G. Maybury, Thomas Simpson, P. B. Palmer and the chairman, Mr. Hodgins, and they requested further time be allowed to nominate Vice-presidents, which was granted. That committee finally nominated for Historian, Thomas Simpson; for Vice-presidents representing townships, Rollingstone, E. B. Drew; Hillsdale, Charles Bannan; Homer, Samuel Alling; Saratoga, John T. Blair; Fremont, John Henry; city of St. Charles, Henry Talbot; Town of St. Charles, John L. Blair; Utica, Collins Rice; Pleasant Hill, Joseph Cooper; Hart,

Daniel Sherbino; Warren, Wm. Duncanson; Whitewater, H. B. Knowles; Wilson, Lauren Thomas or J. P. Clay; Winona Town, James Hardwick; Mount Vernon, Peter Speltz; Elba, H. F. Denio; New Hartford, Nathan Brown; Wiscoy, H. A. Corey; Dresbach, E. S. Burns; Richmond, J. P. Nevill; Norton, Noah Blanchard. The Report was adopted. Mr. W. G. Dye then submitted the report of the committee on constitution, and it, also with the constitution, was adopted. The constitution is as follows:

ARTICLE I—TITLE.

SECTION 1. This society shall be known by the name of the Winona County Old Settlers' Association.

ARTICLE II—OBJECTS.

SECTION 1. The purpose is to perpetuate the memory of the early settlement of Winona county; to renew and establish a fraternal feeling among the members by meetings and social re-unions; to recite personal experiences of early days; to endeavor to preserve a history of the incidents of our frontier life; to properly honor the memory of our deceased pioneers; to bestow assistance to those of our members who may be in want and distress.

ARTICLE III—MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. All persons who were residents of Winona county, at any time prior to May 11, 1858, may become members of the Association upon the payment of an admission fee and signing the constitution, provided that such persons are residents of this county at the time of signing the constitution.

SEC. 2. Early settlers of the county or territory who are not now residents of the county may be recorded as honorary members, upon written applications, or signing the constitution as such.

SEC. 3. The date of eligibility for membership hereafter shall be brought forward one year annually, in order that the Association may become perpetual.

ARTICLE IV—FEES AND DUES.

SECTION 1. The membership fee shall be fifty cents, payable at the time of signing the constitution, which shall also cover the annual dues for the current year.

SEC. 2. The annual dues shall be twenty-five cents, payable at the pleasure of the member, at any time during the year, for which they may be assessed.

SEC. 3. The executive committee may direct an assessment to be made upon each member not exceeding one dollar each to defray relief or funeral expenses where the demands of humanity or charity may require it for the benefit of a member or his family.

ARTICLE V—MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of the Association shall be held quarterly, on the evenings of the second Tuesday in January, April, July and October, at which time any business can be transacted. The meeting in April shall be the annual, for the election of officers. The hour of convening the same, either day or evening, may be determined by the Executive Committee.

SEC. 2. Special meetings may be called at any time by the President and Secretary, or by a majority of the Executive Committee, for the transaction of such business as may be specified in the call.

SEC. 3. Notices of regular and special meetings shall be published in the newspapers or by circulars, as may be determined by the President and Secretary.

SEC. 4. A re-union or social meeting to include a banquet shall be held annually, at such time and place as may be determined by the President, Secretary and Executive Committee. All arrangements, such as providing speakers, music and banquet, shall be made by the foregoing committee. This committee may also arrange, at any time, for an excursion or picnic.

SEC. 5. Not less than seven members of the Association shall constitute a quorum, for the transaction of business, at a regular meeting.

SEC. 6. Aside from the transaction of routine business, at a regular meeting, the President shall select one or more members to read or recite personal experiences or reminiscences of early life in the county.

ARTICLE VI—OFFICERS AND DUTIES.

SECTION 1. The officers of the Association shall be a President, a Vice-President for each town in the county, a Secretary, Treasurer, Historian, and an Executive Committee composed of five members, all of whom shall be elected annually.

SEC. 2. The President and Vice-President will perform the duties usually assigned to such officers.

SEC. 3. The Secretary will record proceedings, collect dues, keeping an account thereof, keep a record of membership, draw and sign orders on the Treasurer to be countersigned by the President, and make an annual report to the Association.

SEC. 4. The Treasurer shall receive all moneys or endorsed orders and pay out money only upon an order of the Secretary and President.

SEC. 5. The Executive Committee shall perform duties as hereafter

prescribed and have the general management of the affairs of the Association. They will act as a finance committee and audit on all matters of the kind referred to them. They will provide and superintend all reunions, banquets, public lectures, excursions, means for defraying expenses of same by sale of tickets or otherwise, secure places for the business and public meetings of the Association, and make a report of their doings quarterly.

SEC. 6. The Historian shall, so far as practical, review and report upon the correctness of the history of Winona county, published by H. H. Hill & Co. in 1883; collate facts and incidents not embraced in this published history transpiring previous to May 11, 1858, and furnish the same to the Association for preservation in its archives.

ARTICLE VII—AMENDMENTS.

Any amendments or alterations may be made to this constitution at any regular meeting or special meeting called for that purpose, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

Adopted at a regular meeting held Tuesday evening, April 23, 1889.

Judge Mitchell' address before the Old Settlers' Association, Aug. 30, 1889.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS: The subject assigned me, as expressed in the resolutions adopted by this association, is "Reminiscences of the establishment of the Territorial Court in the state and county, events connected with the same, places of holding courts, names of judges, justices and members of the bar." This confines me to the time prior to the formal admission of the State on May 11, 1858, leaving the history of the bar and courts of the county since that date to be treated by another historian on some future occasion.

I would have been glad if this task had been assigned to some one more capable of doing justice to the subject, and more conversant personally with these matters than myself. The lapse of nearly a third of a century, the death of most of those who were officers of the courts in those early days, the almost entire absence of any official records of their proceedings, and my own want of opportunity to consult the archives of the State Historical society, have presented unexpected difficulties in the preparation of this article. For such omissions or errors as I may be guilty of I therefore crave your kind indulgence. I shall merely attempt an historical sketch of the early bar and courts, leaving the more interesting subjects of anecdote and personal reminiscences mainly to subsequent speakers of the evening. And in treating the subject I shall follow a topical rather than a chronological order, giving first an outline history of the different courts, and then of the bar.

The fame of judges and lawyers, usually very limited even during their lives, fades away very rapidly after their decease. The great mass of people know but little of either the nature or extent of their labors. Many a brief and judicial opinion which involved weeks or even months of exhaustive research and profound study has been scarcely ever heard of or read, except by those interested in the case in which it was prepared or delivered. And yet, in all ages and in all civilized communities the legal profession has taken the lead in framing the laws and moulding the institutions of the country. The leading lawyers of a new territory during its formative period have invariably given shape to the laws and political institutions of the future State. The ascendancy of lawyers from Virginia and other border states in the young territories of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois gave form to the laws and legal practice of those States, which neither the lapse of time nor the subsequent stream of immigration from New England and other northern States has materially changed. The similarity of the statutes and code of practice in this State to-day to those of New York, attests the predominance of lawyers from the Empire State in this territory. It was therefore eminently fitting that this association should devote one evening to the consideration of the courts and bar of territorial days. And no occasion could have been more appropriate for this than the present, when we are about to vacate forever this sacred, although homely old temple of justice in which a Wilson, a Barber and a Waterman, and others of later days have presided and whose walls have resounded with the legal arguments and forensic eloquence of Sargeant, Franklin, Lewis, Norton, Waterman, Keyes, Berry, Wilson Yale, Simpson, Barber, and many other younger but no less able jurists. But time will not permit to longer indulge in these reflections.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF WINONA COUNTY.

As you are aware, this part of the State has been successively a part of the district of Louisiana and of the territories of Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa before the organization of the territory of Minnesota; so that the eminent and venerable Gen. Sibley, during his residence at Mendota, was a citizen of Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa in succession, although all the time living in the same house.

While this was a part of Michigan it was included within the extensive and somewhat indefinite boundaries of Crawford county, created in 1819, but it was not until after the organization of the territory of Minnesota in 1849, that there was either political organization or permanent white settlements within what is now Winona county.

Prior to the organization of the territory in 1849 there was but one organized county within what is now the State of Minnesota, viz: St. Croix county, Wisconsin, with its county seat at Stillwater. It was

there that the first court house was ever erected in the state, in 1847; and the first court ever convened within the limits of the present State was held there in June, 1847, by Judge Dunn, then Chief Justice of the Supreme court of the territory of Wisconsin.

TERRITORIAL COURTS.

By the organic act, the judicial power of the territory was vested in very nearly the same system of courts which we subsequently adopted for the State, viz : A Supreme court. District courts, courts of Probate and Justices of the Peace. The Supreme court was to consist of three judges, and the territory was to be divided into three judicial districts, and a District court was to be held in each by one of the Supreme court judges at such places as the Territorial Legislature should designate.

In October, 1849, the first Territorial Legislature divided the territory into nine counties, only three of which, Washington, Ramsey and Benton, were organized. Among the unorganized counties was Wabasha, which included all of the territory south of the mouth of the St. Croix river through to the Missouri. It was attached to Washington county for judicial purposes.

On March 5, 1853, Fillmore county was created out of a part of this territory, and included all of what is now Winona county. This, with the other counties west of the Mississippi, was constituted the Second judicial district, and assigned to Judge Cooper. On February 7, 1854, Fillmore county (of which Winona was still a part), together with Goodhue, Washington and Chisago, was constituted the First judicial district, and assigned to Judge Welch. But on the 23rd of the same month, mainly through the efforts of our fellow citizen, Hon. O. M. Lord, then the member of the Territorial Legislature from Fillmore county, and the late H. D. Huff, Winona county was created, with its present boundaries and with the county seat at Winona.

SUPREME COURT.

The first Supreme court of the territory consisted of Aaron Goodrich, of Tennessee, chief justice; David Cooper, of Pennsylvania, and B. B. Meeker, of Kentucky, associate justices—all appointed by President Fillmore. The first term of the Supreme court was held in the old American house in St. Paul, on the second Monday of January, 1850. The second and third terms were held in the Methodist church in St. Paul, on the first Mondays of July, 1851 and 1852, respectively. In 1853 and 1854 this court held its sessions in the court house in St. Paul. All subsequent terms were held in the capitol.

In November, 1851, Jerome Fuller was appointed chief justice in place of Aaron Goodrich, and presided at the July term of 1852; but his

appointment was not confirmed by the Senate, and he left the territory soon afterwards. In December, 1852, Henry Z. Haynes was appointed chief justice in place of Judge Fuller, but he was here only a short time and never presided at a term of court.

On the accession of President Pierce in the spring of 1853, W. H. Welch of Minnesota was appointed chief justice and Moses Sherburne of Maine, and A. G. Chatfield of Wisconsin associate justices in places of the appointees of President Fillmore.

Upon the accession of President Buchanan in 1857, R. R. Nelson and Charles E. Flandrau were appointed associate justices in place of Sherburne and Chatfield, but Judge Welch continued as chief justice until the admission of the State.

The last term of the Territorial Supreme court was held in January, 1858, after which it was superseded by the Supreme court of the State, composed of Lafayette Emmett, chief justice, and Isaac Atwater and Charles E. Flandrau, associate justices. The decisions of the territorial court, reported by William Hollinshead, Isaac Atwater, John B. Brisbin, Michael E. Ames and Harvey Officer, are to be found in the first volume of Minnesota Reports. All the judges of this court are dead except Nelson and Flandrau, the former of whom has so long and so ably served as United States District Judge for the district of Minnesota, and the latter, after achieving a high reputation for himself upon the Supreme bench of the State, resumed the practice of law, in which he is still engaged, in St. Paul, having long occupied a place in the front rank of his profession.

DISTRICT COURTS.

The first District courts in the territory were held in August, 1849, at Stillwater, on the 13th of the month, Judge Goodrich presiding; at the Falls of St. Anthony, in the old Government mill, on the 20th of the month, Judge Meeker presiding; and at Mendota in the old stone warehouse of the fur company, on the last Monday of the same month, Judge Cooper presiding. This was, I believe, the first court of record ever held in Minnesota west of the Mississippi river. The same historian who tells us that many of the jurors did not understand English, and that W. H. Forbes acted as interpreter, also tells us that the charge of Judge Cooper to the grand jury was "lucid, scholarly and dignified." Those who recollect that dignified gentleman of the old school, with his frilled shirt bosom, will appreciate the idea of his delivering such a charge to Indian half-breeds and French traders.

The first term of the District court ever held within what is now Winona county was held in the old Winona house, on Front street, in this city, in June, 1853, Judge Welch presiding; William B. Gere, clerk, and John Iams, sheriff. I cannot find either here or in Fillmore county

any record whatever of the proceedings of this term, and I imagine very little if any business was transacted. The following winter Fillmore county was divided and Winona county organized, as we have already stated, but for some reason no term of court was held here in 1854.

The second term of court was held in what was known as the old Hancock building, on the corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, in this city, in August, 1855, Judge Welch presiding; John Keyes, clerk, and John Iams, sheriff. There are no minutes of the proceedings of this term, and the only record I find concerning it is in the register of actions, from which it appears that eight indictments were found for selling spirituous liquor to Indians, or for introducing spirituous liquor into the Indian country—seven against Stephen M. Burns of Mt. Vernon and one against Asa Hedge of Winona. The principal case of the term—that of the United States vs. Elijah Sillsbée, for shooting H. D. Huff in the Spring of 1854—was continued owing to the illness of the defendant, and was never brought to trial.

I have been unable to find anything to show that any court was held in 1856. The last term of the Territorial District court in this county was held August 31, 1857, in the Huff House hall, situated on the second story of the hotel, immediately over the dining room, Judge Welch presiding, John Keyes clerk and Chas. Eaton, sheriff. This was the first term at which any considerable business was transacted, and the first of which any minutes of the proceedings were kept. They are recorded in excellent shape in the handwriting of C. N. Waterman, deputy clerk. The term lasted some ten days, but no cases were tried of any special importance.

The oldest action in the District court, as shown by the files, was that of F. J. B. Crane against H. S. Hamilton, commenced in 1853, upon a promissory note. As showing that dilatory and sham answers were not unknown to the bar of that early day, and were interposed even by clergymen, it may be stated that the answer in the case was that "as to whether the plaintiff was the lawful owner and holder of the note, and that the defendant was justly indebted to him thereon, the defendant had not sufficient knowledge or information to form a belief."

The first action commenced after Winona county was organized was in September, 1854, by Squire J. Barrett, of La Crosse, against the proprietors of Minneoa, to enforce a lien for material furnished to build a hotel, and brings up reminiscences of the time when Minneoa was the rival of Winona.

In territorial times the clerk of the court was appointed by the judge. The first clerk of the District court of Fillmore county (of which Winona was then a part) was W. B. Gere, who served as such at the June term of 1853. Soon afterwards our fellow-townsmen, Grove W.

Willis, who came here in June, 1853, was appointed clerk by his friend, Judge Chatfield, with whom he came to this State from Wisconsin. Mr. Willis served as clerk until Winona county was organized in the Winter of 1854, when he removed to Chatfield, then the county seat of Fillmore county, in which he continued clerk of the court until 1859. In the spring of 1854 Judge Welch appointed M. Wheeler Sargeant, clerk. Mr. Sargeant was therefore the first clerk of the court in this county after its organization. Although he held the office until July, 1856, there is not to be found a single entry in any book of records during his entire term of office. The only thing on file to show that he ever was clerk is his endorsement of filing on some half a dozen papers. Doubtless there was very little to record, but those of us who knew Mr. Sargeant will readily understand that he was not a man who was likely to be very methodic in keeping official records. In July, 1856 Judge Welch appointed John Keyes clerk in place of Mr. Sargeant, and he continued to hold the office until superseded in May, 1858, by H. C. Lester, the first clerk of the court under the State organization.

When Fillmore county was organized in 1853, John Iams was appointed sheriff and held the office until Winona county was organized in 1854, when he was elected sheriff in April of that year, and served until succeeded in January, 1856, by Charles Eaton, who served until January, 1858, when he was succeeded by F. E. Whiton, the first sheriff under the State.

Mr. Iams was a carpenter by trade, who came here from Indiana, and was a member of the Western Farm and Village Association. He was a most worthy man, but I apprehend the duties of the office were not then either onerous or remunerative. The most memorable event of his official career was the pursuit of E. H. Johnson up to Chimney rock in the spring of 1853, to arrest him for shooting Isaac W. Simonds. Mr. Iams moved west about 1860, and has been dead, I understand, for quite a number of years. Mr. Eaton is living in St. Paul, of which city he has been for many years an honored citizen.

I cannot ascertain who, if any one, was county attorney (then called district attorney) in 1853, while we were a part of Fillmore county. At the election in April, 1854, authorized by the act organizing Winona county, our townsman, Hon. C. F. Buck, was elected district attorney, and has therefore the honor of having been the first incumbent of that office. He was succeeded in January, 1856, by Edwin M. Bierce, who held the office during 1856 and 1857, until succeeded by Sam. Cole, as "prosecuting attorney" for the Third judicial district under the State organization. I might say, in passing, that the office of "prosecuting attorney" was abolished in 1860, when we adopted the present system of county attorney.

I ought not to close the subject of the Territorial District court without a word of tribute to Hon. Wm. H. Welch, our first and only judge of that court. While not a man of great learning or ability, he was eminently judicial in his temperament and manner, and commanded universal confidence in his integrity. The comparative good order and decorum which characterized our judicial affairs at that early day was largely due to Judge Welch. He died at his home in Red Wing some years after his retirement from the bench.

PROBATE COURTS.

In territorial times the business of the Probate court was very small. The early settlers being usually young men, deaths were not so frequent as now, and what few did die had not had time to accumulate large estates.

The first record in the Probate court in this county bears date March 30, 1856, and consists of the petition of A. B. Smith for letters of administration upon the estate of Asa C. Brundage.

When Fillmore county was organized in the spring of 1853 Andrew Cole was appointed probate judge, but he never seems to have been called upon to exercise the functions of his office. At the election in the Fall of 1853 H. B. Waterman of Minnesota City was elected to the office, but as Winona county was created the following February he was never, so far as I can learn, called upon to act. At the election in April, 1854, Andrew Cole was elected, and was therefore the first probate judge of Winona county. He held the office until January 1, 1856, but transacted no business, or, if so, he made no record of it. A. P. Foster was elected to the office in the Fall of 1855, and succeeded Mr. Cole in January, 1856. Mr. Foster resigned in October, 1856, and returned to New York, when Sam. Cole was appointed to fill the vacancy (hence his title of "judge.") Mr. Cole held the office during the remainder of 1859, when he was succeeded by E. H. Murray, who held it during the years 1857 and 1858, most of the work, however, being performed by John Keyes, who acted as clerk.

JUSTICES' COURTS.

Justices' courts in Winona county antedated any other court. Justices of the peace were appointed by Gov. Ramsey while we were still a part of the unorganized county of Wabasha. There is no record (at least here) of the appointment or election of justices until after the organization of Winona county in 1854. But, according to my most reliable information, in 1852 Gov. Ramsey appointed as justices, Thomas K. Allen and H. B. Waterman of Minnesota City; John Burns, who resided at the mouth of Burns valley on the well-known "Burns farm," and George M. Gere of Winona Prairie. I have been unable to ascertain positively which of those was first commissioned, but it is claimed that Mr. Allen was

first appointed and that he had to go to St. Paul to qualify, there being no one nearer who was authorized to administer to him the oath of office.

When Fillmore county was organized in 1853, I am informed that the same justices continued in office.

At the election in the Spring of 1854, after Winona county was organized, S. K. Thompson, George H. Sanborn, A. T. Pintler, A. P. Hall, S. E. Cotton and Wm. Hewitt were elected and qualified as justices of the peace. The records of the clerk's office show that H. B. Waterman of Minnesota City, Benjamin Langworthy of St. Charles, J. W. Bently of Utica and John L. Blair of Saratoga qualified and filed their bonds in January, 1855, but whether elected in the Spring or in the Fall of 1854, I am not certain—probably the latter. G. R. Tucker, so long a justice in this city, was first appointed in August, 1856, to fill a vacancy. The names of the justices in the county during the years 1855, 1856 and 1857 are of course so numerous that time will not permit an enumeration. We find among them such well-known names of old settlers as Joseph Cooper, E. B. Jewett, Robert Pike, Jr., Rolla Banks, Jabez Churchill, Loren Thomas, John C. Norton, and many others.

Neither will time permit a biographical sketch of these early justices. I shall only refer to the four appointed in 1852. Mr. Allen, I think, never exercised the functions of the office to any great extent. He now resides in La Crosse and is a highly esteemed clergyman in the Episcopal church.

Mr. Waterman still resides near Minnesota City with his sons. A lawyer by education and a man of extensive reading and much general information, he was continued in the office of justice of the peace by the suffrages of his fellow townsmen for some twenty years. The first case on his docket was Jacob S. Denman against some member of the Western Land and Village Association.

John Burns, after whom Burns valley was named, was a fine type of a generous and humorous Irishman. His quaint expressions and droll wit were greatly enjoyed by those who attended his court, and are still pleasantly remembered by the old settlers. Without any special knowledge of law, he decided his cases from an intuitive sense of justice. Of unquestioned integrity, he was respected by all. He died on his farm, in March, 1870.

George M. Gere came here from La Crosse in 1852, but moved to Chatfield in the Spring of 1854, and hence was a resident of Winona only about two years. He died in Chatfield in 1868 or 1869.

THE BAR.

As the title to the land in Winona county was not acquired from the Indians until 1855, there was little or no legal business here prior to that time. About all there was of it was an occasional suit before a justice.

And even after the land office was established here there was no law business to speak of except what centered in and around that office growing out of contested pre-emption claims. Every one was after land, and the fever of speculation ran high. "Claim jumping," resulting in fights and contests before the land office, was not infrequent. In these contests the most successful lawyer was he who was fortunate enough to have a good understanding with the land officers. People were no worse then than now, but no man, they say, can stand more than a certain pressure to the square inch, and the eager greed for land was so strong and the excited speculative spirit so intense that the trial of these "contested claim cases" was too often attended by reckless swearing and even bold perjury. As illustrating how common this was, and how generally it was understood, an anecdote is told of Hon. Chris. Graham, who was register of the United States land office at Red Wing, and who is still living in that city enjoying an honorable old age. He was taking testimony in one of these claim contests, when one of our old-fashioned thunderstorms came up. He immediately folded up the papers and announced the further hearing of the case adjourned until the next morning. The attorneys, who were from St. Paul, protested, saying that it would greatly inconvenience them to stay over, and urged that the trial go on that day. Mr. Graham replied: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to discommode you, but it is my rule never to take evidence in this class of cases when "it is thundering and lightning."

The first attorney to locate in Winona, and indeed in Southern Minnesota, was Andrew Cole, who came here from La Crosse in the Fall of 1852. He was quite active in the public affairs of the town in those early times, and one of the prominent attorneys in the justices' suits before Squire Burns, S. K. Thompson and other justices of that day. Mr. Burns had great confidence in the legal ability and opinions of Cole—so much so that it is said he sometimes jokingly spoke of Cole as the "court" and himself as the "squire." However, Cole did not get along so well with George H. Sanborn, another early justice, with whom he had occasional altercations in court. It is said that Sanborn resigned and laid aside the judicial ermine for the express and avowed purpose of whipping Cole. The whipping, however, never occurred. Mr. Cole remained here until 1857, when he moved east and located at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he still resided the last I heard of him.

In 1853 C. F. Buck, Grove W. Willis, John Keyes and M. Wheeler Sargeant arrived and located here—Willis, Sargeant and Keyes in Winona and Buck in Homer, then a rival of Winona. Mr. Willis came here in June, 1853, from the State of Wisconsin, where he was admitted to the bar in 1848. He was soon afterwards appointed clerk of the court for Fillmore county, and, as has been already stated, removed to

Chatfield in the Spring of 1854. After vacating that office in 1859 he entered the practice of the law in Fillmore county in which he continued until he returned to Winona in 1873, where he still enjoys an honorable and green old age. Therefore, with the exception of H. B. Waterman, of Minnesota City, who came here in 1852, Mr. Willis is now the oldest resident member of the bar in this county. [Mr. Willis died August 22, 1897, at the age of 86 years.]

Mr. Buck, originally from Erie county, New York, came here in September, 1853, from Kane county, Illinois, where he had been admitted to the bar. He engaged for a time in the practice of his profession, and was elected the first district attorney in 1854, but he had no special taste for the dry details and narrow technicalities of the law and soon engaged in more congenial pursuits. His long subsequent career is too well known to need to be repeated. After filling numerous important public trusts with ability and fidelity, he is still among us in the flesh, and so well preserved that he bids fair to outlive us all.

John Keyes came to Winona in 1853 and settled on the lower end of this prairie where his family still reside. He was engaged in the practice of law at first alone, and subsequently and successively as a member of the firms of Sargeant, Franklin & Keyes, Franklin & Keyes, and Keyes & Snow, until his death in December, 1876. Born in Windham county, Vermont, in 1818, removing to Michigan at an early age, where he lived until he came to Winona, with the exception of three years spent in California. Mr. Keyes was a man of great integrity of character, of positive views, but courteous to everyone, and respected by all who knew him. Not an advocate, although a man of ability and learning, he shunned the contests of the court room and preferred work in his office, where he was always found a safe counselor.

Mr. Sargeant, who had been engaged with William Ashley Jones during the Fall in a surveying party, came to Winona in December, 1853, and from that time until his death in March, 1866, was with the exception of the time he was in the army as a paymaster, continuously engaged in the practice of his profession, first alone and then as a member of the firms of Sargeant & Wilson, Sargeant, Wilson & Windom, Sargeant & Windom, Sargeant & Franklin, and Sargeant, Franklin & Keyes. Born in Danville, Vt., in 1822, and educated at Dartmouth college, in general information and range of reading and study Mr. Sargeant had few equals in the State. Though possessing certain eccentricities of manner and habit, he was the soul of honor and integrity. Proud in spirit, undemonstrative, extremely sensitive and sympathizing but little with the outward conventionalities of society, he was often misunderstood. To those not penetrating through the crust of his character he might seem

at times cold and almost unfeeling. On the contrary he was at heart exceedingly tender and sensitive.

So far as I can ascertain there were no additions to the bar of Winona county in 1854.

The year 1855, however, brought numerous accessions, some of whom afterward became eminent in the history of the State and Nation. Judge Thomas Wilson, a native of the Green Isle, whose boyhood was spent in Pennsylvania, where he also received his education, came to Winona in April, 1855, and has been with us ever since. His services in the constitutional convention, on the district bench, as chief justice of the Supreme court, in the State Legislature and in the halls of Congress, and his achievements in the practice of his profession, are familiar to you all.

General (now Judge) C. H. Berry settled in Winona in the early summer of 1855 and was followed in the early Fall of the same year by Judge C. N. Waterman, his old law partner in Corning, New York, and continued the partnership of Berry & Waterman, which was for many years one of the most prominent law firms in the State. This partnership continued until Mr. Waterman was elected to the District bench in the Fall of 1871, and was, at the time of its dissolution, probably the oldest law firm in the State.

Gen. Berry's successful career in his profession and his valuable public services as Attorney General of the State, as a member of the State Legislature and of various educational and charitable boards in the State, are also too familiar to require repetition. He now adorns the bench as associate justice of the Supreme court of Idaho, and although now absent we still claim him as a Winonian and one of us. [Judge Berry is now of the firm of Berry & Morey of Winona.]

Judge Waterman's professional career is so connected with that of Gen. Berry in the memories of all the old settlers that a history of one is a history of both. Born in Rome, N. Y., in 1823, a graduate of Hamilton college and of Harvard law school, he was a ripe scholar as well as an able lawyer. I think I shall not be considered invidious in saying that he was considered the best read and thoroughly posted lawyer at the Winona bar. I recollect well that in early days he was considered by all of us as an infallible authority in all matters of practice and pleading. He was a great reader and proficient linguist. He was thoroughly posted in all the best literature of the times, being one of the very few lawyers who kept up their general reading after engaging in the active practice of their profession. Being not only learned in the law but of quick, clear perception and of an eminently fair and judicial frame of mind, when he was elected to the bench in the Fall of 1871, all his friends looked forward to a brilliant career for him in his new position. He was on the

bench just long enough to prove that they were not mistaken in him when his career was cut short by sudden death in February, 1873.

Hon. William Windom, then of Mt. Vernon, O., was in Winona in the summer of 1855 looking over the ground, but I believe did not permanently settle here until December, 1855, when he became a member of the law firm of Sargeant, Wilson & Windom, of which and of the subsequent firm of Sargeant & Windom he continued a member until his election to Congress in the Fall of 1859. Mr. Windom, although then comparatively young, was already an able lawyer and a fine advocate. His subsequent career as a statesman in Congress and the United States Senate and as Secretary of the Treasury has given him a more than national reputation that cannot be enhanced by anything I might say here.

Hon. Thomas Simpson, then quite a young man and a surveyor by profession, became a citizen of Winona in December, 1855, and, as you all know, was for several years engaged in the management of his large landed and moneyed interests in this part of the State. Although not then a lawyer he is entitled to a place in the territorial bar, having been admitted in April, 1858, about a month before the admission of Minnesota as a State. His public and professional career and his liberal public spirit, which has made him active in every good work for so many years, require no eulogium.

The same year there came from Meadville, Penn., a native of Greene county in that State, a man who was one of the historic characters of early Winona—Sam. Cole, so many years justice of the peace in this city. Anecdotes and amusing incidents in his court, if written, would fill a book. Tall, but of rather slender build, his bald head and long, heavy beard gave him a very dignified and venerable appearance. It is said that some Sunday school children who met him on the street on one occasion thought it must be the Apostle Paul. Of limited natural ability and rather superficial acquirements, he had a remarkable faculty of looking wise. With just enough knowledge of the law to make him familiar with its technical words and phrases, he was accustomed to make a show of learning by parading them on all occasions. But with all his foibles he made a good justice, and notwithstanding his weakness he was good-natured and kind-hearted. Like many an early settler in a new country, when business settled down to more methodic habits, he lost his hold and moved to Missouri. There he became at one time so reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to work on a railroad as a section hand. A gentleman, principal of the public schools in St. Louis, who had known Cole in Pennsylvania, told me that he came to him on one occasion in absolute want and destitution. This gentleman furnished him with some clothing and gave him temporary employment in teaching a negro evening school. Soon after he was taken sick and died in a

hospital in that city, the recipient of public charity. Poor Sam! Peace to his ashes!

There also came to Winona county in 1855, another lawyer whose name should not be passed by without mention. I refer to the fiery, impulsive, eloquent, generous, chivalric Samuel S. Beman, who settled first in Saratoga, but afterwards in St. Charles, where he died in May, 1882. Born in Georgia in 1822, and a half brother of the equally fiery William L. Yancey, Beman was in temperament a thorough Southerner. He could flay an opponent alive with the biting sarcasm and invective of his burning eloquence, but he was the soul of honor, generous and magnanimous to a fault. Weighed down by physical infirmities from his birth, his body was too frail a tenement for the bright intellect within, and poor health did not permit of the regular practice of his profession.

My intention was not to mention any one who was not a member of the bar before the admission of the State, but I feel justified in making an exception in the case of the gallant and lamented Col. John Ball, who came here in 1855, although not admitted to the bar until 1860. He never engaged in the practice, for soon afterwards, at the call of his country, he enlisted as a private in Company K of the gallant old First regiment of Minnesota volunteers, in which he served with signal and marked distinction and bravery, as he also did in the Eleventh Minnesota volunteers, of which he was most of the time acting colonel. At the close of the war Col. Ball, impaired in health, returned to Winona, where he resided until his death in 1875. The bravest of the brave, his remains rest peacefully in Woodlawn.

Hon. E. M. Wilson came here from Virginia just before the land sale in the Fall of 1855, and during the year 1857 was the senior member of the law firm of Wilson & Mitchell. In 1858 he removed to Minneapolis, of which he has ever since been one of the most prominent citizens. His professional and political career has given him a more than State-wide reputation. Although he has long since ceased to reside here, he has a warm personal friend in every old settler of Winona.

Another attorney who came to Winona in 1855 is A. J. Olds. He afterwards settled in Quincy, Olmsted county, but subsequently removed to St. Charles, of which he has been an honored citizen for many years.

Among those who came here in that year was our friend E. A. Gerdtsen, who settled in Winona in October, 1855. Although he had studied law in the universities of Kiel and Berlin in the old country he was not formally admitted to the bar here until 1864. His seventeen years' service as clerk of the District court was the longest tenure of office in Winona county except that of Judge Story, who has held the office of probate judge for over twenty years.

Edwin M. Bierce came from Meadville, Penn., to Winona in 1855, and was for a time a law partner of Judge Lewis. He was elected district attorney of the county for one term, and also served in the legislature of 1857, but left the State soon afterwards somewhat under a cloud. He went to Texas, but I regret to say that I believe a change of climate was beneficial. It is generally understood that he died there many years ago.

The additions to the Winona county bar in 1856, as nearly as I can ascertain, were Judge Abner Lewis, Hon. H. H. Johnson, Daniel S. Norton, Morris A. Bennet, H. W. Lamberton and Jacob Story. Time will permit of special mention of only those who have deceased.

Judge Lewis, born in Rutland county, Vermont, in 1801, came here from Chautauqua county, New York, where he had spent most of his previous life and where he had been elected to Congress in 1844, and in which he had served many years as county judge. He died here in October, 1879, at the ripe age of 78. The writer of his obituary notice truly said of him:—"His honest, upright life left a memory that speaks a eulogy in itself. A man of fine attainments, a gentleman of kind heart and genial manners, modest and unostentations, he was universally beloved."

Daniel S. Norton came west in 1855 from his native town of Mt. Vernon, O., with his old law partner William Windom, and located at first in St. Paul, but moved to Winona in the Spring of 1856. In his day Mr. Norton was one of the most prominent men of the State. Having been twice elected from this county to the State Senate and once to the State House of Representatives, he was in January, 1865, elected to the United States Senate, in which he served until his death in Washington in July, 1870. To be appreciated he had to be intimately known, and the highest eulogium that could be passed on him is that he was held in the highest esteem by those who knew him best. Naturally reticent and reserved, and entertaining an honest contempt for those tricks by which demagogues pretend friendship for the people; he was never particularly popular with the great mass of men. His strength lay in the strong attachment and loyal devotion of his personal friends. As a lawyer he was the soul of honor, true alike to his client and the court. In all my professional experience I never knew a lawyer who more thoroughly disdained anything like artifice or sharp practice in the management of a cause. He was a true man and a devoted friend.

The first death in the Winona county bar was that of Morris A. Bennett, who died April 23, 1861, a brother of Mrs. Judge Wilson of this city and of the late Thomas E. Bennett. Morris A. Bennett was born in Rome, N. Y., in 1833, and hence was only about 28 years old at the time of his death. Finely educated, of a high order of natural talents, endowed with a splendid physique and genial, pleasant manners, he had before him

a bright promise of a brilliant career, when he was suddenly cut down in the full strength of his young, vigorous manhood, and his spirit took its flight just as the echoes of the bombardment of Fort Sumter were calling the sons of the North to arms for the preservation of the Union.

Col. H. H. Johnson, whose name will long be remembered as the president of the Transit (now Winona & St. Peter) railroad company, is held in warm remembrance by all the old settlers of Winona. He removed many years ago to Owatonna, where he still resides, spending an honorable old age in the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Colonel and Mrs. Clark Chambers.

I am not sure whether George H. Bemis, for a time the law partner of Judge Lewis, came here in 1856 or 1857. He remained here only two or three years, when he returned east.

Although Judge Story graduated at the Harvard law school, studied in the office of Rufus Choate and practiced law in Boston several years before coming west, yet he never engaged in the practice of his profession in Winona. But by reason of his long official career as city justice, and for nearly twenty-one years as judge of the Probate court, he is most thoroughly identified with the bar of Winona county. May he live as probate judge for many years to come. [Judge Story served 22 years in all, from January 1, 1869, to January 1, 1891.]

Mr. Lamberton's time has been so fully occupied with his large and varied business interests that he has never given much attention to the law, but as showing what he might have achieved in that line, it may be said that the only time he ever aspired to professional honors he was eminently successful, having been triumphantly elected city attorney of Winona on the temperance ticket, in the Spring of 1857, over D. S. Norton, the Republican candidate.

The late John M. Cool, so long a prominent and honored citizen of St. Charles, where he died in September, 1875, came to this county in 1856, but was not admitted to the bar until subsequent to 1858.

Henry C. Lester, a man of fine education and varied accomplishments, was admitted to the bar in New York upon coming west, but never engaged in the practice in this state. Elected the first clerk of the District Court under the state organization, he resigned in April, 1861, and enlisted in the First Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers, in which he was commissioned captain of Company K. His previous brilliant military career was brought to an unfortunate close at Murfreesboro in July, 1862. The criticism to which he was subjected on account of his surrender on that occasion cast a cloud over his future life which he felt very keenly. Proud in spirit, he said little, but felt he was unjustly censured, and sought earnestly, but in vain, for a court of inquiry. I have neither the inclination nor ability to discuss the merits of his military conduct,

but it is but due to one who was a valued friend and with whom I was intimately acquainted to say that, whatever might have been his defects as a military leader, I know that he was not wanting in personal courage. He soon afterwards returned to New York, and the last I knew of him he was living in Brooklyn.

The only additions to the bar in 1857 that I now recall were Gov. Wm. H. Yale and myself. The governor and I started west about the same date, but he made the best time and beat me here, I believe about ten days. Of his long and successful career, in which he has been so prominently connected with the affairs of this city, county and state, both officially and as a private citizen, there is no occasion that I should speak to citizens of Winona county. As for myself, I will merely say that I am still here.

There are members of the bar, such as the lamented Franklin, among the dead, and Hill, of St. Charles, and others among the living, who came here subsequent to May, 1858, but so long ago that their names sound so like those of old settlers that I would gladly have referred to them if within my theme and if time permitted. But this article, already far too long, must close. Doubtless I have made some omissions and fallen into some errors. For these I again ask your kind indulgence.

Members of the bar of Winona county, ten of our number already sleep in Woodlawn. Those of us who were here in the days of the territory must, in the course of nature, soon follow. Old settlers of Winona county, our ranks are being rapidly thinned. The present busy age has very little time to devote to reminiscences of the past. The eager, restless genius of business is constantly saying: "Let the dead bury their dead, follow thou me." But so long as two of our number survive, let us maintain this organization and thus continue old acquaintances with each other and keep green the memory of those who have gone before.

In the report of the secretary it is stated that "since the adoption of the constitution the present association has increased in numbers rapidly, as all who joined were justly proud of the organization, and cordially invited their friends to join. From the start all our meetings have been well attended. All our excursions have been popular, and all our reunions and memorial services seemed to be in touch with the people. No act of charity, or duty to the sick, or proper respect to the dead, has been neglected. There is a fraternal feeling of friendship and good will existing among the mem-

bers, different from any other fraternal organization, as we all realize that, in the natural course of worldly events, all the older members will soon pass away and be beyond the jurisdiction of this fraternity. For that reason the founders of the association wisely put in the constitution the proviso that all persons that have been residents of this county for thirty-one years may become members. This makes the association become perpetual, as every year makes persons eligible to join. Any person born in this county or State and now a resident of the county that is thirty-one years of age can and should be a member of the association. We apply no ballot test nor do we inquire into the politics, religion or business of the person wishing to join. Neither do we require a pledge from any member, only that they will obey the constitution and by-laws and use their best individual efforts to increase the membership, and take an active interest in their own localities to promote and help carry out the objects of the organization.

About the only public demonstrations that occur are the regular memorial exercises that take place each year, by all vice-presidents, seeing that the graves of the members that have passed away are properly put in order and decorated with flowers. Our annual excursions are for the benefit of the members, designed to get them together and by proper and amusing exercises divert their minds from the daily plodding of their lives and renew the declining years of all old settlers' lives.

Upon a careful examination of the records of the association, down to the present year, 1897, but few changes in its officers will be found, except from death or declination; good proof that all have had an appreciation of their duties, and have fulfilled them to the best of their abilities, or the time they have had at their disposal. Neither of my predecessors, Hon. Thomas Simpson, nor Dr. James M. Cole, as historians of the association, had time to arrange the papers in the archives for future use, but in time there will probably be

another volume called for, and then perhaps some new historian of the association will make use of material that was found too voluminous to be placed in this book. The former secretary, Mr. Dye, originated, and the present secretary, Mr. Terry, is carrying out the idea of preserving in a large scrap book all matters that appear in print relating to the association, and when the dates and subjects are properly indexed, future generations can readily understand by reference to the books of the secretary current events as they have transpired. There is also a large book of record, which permits of written statements being made.

At the Second annual meeting of the association, held April 8th, 1890, at the rooms of the Board of Trade, President H. D. Morse requested that he might be excused from reelection on account of poor health, but upon being re-elected by acclamation, felt that it was incumbent upon him to serve. The Vice-Presidents elected were George W. Clark, Winona city; E. S. Burns, Dresbach; L. V. Todd, Elba; John Henry, Fremont; Daniel Sherbino, Hart; Chas. Bannan, Hillsdale; Samuel Alling, Homer; M. Speltz, Mt. Vernon; Nathan Brown, New Hartford; Jacob Becker, Norton; Joseph Cooper, Pleasant Hill; J. P. Neville, Richmond; E. B. Drew, Rollingstone; John T. Blair, Saratoga, Henry Talbot, St. Charles city; John L. Blair, St. Charles town; Collins Rice, Utica; Wm. Duscanson, Warren; H. B. Knowles, Whitewater; Lauren Thomas, Wilson; Jas. Hardwick, Winona town; H. A. Corey, Wiscoy. treasurer, N. C. Gault, Winona; secretary, W. G. Dye, Winona; historian, Thomas Simpson; executive committee, P. B. Palmer, chairman; S. D. Van Gorder, C. G. Maybury, Edward Pelzer, Samuel Melvin.

At the Third annual meeting of the Old Settlers' Association held in Winona in 1891, the following officers were chosen to serve for the ensuing year: President, H. D. Morse; secretary, W. G. Dye; treasurer, N. C. Gault; historian, Dr. J. M. Cole; executive committee, P. B. Palmer, S. D. Van Gorder, C. G. Maybury, Edw. Pelzer, S. Melvin,

John O'Dea. The Vice-Presidents of the city and various towns are as follows: Geo. W. Clark, Winona city; Joseph Robillard, Dresbach; L. V. Todd, Elba; John Henry, Fremont; John A. Brand, Hart; John Monk, Hillsdale; Samuel Alling, Homer; M. Speltz, Mt. Vernon; Nathan Brown, New Hartford; Jacob Becker, Norton; Joseph Cooper, Pleasant Hill; Jacob Donehower, Richmond; S. E. Cotton, Rollingstone; John T. Blair, Saratoga; Henry Talbot, St. Charles city; F. Talbot, St. Charles town; Collins Rice, Utica; William Duncanson, Warren; H. B. Knowles, Whitewater; Andrew Gerlicher, Wilson; James Hardwick, Winona town; H. A. Corey, Wiscoy.

At the Fourth annual election, that of 1892, Mr. Simpson was again elected historian, in place of Dr. Cole, whose health did not at the time permit him to serve, and the other officers were continued. The Vice-Presidents elected were: George W. Clark, Winona city; Joseph Robillard, Dresbach; L. V. Todd, Elba; John Henry, Fremont; John A. Brand, Hart; S. D. Putnam, Hillsdale; Samuel Alling, Homer; M. Speltz, Mt. Vernon; Nathan Brown, New Hartford; Jacob Becker, Norton; Joseph Cooper, Pleasant Hill; Jacob Donehower, Richmond; S. E. Cotton, Rollingstone; John T. Blair, Saratoga; Henry Talbot, St. Charles city; F. Talbot, St. Charles town; Collins Rice, Utica; Wm. Duncanson, Warren; H. B. Knowles, Whitewater; Andrew Gerlicher, Wilson; James Hardwick, Winona town; H. A. Corey, Wiscoy.

At the Fifth annual meeting, held in 1893, the association elected the same officers excepting Mr. Thomas Simpson, whose duties as secretary of the South-Western railroad did not permit of his longer service as historian, and Dr. James M. Cole was elected instead. Mr. John Monk was also elected as Vice-President for the town of Hillsdale, in place of Mr. S. D. Putnam, who had so long and faithfully filled that office.

As far as discernible from the records, there were but few changes in the officers of the Old Settlers' Association until

April 12th, 1894, when, at that meeting, which was held in Winona, Mr. H. S. Terry was elected secretary to succeed Mr. Walter G. Dye, who died on the 21st of March of that year.

The officers elected at the meeting in March, 1896, were: President, H. D. Morse, Winona; secretary, H. S. Terry; treasurer, N. C. Gault; historian, L. H. Bunnell.

The executive committee was increased from five to seven members composed of C. G. Maybury, chairman; S. D. Van Gorder, Edward Pelzer, P. B. Palmer and John O'Dea, of Winona, and Fred Talbot, St. Charles city; S. E. Cotton, Minnesota City. The Vice-presidents were: George W. Clark, John Nicklin, Winona city; James Hardwick, Winona town; Henry Talbot, St. Charles city; Fred Talbot, St. Charles town; D. H. Wilson, Utica; L. C. Brainerd, Warren; L. Skidmore, Whitewater; John Young, Wilson; H. A. Corey, Wiscoy; H. G. Cox, Saratoga; S. E. Cotton, Rollingstone; W. L. Robillard, Richmond; J. F. Martin, Pleasant Hill; Jacob Becker, Norton; Nathan Brown, New Hartford; J. F. Brown, Mt. Vernon; Sam Alling, Homer; S. T. Gwynn, Hillsdale; Stephen O'Dea, Hart; Murry Kelly, Fremont; L. N. Todd, Elba; Joseph Robillard, Dresbach. There have been few changes in any of the offices, and the declinations have been voluntary for lack of time, or vacancies have been caused by death. After the death of President H. D. Morse, which occurred on May 8th, 1897, Hon. Thomas Simpson was appointed president by the executive committee, to serve until the next annual meeting, and upon the death of the First Vice-president, Mr. George W. Clark, which occurred on August 3rd, 1897, Mr. Philo B. Palmer was appointed by the executive committee, first vice-president to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Clark. At the same meeting of the executive board, Mr. O. K. Jones was appointed a member of the executive committee in place of P. B. Palmer, who from the organization of the present

association has been most active in work for the "Old Settlers."

The president, Mr. Simpson, was in the first organization, and knowing all members, having had great experience in the woods, on the prairies, in the camps of the pioneers, in the courts of law and in legislative assemblies, no man can surpass him in urbanity or dignity of manner, or as a model presiding officer. May he long continue to wield the gavel. One other notable member, Captain Matt Marvin, a hero of the First Minnesota and of Gettysburg, has been added to the number of the executive committee, and as now constituted at this date, 1897, the officers are: President, Thomas Simpson; first vice-president, Philo B. Palmer; secretary, H. S. Terry; treasurer, N. C. Gault; historian, L. H. Bunnell. The executive committee, C. G. Maybury, chairman, M. Marvin, S. E. Cotton, John O'Dea, Edward Pelzer, Fred Talbot, S. D. Van Gorder O. K. Jones, A. P. Stearns. The vice-presidents are: P. B. Palmer, John Nicklin, Winona city; James Hardwick, Winona town; Henry Talbot, St. Charles city; Fred Talbot, St. Charles town; D. H. Wilson, Utica; L. C. Brainerd, Warren; L. Skidmore, Whitewater; John Young, Wilson; H. A. Corey, Wiscoy; H. G. Cox, Saratoga; S. E. Cotton, Rollingstone; W. L. Robillard, Richmond; J. F. Martin, Pleasant Hill; Jacob Becker, Norton; Nathan Brown, New Hartford; J. F. Brown, Mt. Vernon; Sam Alling, Homer; S. T. Gwynn, Hillsdale; Stephen O'Dea, Hart; Murry Kelly, Fremont; L. N. Todd, Elba; Joseph Robillard, Dresbach.

The Old Settlers' Association of Winona county has been especially favored in having the very best music at all of their annual gatherings. Mr. F. A. A. Robertson, the popular insurance agent, so long associated with Mr. Morse, the no less popular president of the association, has been untiring in his efforts to supply good music for the enjoyment of the members upon those occasions. His Imperial Quartette Club of Winona, composed of Mr. Robertson, Mr. W. H. St. John,

Mrs. Paul Baumgartner, Mrs. Shepard, and Mr. B. A. Huntley, accompanist, would do credit to a metropolitan city. Nor must the Johnson family be neglected, for their rendering of the songs and grimaces of the plantation "Contraband" as he existed "befo' de wa'" is always sure to amuse. The Johnson brothers have been *marked features* of all entertainments of the association from its organization, and deserve a place in its history. But the jolliest of all, and best trained, for they are constantly improving, is the St. Charles military band, which upon several occasions, with untiring patience and skill have devoted themselves to the entertainment and delectation of the old, and young people as well, assembled at our festival meetings. The music of the St. Charles band, adds life and energy to the annual meetings, and may they never be absent or forgotten.

CHAPTER XXX.

Names and Residences of members of The Old Settlers' Association of
Winona County, Minnesota.

Averill, Obed	Winona, Minn.	Broadwell, John W., Winona, Minn.
Archer, N. B.	"	Broadwell, Mrs. Louise
Archer, Mrs. Jennie A.	"	Bingham, Mrs. L. L.
Artz, Alex	"	Brink, Mrs. J. L.
Abell, Otis	"	Buswell, E. M.
Averill, Mrs. Johanna	"	Beasley, Mrs. Maria
Adams, Peter	"	Bohn, Conrad
Albert, Edward	"	Barclay, Robert
Arnold, S.	St. Charles, Minn.	Brammer, Sam.
Alderman, Mrs. J.	Grover, "	Burke, Thomas
Alred, Levi J.	Tower City, N. D.	Beck, C. C.
Alling, Sam. A.	Homer, Minn.	Brown, S. W.
Alling, Mrs. S. A.	"	Bogart, E. V.
		Bogart, Mrs. E. V.
Bayington, A. A.	Fremont, Minn.	Benedict, Fred B.
Buck, Hal. L.	Winona, Minn.	Benedict, Mrs. F. B.
Barclay, Wm. H.	"	Blair, Mrs. A. B.
Bingham, L. L.	"	Bigelow, Mrs. M. M.
Bates, Lewis	"	Bergler, Anton
Bolcom, H. C.	"	Blood, Milo
Baldwin, A.	"	Buffum, M. B.
Buck, C. F.	"	Becker, Jacob
Butler, Chas.	"	Bergler, Dominick
Bronk, Jacob	"	Bradley, E. A.
Berry, C. H.	"	Bradley, Mrs. E. A.
Barclay, Mrs. M. M.	"	Ball, Mrs. Emma L.

Borth, Herman	Winona, Minn.	Cole, Dr. James M.,	Winona, Minn.
Beyerstead, Arthur	"	Cole, Geo. M.	"
Brewer, I. C.	St. Charles, Minn.	Clay, Mrs. Rose F.	"
Blair, Charles L.	"	Clow, S. R.	"
Bateman, Hill	"	Clow, R. D.	"
Boyd, J. D.	"	Clay, J. P.	"
Boyd, Mrs. J. D.	"	Compton, W. H.	"
Baker, J. H.	"	Cator, Mrs. John	"
Barr, T. C.	"	Cain, M.	"
Brown, Nathan	Dakota, Minn.	Crawford, Mrs. M. L.	"
Brown, J. F.	Oak Ridge, "	Claton, John E.	"
Bubar, W. E.	Stockton, "	Clark, Mrs. George W.	"
Bubar, Mrs. W. E.	"	Crockett, A. K. P.	"
Bauman, C.	Minnesota City, Minn.	Church, F. C.	"
Burley, D. Q.	"	Church, H. L.	"
Beebe, Chas. E.	"	Church, Mrs. H. L.	"
Brainerd, Lucius	Wyattville, Minn.	Cosgrove, Mrs. Maria E.	"
Brainerd, Mrs. L.	"	Colton, Herbert F.	"
Busbee, T. M.	"	Carney, James	"
Busbee, Mrs. T. M.	"	Carney, John J.	"
Brainerd, George	"	Crockett, Mrs. Emma L.	"
Brown, Daniel	Utica, Minn.	Chamberlain, R.	St. Charles, Minn.
Blair, Mrs. John T.	"	Clark, N. H.	"
Blair, John T.	"	Clark, Mrs. N. H.	"
Brown, W.	"	Campbell, Mark	"
Breed, Nelson	Homer, Minn.	Crippen, John P.	"
Burns, Peter	"	Crippen, Mrs. J. P.	"
Bunnell, L. H.	"	Cotton, S. E.	Minnesota City, Minn.
Butcher, Robert,	Enterprise, Minn.	Chapman, C. C.	"
Bollman, J.	Rollingstone, "	Cox, Mrs. Ellen	Saratoga, Minn.
Beach, Chas. P.	Witoka, "	Cox, H. G.	"
Brown, Mrs. W. T.	"	Considine, John,	Wyattville, Minn.
Brown, J. R.	"	Clawson, T. B.	Chatfield, "
Burke, Daniel	"	Corey, H. A.	Money Creek, "
Brown, W. T.	"	Durham, J. L.	Winona, Minn.
Campbell, Mrs. M.	St. Charles, Minn.	Daering, Chas.	"
Clark, Geo. W.	Winona, Minn.	DeGraff, Mrs. Ira	"
Chappel, Thomas	"	DeGraff, Wm.	"
Cator, John	"	Dudley, Mrs. Clara A.	"
Cockrell, F. M.	"	Davidson, Mrs. F. W.	"
Cone, R. D.	"	Doud, R. T.	"
Cosgrove, Cyrus	"	Daily, Dennis	"
Cotton, Geo. W.	"	Drew, E. B.	Chicago, Ill.

Dixon, Thos. P.	St. Charles, Minn.	Gerrish, Mrs. C.	St. Charles, Minn.
Dixon, S. B.	"	Gernes, Charles	Winona, "
Dyar, A. B.	"	Gault, N. C.	"
Dyar, Mrs. A. B.	"	Garlock, W. H.	"
Duncanson, Wm.	Stockton, Minn.	Gregory, George W.	"
Duncanson, Mrs. Wm.	"	Giese, A. O.	"
Dempster, Peter	"	Gates, Dr. G. L.	"
Drake, D. W.	Dover, Minn.	Gile, John R.	"
Duane, Wm.	Enterprise, "	Gorr, Mrs. Lucinda	"
Dugan, Dennis,	"	Gage, Mrs. Sarah E.	"
Duncan, R. J.	Minnesota City, Minn.	Grant, E. T.	"
Evans, R. B.	Winona, Minn.	Gerlicher, A.	"
Evans, E.	"	Gard, O. P.	"
Einfeldt, Mrs. John	"	Giese, Henry	"
Einfeldt, John	"	Goldsborough, C.	"
Easty, Samuel	"	Goldsborough, C. K.	"
Easty, L. K.	"	Gates, J. M.	Pickwick, Minn.
Evans, George	"	Gallien, R. N.	Winona, "
Evans, Mrs. R. B.	"	Gage, Mrs. Christiana E.	"
Evans, Augustus	Chicago, Ill.	Gordon, Wm.	"
Frank, B.	Winona, Minn.	Gordon, Mrs. Wm.	"
Fox, Samuel	"	Gordon, William, St. Charles,	Minn.
Fay, Daniel	"	Gerrish, Charles	"
Fay, Frank	"	Groger, Mrs. Wm. H.	"
Fischer, George J.	"	Groger, Wm. H.	"
Fakler, David	"	Garver, Geo.	"
Fromes, Matt.	"	Gwynn, S. T.	Stockton, Minn.
Frye, Wm. H.	"	Gwynn, Mrs. S. T.	"
Fisher, Mrs. Mary K.	"	Geeslin, John	Wyattville, Minn.
Fay, Mrs. M. A.	"	Gaffney, William	"
Fort, James L.	"	Gallien, Thomas	Homer, Minn.
Farrier, David	St. Charles, Minn.	Gage, Chapman E.	"
Forest, S. A.	St. Paul, "	Hale, Wm. S.	Winona, Minn.
Finch, James L.	Ridgeway, "	Hanley, James	"
Finch, Mrs. J. L.	"	Howe, Berthold	"
Farrier, James	Saratoga, "	Heintz, Louis	"
Ferguson, Matt.	Chatfield, "	Hamilton, Andrew	"
Farrer, John L.	Almond, "	Horton, Charles	"
Firch, V. H.	Lewiston, "	Heller, T. J.	"
Ferguson, James	Fremont, "	Hardwick, James	"
Ferguson, David	"	Hanley, M.	"
Fuller, C. A.	Witoka, "	Haack, Mathias	"
Fuller, Mrs. Julia L.	"	Hubbell, H. P.	"

Henry, P. W.	Winona, Minn.	Hiltz, Wm.	Fremont, Minn.
Haberly, L.	"	Hiltz, Mrs. Wm.	" "
Howell, Rees.	"	Hiltz, Leroy	Clyde, "
Hunt, Thomas	"	Heim, Anchany	Elba, "
Hoffman, Mrs. M.	"	Henry, Robert C.	Fremont, "
Holbart, Mrs. Mary J.	"	Jeffery, C. H.	Winona, Minn.
Hurlbert, W. M.	"	Jones, O. K.	"
Hussey, Wm.	"	Johnson, J. A.	"
Hughes, Mrs. Eliza	"	Johnson, S. A.	St. Charles, Minn.
Hicks, D. T.	"	Johnson, B. J.	"
Hicks, Mrs. D. T.	"	Judge, S. W.	Pickwick, Minn.
Hamilton, Samuel W.	"	Jenkins, Geo. O.	Fremont, "
Hubbard, Mrs. George F.	"	Kroeger, Chas.	Winona, Minn.
Hilbert, John	"	Kroeger, Kred.	"
Hughes, John R.	"	Kroeger, Mrs. Fred.	"
Higgins, Matt.	"	Killian, Adam	"
Harris, E. F.	"	Kramer, F.	"
Hughes, Mrs. Fanny	"	Kaiser, Wm.	"
Holland, A.	"	Kissling, John	"
Holland, Mrs. A.	"	Kammerer, Geo.	"
Harris, Orlando	"	Kendall, Peter	"
Holding, Chester	"	Kroeger, Fred Sr.	"
Hanson, John	"	Knutson, S.	"
Hanson, Mrs. John	"	Kiefer, Peter	Elba, Minn.
Hicks, A. V.	St. Charles, Minn.	Kimble, George	Homer, "
Ham, Alva G.	"	Kelly, J. A.	Fremont, "
Ham, John	"	Kelly, Murray	" "
Hendee, J. C.	"	Laird, W. H.	Winona, Minn.
Hicks, Mrs. O. E.	"	Larson, James E.	"
Harris, David	"	Lamberton, H. W.	"
Hendee, Wm.	"	Littau, Herman	"
Hill, Mrs. H. W.	"	Lamson, W. I.	"
Hendee, Acil	"	Latchaw, F. B.	"
Hill, H. W.	"	Lake, Mrs. Fannie	"
Ham, F. H.	"	Leighton, Archie D.	"
Ham, Mrs. F. H.	"	Laird, John C.	"
Hefferman, J.	Minnesota City, Minn.	Labaree, Moses	"
Hall, J. R.	Wyattville, "	Loudon, Sam.	"
Himmelberg, Wm.	Elba, "	Lauer, J. W.	"
Harrison, Willard	Homer, "	Letecea, Mrs.	"
Halverson, Nels.	Pickwick, "	Labaree, Mrs. S. J.	"
Hanley, John	Homer, "	Lamson, Mrs. W. I.	"
Hatch, John	Pickwick, "		

Lashar, O. O.	Winona, Minn.	Mitchell, William	St. Paul, Minn.
Lynch, John	"	Moore, John A.	Stockton, "
Lyons, George	St. Charles, Minn.	Martin, John F.	Ridgeway, "
Lyons, Mrs. Thomas	"	Millman, John	Hart, "
Laird, Matthew J.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Moore, J. A.	" "
Lord, O. M.	Minnesota City, Minn.	Murry, Patrick	Saratoga, "
Lilly, H.	Dresbach, "	Murry, Mrs. Belle	" "
Laufenberger, A.	Witoka, "	Marsh, W. S.	Wyattville, "
Martin, H. N.	Winona, Minn.	Merritt, Charles W.	Homer, "
Martin, Mrs. H. N.	"	Merritt, Mrs. C. W.	" "
Melvin, Sam.	"	McRay, A. J.	Beaver, "
Morse, H. D.	"	Moran, Jerry	Witoka, "
Maybury, C. G.	"	Nicklin, John	Winona, Minn.
Morey, Charles A.	"	Norton, Jas. L.	"
McCutchen, Wm. G.	"	Norton, M. G.	"
Maybury, J. N.	"	Nolan, Morris	"
Matthews, John A.	"	Nelson, John	"
Mallery, Joel	"	Northrup, Sarduis	Ridgeway, "
Mead, E. S.	"	Nolan, John	Homer, "
Marsh, Charles A.	"	Nichols, John	Dresbach, "
Mallery, George B.	"	Nesmith, James	Dakota, "
Maceman, Ben.	"	Nation, E. W.	Fremont, "
McAllister, Arthur	"	O'Brien, Jas.	Minnesota City, Minn.
Miller, Emil	"	Olds, G. T.	St. Charles, "
Marvin, Matthew	"	Olds, Mrs. G. T.	"
Mallery, Mrs. Joel	"	O'Dea, John	Winona, "
Miller, Wm.	"	O'Dea, Stephen	Enterprise, "
Maybury, Mrs. Rebecca	"	O'Mara, Patrick	Fremont, "
Morrell, Jas.	"	O'Rourke, P.	Enterprise, "
Meginis, Fred	"	O'Mara, Wm.	St. Charles, "
Morgan, C. W.	"	Palmer, P. B.	Winona, Minn.
Morrell, Wm. H.	St. Charles, Minn.	Porter, L. C.	Concord, N. H.
McCaffrey, James	Winona, "	Pauley, Geo. W.	Winona, Minn.
Muntz, Mrs. Mary C.	"	Pauley, Mrs. George W.	"
McNie, Alex.	"	Pelzer, E.	"
Morse, Mrs. H. D.	"	Porter, C. H.	"
Morse, Charles M.	"	Perkins, H. D.	"
Montgomery, Mrs. Mary	"	Posz, H. W.	"
Marks, R. J.	"	Peterman, C.	"
Minck, Patrick	"	Price, Mrs. Ed.	"
McLaughlin, C. N.	"	Pett, W. F.	"
Morgan, John J.	St. Charles, Minn.	Prentiss, Jos. E.	"
Miller, Geo.	"		

Price, Jos. C.	Winona, Minn.	Ross, W. M.	St. Charles, Minn.
Price, Edward	"	Ross, Mrs. W. M.	"
Pickles, Wm. H.	"	Rinderknecht, J. S.	"
Porter, Adelbert	"	Robillard, W. L.	Dakota, "
Perkins, Fred D.	"	Risinger, S. G.	Stockton, "
Palmer, Mrs. Philo B.	"	Randall, Samuel	Utica, "
Prochowicz, A.	"	Raymond, Luzon	"
Pickles, Mrs. Wm.	"	Robillard, Jas.	Dresbach, "
Patterson, S. B.	St. Charles, Minn.	Roberton, Thomas	Fremont, "
Patterson, Mrs. S. B.	"	Roberton, John	Clyde, "
Patterson, Lincoln	"	Rose, Otto	Winona, "
Parrott, H. C.	"	Simpson, Thomas	Winona, Minn.
Putnam, S. D.	"	Schafer, Chas.	"
Parrott, C. W.	"	Spencer, Chas.	"
Parsons, Charles	"	Sinclair, D.	"
Parsons, Edwin	"	Spencer, Mrs. Nora	"
Pike, N. N.	"	St. John, T. F.	"
Page, T. K.	Wiscoy, Minn.	St. John, Mrs. T. F.	"
Perry, J. H.	Utica, "	Simpson, V.	"
Perry, Mrs. J. H.	"	Sheardown, J. M.	"
Perry, Fred L.	"	Smith, Orrin F.	"
Posz, F. C.	"	Schroth, C. F.	"
Posz, Mrs. F. C.	"	Smith, H. G.	"
Page, Mrs. T. K.	Witoka, "	Stadleman, Martin	"
Ralph, Mrs. Sarah	Winona, Minn.	Staak, Mathias	"
Raymond, L.	"	Steinborn, L.	"
Rebstock, E. W.	"	Shepard, C. B.	"
Roberts, J. M.	"	Stevens, Mrs. L. O.	"
Rowell, Chas. F.	"	Stewart, D. A.	"
Rohweder, John	"	Schemell, Mrs. Louise	"
Ramm, E. A.	"	Shackle, Samuel	"
Rowley, W. F.	"	Sartwell, T.	"
Rohweder, C. F.	"	Staples, Dr. Franklin	"
Richardson, Wm.	"	Spencer, John R.	"
Ritchie, Jos.	"	Schœnig, Leopold	"
Richards, Porter	"	Smith, Matt.	"
Ramer, A. M.	"	Sloan, George	"
Rowley, Mrs. W. F.	"	Schmeltzer, John	"
Ramm, Mrs. Dorothea	"	Stott, Thos.	"
Richards, James R.	"	Seeman, Mrs. B. M.	"
Rice, J. W.	Lewiston, Minn.	Schaffer, Mrs. Charles	"
Raymond, Ellen J.	Winona, "	Schmitz, J. P.	"
Rouse, Mrs. Fannie	" "	Stevens, L. O.	"

Stewart, F. D.	Winona, Minn.	Thorson, Christian	Grover, Minn.
Stewart, Mrs. F. D.	"	Todd, C. B.	Elba "
Speckman, J. S.	"	Temple, Holmes	Winona, "
Schaffer, Mrs. Chas.	"	Talbot, George	St. Charles, "
Stewart, Cyrus L.	"	Talbot, Henry	"
Schultz, Charles	"	Talbot, Fred	"
Smith, George	St. Charles, Minn.	Talbot, Mrs. Fred	"
Schermerhorn,	"	Talbot, Mrs. E.	"
Stebbins, J. B.	"	Taylor, M. D.	Dover, "
Stebbins, Mrs. M. S.	"	Tucker, Miss Anna	Chicago, Ill.
Small, Mrs. Sophia	"	Tucker, Augustus	"
Sinclair, Mrs. A. C.	"	Tucker, G. R.	"
Smith, D. V.	"	Thomas, George	Witoka, "
Stearns, A. P.	"	Teuer, Wilhelm	Lewiston, "
Stearns, Mrs. A. P.	"	Timm, E.	Bethany, "
Stevenson, John	"	Urell, Thomas	Winona, Minn.
Stewart, J. C.	"	Van Gorder, S. D.	Winona, Minn.
Sinclair, Geo.	Dakota, Minn.	Van Gorder, Hannah	"
Sherry, B.	Stockton, "	Van Bergen, M. G.	"
Skinkle, Mrs. E.	Witoka, "	Van Bergen, H. B.	"
Speltz P.	Winona, "	Vance, Mrs. Alice M.	"
Smith, A. H.	Stockton, "	Voelker, Jacob	"
Swindler, A. F.	"	Vall, Theodore	Wyattville, "
Swindler, Mrs. A. F.	"	Willey, D. W.	Winona, Minn.
Stein, Jacob	"	Wilsie, A. B.	"
Straw, H. H.	Saratoga, "	Wheeler, R. W.	"
Straw, Mrs. H. H.	"	Wheeler, Mrs. R. W.	"
Shelton, Wm. H.	Utica, "	White, S. C.	"
Strehlow, Aug.	Bethany, "	Willis, Grove W.	"
Sartwell, A.	Almond, "	Willis, H. J.	"
Skidmore, Louis	Whitewater, "	Watkins, J. R.	"
Schultz, Martin	Clyde, "	Wunder, John	"
Strain, Mrs. Anna J.	Witoka, "	White, Ebenezer	"
Simon, A.	Altura, "	Wilbur, Mrs. L.	"
Spaulding, S. W.	Ridgeway, "	Wilbur, Linus	"
Spaulding, Mrs. S. W.	"	Warren, Mrs. George	"
Thomas, A.	Winona, Minn.	West, L. A.	"
Thomas, Mrs. Geo.	Witoka, Minn.	West, Mrs. L. A.	"
Terry, H. S.	Winona, "	Wedel, Mrs. A.	"
Terry, Mrs. H. S.	"	White, C. O.	"
Troost, Otto	"	Wright, Silas	"
Turner, Wm. N.	Minn. City, "		
Thomas, Chas. F.	"		

Williams, C. H.	Winona, Minn.	Wooley, M. A.	Utica, Minn.
Williams, Mrs. C. H.	"	Wilmot, E. D.	"
Woodworth, Mrs. M.	"	Wilson, D. H.	"
Weibel, Peter	"	Wilson, J. Q.	"
Wagner, Mrs. Amelia	"	Woodworth, C.	"
Wickersham, B. F.	"	Wenck, Nicholas	Wilson, Minn.
Weise, Mrs. Anna	Seattle, Wash.	Wilbur, H. C.	Wyattville, "
Watson, Wm. H.	St. Charles, Minn.	Wilbur, C. H.	" "
Weeks, Willard	"	Whitmore, G.	Dresbach, "
Wheelock, G. L.	"	Williams, Jas. M.	Witoka, "
Williams, P. H.	"	Wheeler, Mrs. Flora A.	" "
Williams, Mrs. P. H.	"		
Whiton, J. Eben	"	Young, John	Witoka, Minn.
Wheelock, Alonzo	"	Yale, William H.	Winoua, "
Wilson, Thomas	St. Paul, Minn.	Youmans, A. B.	"
Waterman, Mrs. Mary E.		Youmans, E. S.	"
	Minnesota City, "		
Walker, W. E.	Saratoga, "	Zimmerman, F. W.	St. Charles, "
Willson, Mark	Winona, "	Zenk, John	Winona, "

Total enrollment, 598.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

Biographical sketches of a few pioneers and old settlers of Minnesota, obtained from various sources, but believed to be just and appropriate, and of some not yet old settlers.

MR. NATHAN BROWN.

Mr. Nathan Brown was born on April 24th, 1820, in Clinton county, N. Y., and is a son of Charles and Sarah (Newton) Brown. His father was a successful business man, and taught his sons and daughters habits of industry and economy. He had served in the war of 1812, with the patriotism inherited from a Revolutionary soldier sire and he transmitted to his son Nathan, the highest sentiments of honor and integrity of character to be found in any of our citizens.

Although Mr. Brown is not highly educated, he is highly intelligent, and allows few current events to escape his notice. His habits of industry from his earliest youth have been remarkable, and his business sagacity and economy were such as to enable him to accumulate a sum of about eight thousand dollars while yet a young man with which to establish himself in the west. Though possessed of ample means, Mr. Brown, with wise caution, thought best to seek employment before engaging in business for himself. Accordingly, while at Prairie du Chien in 1844, he ran a ferryboat across the Mississippi river, and entered into other labors and enterprises that increased his capital.

In 1847 he visited St. Paul and Minneapolis with a view of settling in one or other of the rival cities. But he was diverted from his purpose by an offer of a good salary to take charge of a town site to be established at Dakota in Winona county, by Brisbois, and others and having a right to make a claim for himself also of one hundred and sixty acres, he accepted the offer of the company that had the control of the townsite in view. Mr. Brown had secured a permit to trade, and in addition, had conciliated Wah-pa-sha and his people by generously giving them a good supply of pork, flour, etc., upon his first arrival as a trader on September 29th, 1849. Mr. Brown was then a bachelor, but his experiences had already taught him primitive housekeeping, so with money at his command, he soon had erected two substantial hewn-log buildings, with shingled roofs, one for a dwelling and the other for his store. Mr. Brown soon became known for his generous hospitality. For some time after his settlement he would never fasten his door when absent from his house, lest some traveler should go away hungry, and he says that neither Winnebago or Sioux, in those early days, ever stole a pin's worth from his establishment.

When the land at the town site was finally entered, Nathan Brown secured his claim of one hundred and sixty acres on the same section as a homestead, and bought another like quantity of the company, paying \$1,900 for it. Brown has held to his original purpose of building up a town or village at Dakota, and when the originators of the scheme lost heart and offered to sell, he bought them out until he finally acquired 400 acres of good land for farming, or for a town site if required. The village is now showing a fair growth, and there is a new call for an addition to his village.

Mr. Brown has been prosperous in the business of buying and selling lands when good opportunities offered, and at one time he refused \$20,000 for his interests in and about Dakota. But he soon became tired of a single life, and, in 1852, started for a trip to Milwaukee. No intimation of his purpose was

given, but the man left in charge of his premises very shrewdly suspected that he would return with a wife, and he did. Mr. Brown took a circuitous, but then the easiest route, going by boat to Galena, then by stage to within thirty miles of Chicago, where connection was made with the Illinois Central railroad, then imperfectly ironed with the old strap iron first in vogue. Soon after starting the train was plunged down an embankment, to the no small disgust of Mr. Brown with railroad transportation. On his arrival in Chicago he took boat for Milwaukee, where he was soon married, and not being willing to risk his new found happiness on the railroad, he returned by stage coach to Galena and thence by steamer to his embryo city.

Mr. Brown was married on October 3d, 1852 to Eliza A. Bartholomew, a daughter of Isaac and Tirsia (Houghton) Bartholomew, the former a native of Vermont, and the latter of New Hampshire. There were twelve children in Mr. Bartholomew's family. He and the devoted mother of his children died in New York. Mrs. Brown died on July 21st, 1854, quite unexpectedly, and after an interval of nearly two years of devotion to her memory, Mr. Brown married Julia E. Bartholomew, the sister of his first wife. Their offspring numbered ten children, eight of whom are living. The first born, Isaac C., whose birth was on April 16th, 1857, died on September 23d, 1864. Leslie L. Brown, born on November 5th, 1858, is one of the able lawyers of Winona, a counselor of high repute. Hoyt N., born January 4th, 1861, is engaged in railroad operations in Arkansas. Carlos H., born April 16, 1863, carries on the farming operations at home. Giles H., born January 23d, 1865, is a farmer. Cora, born December 15, 1867, is at home; Gracie Cass, born April 19, 1869; Dora, born December 16, 1870, was educated at Milwaukee. Arthur J., born February 11th, 1874, is at home. Evelyn, born February 3d, 1876, died January 18, 1889.

In a biographical sketch of Mr. Nathan Brown, to which the author of this article is considerably indebted, his his-

torian says: "When Mr. Brown arrived here Winona had not yet sprung into existence. . . . Mr. Brown has therefore witnessed the entire growth and development of the county, and is one of its most honored pioneers. The land which was in possession of the government at the time of his arrival, and which was the home of Indians, has been transformed into highly cultivated farms; towns and villages have sprung up, and the work of progress and civilization has been carried forward until now Winona county occupies a leading place in the State. Mr. Brown has ever borne his part in the work of improvement, and none are more familiar with pioneer history in this community than he. . . .

In his social relations Mr. Brown is a Mason, and in his political affiliations is a Democrat. He was one of the first county commissioners. At the first election there were three chosen for the office. The one who received the most votes was to serve for five years, the second for three years and the third for two years, and when the ballots were counted it was found that Mr. Brown had the largest number. He served from 1853 until 1859, and, in 1874, was again elected county commissioner. He has never sought office, but his fitness for the position was recognized by his fellow-townsmen and he therefore received the election."

An unsolicited and just tribute to the manly character of Nathan Brown I most gladly copy. It is from the pen of one of our oldest and ablest pioneers. He says: "Mr. Brown has been from the first a most rugged and conspicuous figure in our history, distinguished for his manly courage, his fidelity to friends as well as to truth and principle. He does not seek contention, yet, when thrust upon him, he does not retire from the ordeal. He can be depended upon to stand by the right as he understands it, without counting the cost. He has met and unflinchingly faced many dangers incident to frontier life, and if his environment should ever be such as to require qualities of real greatness, he would not be found wanting in the hour of trial."

HON. CHARLES H. BERRY.

The honor of being senior member of the Winona bar belongs to Hon. Charles H. Berry. For more than forty years he has been engaged in active practice in this city, and although he has passed the allotted period of three score years and ten, he is still a daily visitor to his office. As a representative citizen and a lawyer of ability, none are better known in or out of the profession, than the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Berry was born in the town of Westerly, Rhode Island, September 12, 1823. When about four years old his parents settled on a farm near Caton, New York, where his boyhood was passed in assisting with the farm work and in acquiring his early education in the district schools. In 1838 he entered a select school in the village of Maine and in 1843 was prepared to enter an academy at Canandaigua, N. Y., from which he graduated on completing the prescribed course in 1846. Immediately afterward he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1848 at Canandaigua.

Mr. Berry entered upon the practice of his profession at Corning, New York, where he continued until April, 1855, when he came to Winona. At that time there were probably 300 souls within the present limits of this city. The judge of the court of record was William Welch, of Red Wing, with a jurisdiction over all territory south of the Minnesota and west of the Mississippi rivers. M. Wheeler Sargeant, the resident clerk of court, Andrew Cole and John Keyes comprised the members of the Winona bar. Mr. Berry was immediately admitted to practice upon his arrival. He afterward formed a law partnership with C. N. Waterman, which was continued until January, 1872, and since November, 1879 he has been associated with C. A. Morey, under the firm name of Berry & Morey.

In 1857 Mr. Berry was honored by an election to the office of attorney general of Minnesota and served in that capacity until 1860, being the first to hold that office during the exist-

ence of Minnesota as a State. He was also State senator in 1874-75 and has from time to time held municipal offices. During the first term of President Cleveland's administration he was appointed associate justice of the supreme court of Idaho territory and his rulings on the Edmunds law, which were carried by appeal to the United States supreme court at Washington and there sustained, as well as by the supreme court of the territory of Idaho, led to the abandonment of polygamy by the Mormons. He has always been an earnest supporter of the principles of the Democratic party, and was a member of the national conventions of 1864 and 1872. During the time of slavery he was a pronounced abolitionist. Mr. Berry has always manifested a deep interest in Winona's welfare, having been particularly active in educational affairs and being instrumental in the establishment of the State Normal School in this city. He has been one of the city's most public spirited and useful citizens, and all of his acts have been in keeping with his honorable and upright character.

HON. THOMAS SIMPSON.

In the capacity of pioneer settler, attorney and representative citizen, Hon. Thomas Simpson has for many years occupied a prominent place among the inhabitants of Winona. He was born in the north of England, of Scottish ancestry, May 31, 1836, and was but a few months old when his parents came to America. He was reared and educated in Dubuque, and during his earlier years was engaged in mining, smelting and farming. At the age of sixteen he finished a course of study as civil engineer under the instruction of Rev. E. S. Norris, who had formerly been state surveyor of Maine. In the winter of 1853 Mr. Norris was given the contract by the United States surveyor general at Dubuque, for running the guide meridians and standard parallels, the base lines of the government surveys, of the territory of Minnesota. He took Mr. Simpson with him as one of his assistants, but the work

was soon turned over to our subject, who completed it in 1855. In the latter part of that year he was sent to Green Bay, Wis., by the government to determine the boundaries of the Menominee Indian reservation and protect the Indians in their lumber and timber interests, in addition to which he surveyed some public lands for the government.

Mr. Simpson came to Winona January 1, 1856, for the purpose of making a home, and has lived here continuously since. He began business as a loan agent and also sold land warrants and dealt in lands. Throughout his life he has been a student, and during his earlier years he had studied law. In 1858 he was admitted to the bar and has been in active and successful practice ever since. He formed a law partnership with Judge Lewis, which was continued until 1862, and later he was a partner of Geo. P. Wilson, who afterward became attorney general of the State. Mr. Simpson takes particular pride in his magnificent law library which has been collected during the past thirty-five years. It contains over 6,000 volumes and is probably one of the largest and most carefully selected in the State.

During his long residence in Winona Mr. Simpson has been prominent in public and political affairs. Soon after attaining his majority he was elected and served two years as justice of the peace, and was then made secretary of the consolidated school districts of Winona. He was the first president of the board of education of the city, and has served three terms in the city council as an alderman. In 1864 he was appointed a member of the Normal school board of Minnesota; was its president for many years, and continued as one of its members until 1884. In 1866 he was elected to the State senate for a term of two years, and was an honored member of the general assembly. He has been prominently connected with the manufacturing and financial interests of Winona, and was one of the organizers of the Second National Bank, serving as its president many years. The name of Thomas Simpson is inseparably connected with the history of Winona, and one which is respected and honored by all.

JAMES M. COLE M. D., WINONA.

The following biographical sketch is taken from "The United States Biographical Dictionary," but adapted to the increased population of Winona, and a few characteristics of the man, known to the author:

"James Monroe Cole, the oldest physician in Winona, located here in the city two years after the first squatter, and when there were not more than twenty-five families in the place. He has seen it grow from a few shanties and one story frame houses, without church or school house, to a city of twenty-three thousand inhabitants, with numerous houses of worship, large brick buildings for graded schools, and one of the best normal school buildings west of the Mississippi river. Dr. Cole early became a member of the city school board, identified himself at once with public enterprises tending to advance in any way the interests of the place, and had from the start bright hopes of the future of his adopted home. Those hopes have not been blasted or disappointed.

"Dr. Cole belongs to an old Connecticut family. His grandfather, John Cole, moving thence into Montgomery county, and later to Onondaga county, New York. The parents of the doctor, Moses and Sophia Clink Cole, were living at Fayetteville, in that county, when the son was born, February 4th, 1824, his father being then a judge of sessions and had been justice of the peace for several years. He received an academic education in his native village; at sixteen years of age commenced aiding his father, who was a builder and contractor in some public works; in the summer of 1843 visited Chicago; worked on the harbor improvements, and the next winter taught a district school in DuPage county, thirty-five miles west of Chicago. The next Spring he returned to New York, read medicine with Dr. Horace Seamon, of Millport, Chemung county, teaching one more winter; attended lectures at the Geneva college, and finished his medical education in 1846.

“Dr. Cole practiced two years in company with his preceptor at Millport; six years at Waverly, Tioga county, in the same State, and in June, 1854, settled at Winona, following his profession constantly from that date, except at short periods when in the service of the State.

“He has been city physician and county physician; was a member of the State legislature in 1877 and 1878; has held a few offices in the municipality of Winona, and in all positions has proven himself a trustworthy servant of the people. Dr. Cole has acted uniformly with the Democratic party, being formerly of the Douglas wing, and has been a Free Mason and an Odd Fellow since a resident of the State. He was the first noble grand of the Odd Fellows’ lodge at Winona, has taken the thirty-second degree in Scottish-rite Masonry, and was at one time grand commander of the Knights Templar of Minnesota.”

At an early day Dr. Cole was familiar with every Indian trail in southeastern Minnesota, and found many of his patients by the name of the trail. People, however poor, could and still can count on his prompt and careful attention.

On the 17th of March, 1847, Miss Mary Wheeler, of Chemung county, New York, became the wife of Dr. Cole, and mother of the nine children they have had, six of whom are still living. The eldest son, George M., is a carriage trimmer, and has a shop on second street, in connection with the Union carriage works. George M. Cole is married, and of unimpeachable integrity of character. Miss Alice Cole became the wife of the well-known jeweler, W. H. St. John. Miss Jennie is the wife of Rev. Levi Gilbert, D. D., a man of great learning and eloquence. The others of the Doctor’s family are James B. Cole, M. D., of Wabasha; William A. Cole, on the Pacific coast, and Harry J. Cole, who is married and resides in Winona. The family of Dr. James M. Cole have all been fairly well educated, he himself seemingly having through life placed more value upon culture than upon money, and in

early days it was reported of him that when his patients were too poor to buy medicines, Dr. Cole not only gave his services but his medicines as well, trusting, no doubt, for his support to the moderate fees received from his more fortunate patients. No man, high or low, rich or poor, in Winona, can or would say aught against Doctor Cole.

HON. C. F. BUCK.

The present postmaster of Winona (1897), as well as for a term of four years under the administration of President Lincoln's second term, is a substantial figure in the political structure and growth of Winona county.

Mr. Buck and his young wife came to Homer in 1853, and, as a young lawyer, he entered into practice. He remained in Homer for about two years, when the prospective growth of Winona drew him to his beautiful homestead on Lake Winona, where he has ever since resided. Had he been so disposed, or rather, had it been in his character to have done so, he might have availed himself of his opportunities and become rich in dealings in real estate; but instead, having no taste for his profession, he entered into politics, and for pastime, having admiration for the useful and beautiful in nature, his spare time was devoted to horticulture and farming.

Mr. Buck has been almost continuously in politics since his residence here. He has been four terms in the house of representatives, and three terms in the senate of the State, besides serving as commissioner in the settlement of various claims, and in all of the various duties he has performed, no man has had just cause of complaint against him. Mr. Buck has passed through some boisterous scenes in his political life, but no man can say that he ever yet turned his back upon a friend or an enemy.

Mr. Buck has sterling personal qualities that have endeared him to his pioneer friends, and as time passes he is more and more appreciated by the old settlers. Mr. Buck, and his amiable wife had six children born to them, all of

whom have been educated at the city and normal schools of Winona, though Judge H. L. Buck, a son of the Senator, finished his education and graduated from the University of Wisconsin. The daughters of Mr. Buck have good musical talent. One, Miss Mary, now Mrs. Fred Dufall, having been a prominent and talented pianist at nearly all of the musical functions of the city. The younger members of the family have been given the advantages of travel, and are growing in knowledge.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL D. VAN GORDER,

Was born on the fourth of November, 1837, in the county of Chemung, New York, and is the son of Jonathan and Elizabeth (Westbrook) Van Gorder. He is the fifth son in a family of ten children, named John B., Catherine, James W., Rebecca, Peter, Susan, Jacob, S. D., Hannah E. and Charity. The grandfather of Samuel D. Van Gorder, on his father's side, was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and finally died from wounds received in battle. His mother's family were also of good ancestry. Her father, Hon. James Westbrook, and his father, Major Lowell Westbrook, of Revolutionary fame, serving in the Senate and House together in 1812.

The mother of Captain Van Gordon died in Illinois in 1859, and his father in Winona in 1864, at the age of seventy-nine, while at the house of his son.

The chief characteristics of the subject of this sketch have been his boundless energy and his devotion to his family. At the age of ten he worked on the Erie canal, then in winters on a farm. At fourteen he was a steersman and saving his earnings, he began to think of entering into some business for himself. An opportunity offered, and when the ice closed the canal he went to work in a sash and blind factory at Croton, N. Y., and continued his labors in the establishment until he became its proprietor. He soon put the business in such a prosperous condition that he was able to sell

to good advantage, and having a fondness for his first occupation, he built himself a canal boat and ran it for a year.

His attention was now drawn to Winona, where some of his friends had already gone, and, selling his boat on June 20th, 1856, he landed in Winona. His first work here was to build a large barn for E. S. Smith. In September of 1856, he, with Joel Mallery, contracted to build Sugar Loaf road or dyke to a certain height or passable condition for \$3,500. While so engaged he entered into arrangements with Thomas Simpson, Mr. Evans and Mr. Owens, and, purchasing machinery in Chicago, the company so formed established a sash, door and blind factory. In March, 1857, Porter and Garlock became interested with Van Gorder and he bought an interest in a saw mill built in 1855 by Highland & Wyckoff, of Pittsburg, Pa., which was run for four years. Andrew Hamilton and Charles Horton worked for a time at the mill and lumber yard, and soon became the proprietors by purchase of the lumber yard. Hamilton and Robinson had bought the factory in January, 1857.

In 1857, under a survey and supervision of Felix Hilbert, Van Gorder, in company with Joel Mallery, built the western part of the wagon road over Stockton Hill to the village of Stockton, receiving therefor \$4,000. Van Gorder was still in the lumber business for about eighteen months, when he sold out to Mr. Laird. He took a contract in company with Joel Mallery for driving piles for the elevators and bridges, except those in Stockton bluffs, of the Winona & St. Peter railroad company, as far as Rochester, on the line of which he had previously graded, in 1858, one mile of track. In the fall of 1860 he went to Chippewa pinery for logs and cut on an 80 acre tract he had purchased. Ed. Heath, a young man of the camp, was drowned while driving logs over Chippewa Falls. There arising some questions of management, the saw mill was by agreement sold by an order of court, and was bought for Van Gorder in 1861, but before he could put the mill in operation again it was accidentally burned. In 1861 he took

a contract for building the Johnny Cater road across the slough near Clark's farm, and took county and city orders which were then sold at a large discount.

In 1861 he opened a lumber yard alone, which he sold to Laird & Norton in 1863, and then went to work for the Winona & St. Peter railway at a salary of \$2,400 a year, but in October, 1864, was compelled to resign on account of a long continued attack of typhoid fever. In 1865 he obtained a charter and bought the "Turtle" for a ferry boat. The first trip was made May 27th, 1865, and carried eleven teams only during that summer.

In the fall of 1867, Col. De Graff contracted to build a road from the ferry to high land, and in 1868 the road was opened for use after the high water had fallen. The road was not satisfactory, so Van Gorder paid \$25 for the privilege, and \$30 to John Felton for a legal survey and extended the road to Marshland, across the Trempealeau and to Borie Valley. He completed the road in the autumn of 1869, and to induce travel by the Burbank stage line, built a barn to shelter thirty horses. In the summer of 1869, with the aid of Col. Allen, of the Merchants' hotel in St. Paul, he got the road from Wyles's stone house built by subscription, and in the winter following furnished the stone for the North-Western railroad bridge. On May 27th, 1870, during a test with five cars heavily loaded with stone, the movable span gave way and fell into the river with three painters at work and young Fred D. Perkins, of Winona. The engineer, Wm. Huntley, escaped with his engine across the draw by the breaking of a draw pin, while the cars were precipitated into the river. Fortunately, almost miraculously, no one was hurt, and Van Gorder, being in a boat near by, rescued the men who had unwillingly taken a leap into the Mississippi. A comical feature of the incident was the appearance of one of the painters, who, as the bridge gave way, had a can of red paint turned over upon his head, and when he arose to the surface the water had failed to wash it off. The work of

rescue was done by Van Gorder alone, though others were soon hurrying to the scene of the disaster.

From the time of the falling of the span until the bridge was opened for traffic in January, 1871, Van Gorder had the contract for the transfer of passengers and freight, and for that purpose he chartered the steamboat Alex. Gordon, and also employed the Buckeye. The North-Western bridge was built by Boomer & Co., of the American Bridge Co. Mr. Van Gorder, in company with Mr. Stelwagan, built the present bridge across Lake Winona.

In 1876 most of the bridges on the Wisconsin wagon road went out and were re-built by Captain Van Gorder at his own expense. He put on a new ferry boat which he called the Van Gorder, and it was bought by the city in the spring of 1880, together with certain franchises. When the cable ferry was put in by the city in 1884, the Van Gorder was bought back again and used as a tow boat for bringing stone from his stone quarry to the city. The "Old Turtle" was burnt in 1870, and was rebuilt in six weeks, but not being large enough for the increasing travel, the Captain built the Van Gorder, in 1877.

Captain Van Gorder may truly be styled the pioneer road builder of Winona. He was for four years city marshal, and then chief of police, and for one year street commissioner. He is now, in 1897, the quiet but very able officer of the Winona Humane Society, a position his previous experience among turbulent and fractious men enables him to fill without noise or much strife.

CHARLES GRANDISON MAYBURY,

Was born in the town of Solon, in the county of Cortland, State of New York, on January 13th, 1830. He was of a family of eleven children, four sisters and seven brothers, all of whom grew up to man and womanhood. C. G. was the fifth child. The father's name was Josiah Jefferson Maybury, and was of a family of seven brothers and sisters, all

of whom lived to mature years, and some to a good old age. Mr. Maybury Sr., died at the age of seventy-five years. The mother of Mr. C. G. Maybury was named Dorcas Blake, and was of a family of six brothers and sisters, all grew to man and womanhood, she died at the age of seventy-five years. A just pride is entertained by Mr. Maybury in his ancestors. His paternal grandfather, Richard Maybury, so far as known, was a native of New Jersey. He was not a regularly enlisted soldier of the Revolutionary war, but living in the vicinity of New York city, was at the battle of Long Island, called out as a minute man in case of great emergency. The maternal grandfather, Ebenezer Blake, was a native of New Hampshire, so far as known, and was a regularly enlisted soldier of the Revolutionary war, serving seven years—or during the full period of the war—and a history of Courtland county in good preservation, says he was in the battle of Bunker Hill. Both grandfathers are well remembered by the subject of this sketch, as he was quite a lad when they died—one in 1843 and the other in 1845. It was his delight to sit in the corner of the old fire-place and hear them tell stories of the hardships of those days that tried men's patriotism.

Mr. Maybury's father was a farmer, and when Charles was in his 16th year, he was apprenticed to George L. Cole, a contracting builder and draftsman, who was one of the best mechanics in his line in this country. Charles served his full time, five years and four months, and then entered into partnership with his "Boss," and remained with him in the business of contracting for three years. Mr. Maybury was married in the city of Binghamton, N. Y., on the 5th day of September, 1853, to Miss Rebecca A. Nichols, of Willett, Cortland county, N. Y. His wife's parents were natives of Rhode Island. There have been born to them ten children, six of whom are living, as follows: Mrs. Alice M. Vance, Jefferson N., Libbie S., wife of A. A. Collins, Minneapolis, Minn., Charles J., Frank S., of Indianola, Iowa, and Hattie G., all of whom are residents of Winona, except as noted.

In the spring of 1854, the partnership ceased and the junior went into business for himself, and in the fall of 1855, having a desire to see the great west, he came to Chicago, and then on to Dunleith, opposite Dubuque, and took passage on the *Lady Franklin* and landed in Winona on the Sunday evening before the opening of the United States land sale, of which old-timers will well remember. He remained in the west six weeks and looked over Winona, parts of Wisconsin and Illinois and returned home the last of November. His western trip gave him a desire to come back in the spring, and in the fore part of May he left his wife and baby, now Mrs. Vance, and with his eldest brother started west again to find a place to settle, not knowing certainly where it would be. But finally, after looking over Galesburg, Ill., where he had a brother living, and whom he had visited in the fall, he came on and took a boat at Burlington, Iowa, and landed in Winona on May 17th, 1856, from which date he fixes his settlement in Minnesota. He soon bought the lots where he has for forty years made his home. Winona was a very lively burg that spring, and buildings were going up with a rush.

Mr. Maybury soon made arrangements with Geo. H. Sanborn to plan and build what old-timers will remember as the Sanborn Building, which was 60 by 120 feet on the ground and three stories high, much the largest building at that time that had been erected in Winona. The large hall in the third story served the City for many years as a place for holding political gatherings, etc., and during the dark days of the civil war, our soldier boys were fed there as they were passing through to and from the battle grounds in the south. Mr. Maybury's fellow citizens have known him from those days down to the present time, and as our esteemed citizen, Judge Mitchell of our State supreme court said in his address to the Winona county bar association and old settlers in 1889, "I am still here, for which I am very thankful to the God of our fathers." So must Mr. Maybury feel, for he is still with us, a prosperous architect, who has done more than any other man to build up and beautify the Queen City of the Mississippi.

JOHN ARNOT MATHEWS.

It has not been the plan of this work either to exhibit the portraits or give pen sketches of all the old settlers, but to briefly notice those who, in the opinion of the writer, have been conspicuous in working for the public good while endeavoring to improve their own fortunes. Among the number of such men in Winona he classes John A. Mathews.

Mr. Mathews was born in Elmira, N. Y., April 6, 1824, and is the eldest in a family of nine children, eight of whom grew to mature years, while five are yet living and are residents of Minnesota. His boyhood days were passed in his native city and at Painted Post, and he became familiar with business men and methods in his father's mercantile establishment. At the age of nineteen he returned to Elmira, where he attended school and worked on his father's farm until 1845. He then removed to Tioga, Pa., where, after clerking in a store for two years, he associated two young men with him and bought out the store and conducted it successfully until 1853. The next year he sought a home in the west, finally locating in Winona in the autumn of 1855, and entered into the loan and real estate business, which he has conducted with the strictest integrity to the present time. On the 9th of October of that year Mr. Mathews was married to Miss Ellen B. Bush, a native of Tioga, Pa., and a daughter of A. C. Bush, of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Mathews have no children of their own, but have reared two of his brother Henry's children: Jennie C., now the wife of E. S. Gregory; and Isabella, wife of E. J. Chamberlain.

For four terms Mr. Mathews held the office of mayor of the city, and took a decided stand against the city issuing bonds for the assistance of the railroads; and even when a stockholder and one of the directors of the Winona & South-Western railroad and mayor of the city, he was true to his belief. Mr. Mathews is public-spirited and progressive, his worth having been fully recognized by his fellow-townsmen,

and among the business men of the city. Among the laborers and artisans he is considered a safe counselor and a true friend.

HON. OZRO B. GOULD.

Col. O. B. Gould, though not a very "old settler," is entitled by his merits and his work in behalf of the people of Winona county and of the State, to a high eulogium. He has been a faithful and upright officer and representative, and for a time a judge of our District court. Judge Gould came to Winona in the fall of 1867, and in January, 1868 commenced the practice of law, a profession he had fitted himself for by study in Ohio and at the University of Michigan, where he graduated in the class of '67.

Although by birth a Canadian, having been born in Canada April 17, 1840, his father was a native of Vermont, and his mother of Connecticut, and when the war of the rebellion was inaugurated, young Gould, then but 21, felt that he was by inheritance an American, and must fight for the country of his parents and for freedom. Having gone to Ohio, he enlisted in 1861 in Company G, 55th Ohio Infantry, as a private soldier, and in July, 1865, was mustered out as captain of the same company, after serving through the war. At Chancellorsville, Va., on May 2, 1863, he was wounded and taken prisoner. Released on parole, he commanded a division of the parole camp near Washington during the summer of 1863. Joining his regiment in northern Alabama in the fall of that year, he participated in the battles of Look-out Mountain and Missionary Ridge under Grant, and the following year was in Sherman's campaign against Atlanta and on the march to the sea.

Col. Gould was commissioned to an important position on the staff of the governor, having the rank of colonel, and was largely instrumental in securing the establishment of a home for the care of soldiers' orphans, which was located for some years in Winona. He served as a member of the State board

by appointment of the governor, and acted as the local director. In 1880 he was elected to the lower house of the State Legislature, serving for the regular and special sessions of 1881. At the special session impeachment proceedings were begun against one of the district judges, and Mr. Gould was selected as one of the managers on the part of the House. The trial before the Senate lasted until March, 1882, and resulted in the removal of the accused officer.

Col. Gould takes an active interest in public and business affairs, having been a promoter and director in several manufacturing and other corporations.

In politics he has always been an earnest and unswerving Republican, though while a judge of the District court he maintained his dignity and independence without being offensively partisan.

Most of the foregoing has been taken from a biographical record, with some amendments and additions, but there are a few lines added to round out the completeness of this sketch.

Gov. Nelson, a staunch Republican, would have none but a well-known Republican to succeed Chief Justice Start as Judge of the District court of the Third judicial district. Colonel Gould's well-known devotion to his party in the past, and his legal knowledge and ability were sufficient recommendation, and unsolicited and even unexpectedly, he was appointed as Judge Start's successor. It is always a difficult matter for any one outside of the circle of management of party politics, or *even of railroads*, for they are often related, to judge of what might or might not have occurred if Judge Gould had not been appointed as he was, but it is an open secret with several members of the bar that in his appointment the office was saved from being diverted to another person in another county.

For many years past it had been the custom of the bar of the district to recommend some one of their number to be voted for by the people as a non-partisan candidate to fill the office of district judge at an election preceding the expiration

of a term of the office. In accordance with that custom Mr. Gould was chosen by a large number of his associates of the bar, and he was announced on the ticket as a *non-partisan* candidate for the office. It may not be very creditable to the intelligence of many Republican voters who did not vote for him, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that to the word *non-partisan*, distorted into a hoodoo is principally due the defeat of Judge Gould at that election. His competitor for the office, a Democrat, Hon. A. H. Snow, had been in practice in Winona for many years, had been mayor of the city, and was widely known as a man of studious habits and liberal learning, having graduated from the University of Michigan, his native State. Since his election to the office of judge of the Third judicial district, Judge Snow seems to have sustained his reputation for cautious manipulation of the law, and his ambition seems to be to maintain the dignity of his office, and guard against having his decisions reversed.

The moral to be drawn from the last exciting political campaign is that politicians, in church or state, had better follow the banners of their party.

In July, 1885, Mr. Gould was married at Chicago, Ill., to Miss Mary E. Couse, a graduate of the Butler University, Ind., and of the Cook county Normal School, and teacher in the State Normal School at Winona. She was a daughter of Andrew Couse, of Woodstock, Ill. Mrs. Gould died at Winona April 9, 1892, leaving three children, Ozro C., Mary and Ralph Fulton.

CLERKS OF DISTRICT COURTS.

The first clerk of the district court of Winona county was M. Wheeler Sargeant. He was appointed under territorial laws in 1854, by Judge Welch, and was superseded by John Keys, in 1856. Mr. Keys held the office until 1858, when under the constitution of admission of Minnesota into the Union, the office having become elective, he vacated the office to Henry C. Lester, who was elected at the October general

election of 1857. Mr. Lester held the office until 1861, when he resigned. He was succeeded by E. A. Gertzen, who was appointed in place of Col. Lester until the next general election, at which he was elected, and by subsequent elections held without interruption for seventeen years.

In November, 1877, John Sheardown who had been city justice of the peace since 1872, was elected, and was re-elected for each successive term for about seventeen years until 1894, when he was succeeded by the present able and efficient clerk Mr. William Edward Smith.

Judge Sheardown came to Winona in September, 1857, and with the exception of four years service in the army, has been a resident of the city ever since. While in the army he was wounded, captured, and then sent to Libby prison from whence he was paroled until exchanged. He was in a number of battles including Gettysburg, and when his term of service expired, he was mustered out and returned to Winona.

On October 31st, 1865, Judge Sheardown was married to Miss Anna Kemp, daughter of John A. and Phoebe (Cook) Kemp. Three children have been born of this union: Minnie M., Myrtle A., now the wife of P. W. Henry, and Mabel L. Judge Sheardown is a member of S. B. Sheardown Post No. 189, G. A. R. named in honor of his deceased brother, Surgeon S. B. Sheardown, of the Tenth Minnesota Regiment, a man of high character and ability. Judge Sheardown himself, has the reputation of having been a valiant soldier and one of the best clerks of court that ever filled the office.

HON. JAMES A. TAWNEY, M. C.

The subject of this sketch is neither a pioneer nor yet an old settler, but he is a self-made and distinguished man, an honor to his ancestry, to the community in which he resides, and to the district which he represents in Congress. It may be that the thunders of Gettysburg, young as he was then, (but eight years old), aroused the patriotism of his young

mind, which, nourished by toil and contact with ex-soldiers of that deadly strife, has made him what he is to-day, a real soldiers' friend. His favors have not been bestowed indiscriminately, but possessed of keen perceptions, with well-rounded experiences among the laboring classes, and a courage, both moral and physical, that is evenly balanced, he has done for his soldier constituency what perhaps no other man could or would do. Nor has he asked whether the delayed claims he has forwarded were those of political opponents; and thus, his acts of justice have been transformed into acts of friendship, and it may now be said with truth that he has few opponents among the old soldiers, or old settlers either, for to the extent of his ability, and that is growing, he has been as good a friend in legislating for the farmer as he has been to the soldier.

Mr. Tawney is not a brilliant man of genius, he is better than one of those erratic men. He is a cool, firm, upright man of business, sufficiently versed in the wiles of the politician to avoid being led into temptation by party leaders, and as a lawyer and well balanced man of good common sense, likely to exert a greater influence year by year in favor of Minnesota and the country. As an orator he is clear and sufficiently fluent, and with his temperate and studious habits, prompted by ambition, it is almost certain that he will remain, in some capacity, the representative of the people of Minnesota for many years to come.

Mr. Tawney was born in Adams county, Pennsylvania, near Gettysburg, on January 3, 1855, and is the son of John E. and Sarah (Boblitz) Tawney. From fourteen to seventeen years of age our representative in Congress worked at blacksmithing in his father's shop, where he learned to hammer iron while planning a less laborious life. As a step in advance he learned to be a good machinist, commanding good wages, and in August, 1877, he came to Winona and for about three years worked in the shops of the North-Western railway company. While so engaged, like the

"learned blacksmith," his spare time was devoted to study. He made rapid progress, unassisted, but seeing the need of systematic study, he entered the law office of Bentley & Vance, and made such progress as to be admitted to the Winona bar on July 10, 1882. It was Mr. Tawney's intention to finish a law course of studies at the State University at Madison, Wisconsin, and attended that well-known institution for that purpose, but the sudden death of Mr. Bentley, the senior of the office, changed his plans, and, returning home, he at once landed into a successful practice and a brilliant political career. Every move thus far made in life by Mr. Tawney has been a deliberate success. His experiences as a laborer among laborers, has been of great use in enabling him to enter into the feelings of laborers and to advocate their cause when assailed. Since his election to congress he has made his influence felt. He has been on various committees of importance, and at this writing, he is on a tour of inspection of the Sandwich Islands, or Hawaii, that he may act intelligently from observation when the question of the annexation of those Islands shall come before congress. Mr. Tawney has been practical in every move he has made, even to the selection of a wife.

Mr. Tawney was married to Miss Emma Newell on December 19, 1883, and they have had born to them four children; Everett Franklin, James Millard, John E. and Maud Josephine. Mrs. Tawney is a highly cultured lady of fine presence, well calculated to sustain her husband in his hopefully exalted career.

DR. R. C. MASON, VETERINARY SURGEON.

Dr. Mason, since his residence in Winona, has proved himself an expert in his profession, and he has been eagerly sought by fair managers to act as superintendent of division of horses, and wherever his knowlege would most aid in making a success of the exhibitions. Then again, the Board of Health have called for his services in several instances where

his expert testimony might be required, for as Dr. Franklin Staples has said in the *Northwestern Lancet*, "The department of diseases of animals in this great producing State of Minnesota has come to be of importance in an economical and financial point of view, aside from its connection with the diseases of man. The Board of Health has made and continues to make this a distinct department of its work. Inspection is made of animals imported for slaughter in the State, and an expert veterinarian has the work of instructing producers concerning the care of stock and the prevention of disease." There can be no doubt of Dr. Mason's ability and knowledge, and the people of Winona generally have faith in all inspections of cattle or swine made by him and pronounced as free from disease. Those polluted, he causes to be at once killed. Dr. Mason has been an acquisition to Winona and the surrounding country.

EDWARD PELZER.

Edward Pelzer, who is one of the executive committee of the Old Settlers' Association of Winona county, is a practical druggist and pharmacist of long standing in Winona, having established himself here in that business as early as 1867. Mr. Pelzer had previously been thoroughly instructed in the business in Chicago, and had served as prescription clerk for some years, so that upon entering into business for himself, he was successful from the opening of his establishment. Mr. Pelzer found that his growing trade required a larger building, and he at once ordered its construction. On September 27, 1872, he moved from his old quarters corner of Second and Market street to his present building on corner of Third and Market, where he has accumulated a comfortable competence from the drug business and rents received and from other sources.

Mr. Pelzer is a native of St. Clair county, Illinois, and came to Winona with his parents in 1857, when he was but twelve years of age. He is now a member of Humbolt Lodge,

No. 24, I. O. O. F., of the Druids beneficiary, the Philharmonic Society and the Board of Trade.

Mr. Pelzer was married in 1870, and has three children, one of whom was married to Mr. Joseph Morrell of Chicago, but died of typhoid fever soon after. The father of Mr. Edward Pelzer, Wm. Pelzer, was born on August 5th, 1818, at Theisbergstegen Rheinkreis, Bayern, and served as Captain of company C in an Indiana battery of artillery in the Mexican war. He was also for a time, a mounted ranger in some of the Indian wars of the west, and had the reputation of being a good soldier. William Pelzer died on October 10th, 1885.

JOHN O'DEA.

In 1856 Stephen O'Dea came to Winona in the service of Peter Mallery as man of all work, driving a team, etc., and by industry and sobriety, laid the foundation of a competence which he now enjoys on one of the best kept farms in the county. Upon Stephen's advice John O'Dea came to Minnesota in October of the next year, (1857,) and at once found employment with E. S. Smith. He remained with Smith for two years, faithfully performing all duties assigned to him, and, although then quite young, proving to be the most efficient man as a manager, (during Smith's absence,) of public works in which for a time Smith was engaged, of any in his service. Without doubt the administrative ability of E. S. Smith was useful to young O'Dea, for he was very observing, and in a short time was as capable as any in managing affairs for himself.

Mr. O'Dea makes no pretensions to learning beyond the needs of his business of a dealer in lime, cement and coal, but few men surpass him now that he has acquired experience, in quick, keen judgement of men, or of probabilities in business ventures. Mr. O'Dea never wastes words in conversation. He is a good listener while others are speaking, but his conclusions are prompt and remarkably logical. His answers are

usually, yes or no, I will, or I will not! and hence no one need be long in doubt as to what John O'Dea may think best to do in any matter submitted to him. As an executive officer of the Winona County Old Settlers' Association, none are more practically useful. Two sisters of John and Stephen O'Dea, living in Winona—Mrs. Dan Kane and Mrs. Lynch—partake of the quick intelligence and industry of their brothers, and are women of good social standing. All of the O'Deas are of ancient and honorable lineage, having sprung from the O'Deas of Ireland, who trace their origin to an Irish chieftain, the progenitor of the family. John himself, is a factor in politics, and if in New York, would soon become a chief of Tammany. John O'Dea has already supplanted the chief Wapasha in the possession of his cap, the Sugar Loaf, and has made the crown of the cap yield to his industry, but there are several thousand dollars worth of usefulness yet remaining in the Old Land Mark, if the material be properly applied.

DANIEL SINCLAIR.

[TAKEN MOSTLY FROM BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD.]

Daniel Sinclair, a long time postmaster in Winona, and publisher of the *Daily and Weekly Republican*, of the city, is a native of Scotland, his birth occurring in Thurso on the 12th of January, 1833. His parents, George C. and Margaret (Johnston) Sinclair, were also natives of Scotland. The paternal grandfather, Donald Sinclair, was a Scotch merchant, and died at the advanced age of ninety-two years. His family numbered eight children. The maternal grandfather, George Johnston, was born in Scotland, was a sea-captain, and a great traveler. He sailed numerous vessels to the East Indies, and several times circumnavigated the globe. He belonged to the Presbyterian church, and died in Scotland at the advanced age of seventy-five.

The father of the subject of this sketch also followed merchandising, and possessed of good business ability, met with

a fair degree of success in his undertakings. His death, however, occurred in 1838, at the early age of thirty-five. His wife long survived him and in 1849 came with her family to America, locating first in Meadville, Crawford county, Pa., where they resided for seven years. Her last days were spent in Rochester, Minn., where her death occurred in 1888, at the age of eighty-four. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair were members of the Presbyterian church. In their family were four children, all of whom are yet living, namely: George, of Ritzville, Wash.; William, who is living in Winona; Anna, wife of the late Hiram W. Stebbins, of Rochester, Minn., and Daniel, of this sketch.

Mr. Sinclair, whose name heads this record, was a youth of sixteen when, with his mother and her family, he crossed the briny deep to the new world. In his seventeenth year he began learning the printer's trade, which he has made his life work. In the spring of 1856 he came to Winona, where he has since made his home. After working in the *Republican* office for about two weeks, he purchased a half interest in the paper, becoming a partner of W. G. Dye. A stock company was established when this paper was first published, and business was carried on under the name of King, Forest, Dye & Co., and afterward D. Sinclair & Co. Under this style the business was conducted for many years, but in 1886 a stock company was again formed, known as the D. Sinclair Publishing Company. Mr. Sinclair is editor-in-chief, and is well able to fill that position. He is an able and ready writer, who labors for the best interests of the community, and the success which has come to him is well deserved.

In 1855 Mr. Sinclair was united in marriage with Miss Melissa J. Briggs, daughter of Isaac and Lucretia (Field) Briggs. Six children were born of their union, a son and five daughters, but Ida, George and Winnefred are now deceased. Clara, Jessie and Fannie still survive, the first named being the wife of William E. Smith, who is business manager of the *Republican* and clerk of the District court. Mrs. Sinclair

is a member of the Congregational church, and is a most estimable lady.

The name of his paper indicates the political affiliations of Mr. Sinclair, who has always been a staunch advocate of Republican principles. He was made postmaster under President Grant on the 16th of May, 1869, and filled that office continuously until July 1st, 1885, when a change of administration led to his vacating the office. On July 1st, 1890, however, he was re-appointed and filled the position for another term. His long continued service will indicate his fidelity to duty and the confidence and trust reposed in him by his fellow-townsmen. The postoffice building was completed in November, 1891, and with furnishings and heating apparatus, cost \$182,000. Mr. Sinclair has witnessed the entire development of Winona and the surrounding country. He came here before the first railroad was built, and in the work of progress and advancement has ever borne a prominent part. Although Mr. Sinclair has never been much addicted to personal activity in politics, he was in 1880 a delegate-at-large from Minnesota to the Republican national convention at Chicago, and as chairman of that delegation, is credited (by reason of his persistence in keeping the name of William Windom before the convention) with having largely contributed to the conditions which resulted in the defeat of Mr. Blaine and the nomination of James A. Garfield.

WILLIAM JAY WHIPPLE,

Was born in Troy, New York, January 12, 1839. In 1847 his parents emigrated to the west locating at Ottumwa, Iowa, from thence to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, in the winter of 1849, where he attended the public schools of that place for one year, after which he was sent to Lawrence University at Appleton, Wisconsin, where he remained until the spring of 1852, at which time his parents went to Galena, Illinois, from whence they embarked in June, 1852, on the steamer Nominee for St. Paul. His father, meeting an old friend, on the boat,

Judge Fuller, he induced him to change his destination to Hudson, Wisconsin; but subsequently, locating at Prescott, Wisconsin. In 1855 he was in the employ of Mr. Alexis Baily, an old Indian trader, at Wabasha, Minnesota. In 1856 and a part of 1857 he was again a student at Lawrence University. In 1858 he was local editor of the Prescott (Wis.) "Democrat," and in 1859, in company with Mr. W. R. Gates, purchased that paper. The same year he was appointed deputy U. S. Marshal, for taking the census of Pierce county, Wisconsin. In 1860, the "Democrat" was merged into the Prescott "Journal," under the editorial management of the genial and versatile writer, Lute A. Taylor.

In 1862, he accompanied the Wisconsin 4th Regiment from Racine to Washington, as a newspaper correspondent of the "Milwaukee News." The Wisconsin 4th Regiment passed through Baltimore, Md., the day after the first battle of Bull Run, reaching Washington the following day; he witnessed there the thousands of retreating soldiers of the Union army. Shortly afterwards he left Washington and visited New York, remaining in the latter city until autumn. In April, 1862, in company with a younger brother, he left his home at Prescott, Wisconsin, for the Pacific coast, crossing the "Plains" in an emigrant train; and, after a long and tedious journey reached Walla Walla, Washington, the following September. In October of the same year he arrived in Portland, Oregon, where he was city editor on the "Commercial Argus" until the following March, 1863, from whence he took a steamer for San Francisco. Here he did newspaper work on the "California Alta," and subsequently, became interested in mining stocks. In 1864 he was elected delegate to the Democratic National convention at Chicago, which nominated Gen. George B. McClellan for president, and Hon. George H. Pendleton for vice-president. In attending that convention, he made the journey from San Francisco on an ocean steamer, via Panama, remaining in New York until August—the convention having been postponed from June till August.

In the spring of 1865 he returned to Wisconsin, where he became engaged in newspaper work on the La Crosse "Republican." In the following winter he was legislative reporter of the same paper, and also telegraphic reporter of the Milwaukee "News" and Chicago "Times;" and, during the same winter was elected clerk of the railroad committee in the State Senate. In May, 1866 he founded the Chippewa Falls, (Wis.) "Union," and published as the "Union-Times," by Whipple & Brackett, until December, 1867, at which time he disposed of his interest in the paper to Brackett.

In April, 1867, Mr. Whipple established the Sparta, (Wis.) "Democrat," which he published two years; came to Winona in 1869, and purchased the material of the defunct "Daily Democrat," and upon its ruins, the first number of the Winona "Herald" appeared May 7, 1869, which he continuously published until June 1st, 1885, at which time the plant was sold to Messrs. Boynton & Metcalf. He was a delegate to the Democratic national convention, from Minnesota, which nominated Grover Cleveland, at Chicago, in 1884; was appointed postmaster at Winona, June 16, 1885, entering upon the duties of the office July 1, 1885, which position he held until July 1st, 1890. During his residence in this city for nearly a quarter of a century, he has ever been an active and public-spirited citizen, occupying various public positions of trust and responsibility. He was a member of the House of the Minnesota Legislature in 1872 and '73, and declined a re-nomination for that position; was chief engineer of the Winona fire department in 1871-'72-'73-'77-'79-'80 and '81; was the city treasurer of Winona in 1874-'75 and '76; was a member of the Board of Education in 1879-'80-'81 and '82, and clerk of the Board of Education in '81 and '82; was one of the founders of the Winona Board of Trade, and was continuously a member of that body, acting as one of the committee on city affairs of the Board ever since its organization and during his membership of that body. He was chairman of the Democratic con-

gressional committee for the First district of Minnesota in 1870-'71 and a member of the same committee in 1876; chairman of the Democratic city committee of Winona for six years; chairman of the Democratic county committee for eight years; a member of the Democratic State central committee for twelve years, and secretary of the same for four years; was one of the trustees of the Margaret Simpson Home for three years, having handed in his resignation October 1, 1893; a member of the vestry of St. Paul's Episcopal church from July 12, 1879, and was also secretary of the Vestry from 1879 to 1891, having resigned as a member October 1, 1893, previous to his removal from Winona. October 10, 1893, owing to ill health, Mr. Whipple, with his wife, removed to Norfolk, Va., with a view of locating in the South, but not being suited with that part of the country, after a year's absence, located in Chicago for a year, returning to Winona in October, 1895, with the intention of passing the remainder of his days where he has lived so long. Subsequently he purchased an interest in the Winona Daily *Herald*, and again assumed editorial management of that journal, which he established in 1869.

Mr. Whipple was married to Miss Cornelia Foster, September 27, 1866, at River Falls, Wis. Four children have been born unto them. Grace, the eldest, died when six years of age in Winona. The other three, Arthur Jay, Mary, now Mrs. Wm. V. Jacobs, both of Chicago, and Miss Sue T. Whipple, were all born in Winona.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN MEMORIAM.

Obituary notices—Necrology of old settlers—The following names are those of early pioneers who have passed the narrow channel between life and death, and whose memory we endeavor in this volume to preserve; doubtless there are others that have passed away that are no less worthy, but their names have not been given, and they were not known to the compiler.

Bradley Bunnell, M. D., was in early days a well-known and successful physician, born in New London, Connecticut, in 1781. In 1805 he was married to Miss Charlotte Houghton, of Winsor, Vermont, born in 1785, a daughter of James Houghton, and granddaughter of James Houghton, an Englishman of the noted family for whom Houghton Square, London, was named. The grandfather took an active interest for the colonies at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, and was killed by a Tory in a local affray. Dr. Douglass Houghton, for whom Houghton, Lake Superior, was named, was of the same family. There were born to Bradley and Charlotte Bunnell twelve children, only one of whom is living. Six died in childhood and in youth, and six reached maturity. The eldest daughter, Anna Maria, born in Albany, New York, married Stephen Van Rensselaar, son of General Van Rensselaar, of the Revolutionary army, and half brother of General Solomon Van Rensselaar, of the war of 1812-14. Stephen was also a brother of Killian Van Rensselaar, of

the "Arcade" building in Rochester, and of "Hank" or Henry Van Rensselaar, who was killed in the so-called "Canadian Rebellion," at Navy Island in 1838.

Stephen and his wife both died of consumption a few years after their marriage, leaving but one son alive, Eugene, who died in California in 1859. Another son, James, died in infancy. The elder boy, Eugene, was very talented; an *improvisator* in music and a sensible poet. One of his songs is still in print, and can be had of Lyon & Healy, of Chicago. At the suggestion of George Loader, a well-known musician of California, the author of this volume had the piece of music referred to—"Sister Maggie"—published.

Charlotte Bunnell, the second daughter, married James Lester, of Brooklyn, Connecticut, son of a woollen manufacturer, and nephew of Col. Lester, the well-known manufacturer of fire arms. James Lester and wife, Charlotte, are now both dead, but their daughter, Mrs. Montford, of Providence, Rhode Island, survives them.

Frances Augusta Bunnell married Peter L. Burns, son of John Burns, of Burns' Valley, but died of consumption, leaving a son, John Willard Burns, of Chicago. Willard Bradley Bunnell has already received special notice as the pioneer settler of the county, and the personality of Lafayette H. Bunnell sufficiently appears, so it only remains to say that Mrs. Charlotte Bunnell, the mother, died in La Crosse in 1845, of heart disease, and Dr. Bradley Bunnell in Homer in 1856.

Biographical Sketch of the First "Old Settler" of Winona County.

Willard Bradley Bunnell, The first settler of Winona county, was born in Homer, New York, in 1814, and died in Homer, Minnesota, in August, 1861. He was married in 1837 to Matilda Desnoyer, who was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1822, and died in Homer, Minnesota, in April, 1867. There were born to Willard and Matilda Bunnell eight children,

three at Trempealeau, Wisconsin, and five at Homer, Minnesota. Those born at Trempealeau are David Porter Bunnell, in November, 1843, John Bradley, in 1846, and Louise, in 1848. Those born in Homer are Frances Matilda Bunnell, born February 20th, 1850, the first white child born in Winona county, now a resident of St. Paul; Minneowah, born in 1852; Minnie, born in 1854; Irene, born in 1856; and Willard Bradley, born in 1858. Of the whole number born there are but four living, they are, John Bradley, an engineer on the Great Northern railway, Louise, wife of H. D. Page, master mechanic of the North-Western railroad at Baraboo, Wisconsin; Francis Matilda, wife of Dr. J. A. Quinn, of St. Paul; and Minnie, wife of Mr. A. P. Rotert, of St. Paul.

John Burns, was born in Wicklowe, Ireland, and came to Brooklyn, New York, in 1823. He was married to Nancy Carrol of Dublin, where was born to them in 1820, Timothy Burns the eldest child, and hence he was but three years old on the arrival of his parents in America. There was born in Brooklyn, three other children, Peter L., Mary and Margaret, and then John Burns moved to Dutchess county, on a farm he had purchased there. In 1837, he sold his farm in New York, and moved to the St. Joseph river in Michigan, where were born Elicia and William. At the St. Joseph river, a large stock farm and dairy was opened and carried on until the influence of the oldest son, Timothy, induced a sale of the Michigan farm and the removal of the family to another farm in Wisconsin. A choice selection from the herd of dairy cows, and some good blooded animals for a new stock farm were driven through to Wisconsin in 1844, and some of their offspring were brought to Minnesota.

Peter L. Burns, the second son, in 1847, was engaged in a survey and in locating State lands for Wisconsin, and while so engaged he visited La Crosse. The prospect of a city growing up there appeared reasonable, and Peter wrote to Timothy to come and see if there were not good opportunities for investment. Timothy Burns was already a man of sub-

stance. He had been elected sheriff of Iowa county in 1844, a member of the Legislative Assembly in 1846, and was re-elected and made speaker of the House in 1848, and was elected lieutenant governor in 1851, so that his talents and judgment were appealed to upon any important occasion by the family.

Timothy Burns came to La Crosse in 1847, passed up by Wah-pah-sha Prairie, and went up to St. Paul to view the situation there. On his way down he made the acquaintance of Nathan Myrick and Willard B. Bunnell, both of whom he had business relations with afterwards. From Myrick, in 1850, he bought a large portion of the site of La Crosse, conveyed by a patent issued to N. Myrick and wife on November 7th, 1849, and so arranged affairs that Willard B. Bunnell secured permission from Wah-pah-sha (when the treaty was completed) for his father, John Burns, to enter upon and occupy the old homestead of the chief on Burns' Creek.

Peter Burns came up from La Crosse in 1849, and supervised the building of a house (now occupied by the writer) for Willard B. Bunnell, while the latter was engaged in some special work in La Crosse connected with Indian affairs, and in the latter part of July or first of August, Burns is uncertain which, Bunnell came up from La Crosse and entered into possession of his house at Homer. Occasional visits were made and small presents were given by Bunnell to Wah-pa-sha, and Peter L. Burns, who was looking to the interests of his brother and father as well as himself, made frequent visits to the house of Willard Bunnell, with whom was living then a sister of about the age of Burns. The culmination of these visits was a marriage in 1850 of Peter L. Burns to Frances Augusta Bunnell, and in 1852 John Willard Burns was born to them in the house first built in Homer. In the mean time John Burns had been up during the winter before to see the claim selected for him, and in June, 1852, a house having been prepared for him by order of his son, Timothy, he came up to "Bunnell's Landing," as Homer was then

called, with his wife and his daughters, Mary, Margaret and Elicia, and his youngest son, William, together with a complete outfit of cattle, horses, hogs and farming implements, and was received and welcomed by Wah-pa-sha to his homestead.

Timothy Burns, in 1853, joined with Willard Bunnell and others from St. Paul in an attempt to build up a city at Minneowah, but the investment made no returns. He also had a survey made of his purchase in La Crosse, and a plat made of part of the city. He had planned numerous improvements, but died on September 20th, 1853, at La Crosse, very suddenly, from an attack of bilious fever, contracted while on a visit to his brother-in-law in Wisconsin. He left a wife and five children in La Crosse. John Burns' daughter, Elicia, died on the Wa-pa-sha homestead, known as the Burns' farm. Soon after their arrival Mrs. John Burns, the mother, died in September, 1858, and John Burns, for whom Burns' creek was named, died in March, 1870. There are two daughters and two sons of John Burns' family yet living, Mrs. E. S. Smith, of Tacoma, Washington, Miss Margaret, Peter L. and William Burns.

Henry D. Huff.—Among all the early pioneers of Winona county, none exhibited greater energy or determination to push forward the growth of the city of Winona than Henry D. Huff. According to the History of Winona County, Mr. Huff "Landed on Wapasha prairie Sunday, June 26th, 1853. He stopped at the Winona House, then kept by E. H. Murray. It was supposed at the time that he came to assume charge of Captain Smith's interest in the town, which his son, S. J. Smith, was then here looking after. He purchased an undivided interest in the original town plat of Smith and Johnston, and later in the season also purchased the claim of Ed. Hamilton—claim No. 5. Hamilton had previously sold undivided interests to others; Mark Howard held a third; David Olmstead and Orlando Stevens held an interest.

“Through an arrangement with Hamilton and others, the whole claim was transferred to Mr. Huff, who at once had it surveyed and platted, and recorded with the Smith and Johnston claim, as the ‘original plat’ of the City of Winona. Mr. Huff built the cottage occupied for some time by Lafayette Stout, near the corner of Fourth and Huff streets, and brought his family here. He lived in this cottage for several years, when he built the house on the same corner now owned and occupied by Hon. H. W. Lamberton, in which he resided until he left Minnesota. From the first of his coming here, he was prominently active in all public enterprises

“Mr. Huff had been in mercantile business in Kenosha, and a dealer in real estate before coming here. He had, prior to that, passed some years of pioneer life in Wisconsin and Illinois, and was familiar with early settlements in towns and country. His experience, with his natural sagacity and enterprise and his indomitable will-power, made him a leader in all public matters or affairs in which others were associated with him. His interests were intimately connected with the development and prosperity of the county and city of Winona. There was no one among the pioneer settlers who accomplished so much by his individual efforts to build up the city of Winona as Henry D. Huff. To him, more than any other person this city is justly indebted for its early prosperity and many of its present advantages. It was by him that the name of Winona was substituted for that of Montezuma. It was through his efforts that Fillmore county was divided and Winona county created with the county seat at the village of Winona.

“Mr. Huff started the second newspaper in Winona—the first was the *Winona Argus*, edited by William Ashley Jones; the first issue was dated September 20, 1854. In April, 1855, Mr. Huff issued the first number of the *Winona Express*, edited by W. Creek. In November, 1855, Mr. Huff sold the establishment to W. G. Dye & Co., who started the *Winona Republican*. Soon after this, D. Sinclair became connected

with it, and the paper has since been continuously issued under that name by D. Sinclair & Co., with the addition of a daily paper.

“Huff’s Hotel was built by Mr. Huff in 1855. In 1857 he built a large flouring mill near Youmans Bros. & Hodgins’ saw mill. It was built at a cost of about \$25,000, and was burned a few years after. He was one of the stockholders in the original Transit railroad company. Mr. Huff sold out the most of his property here in 1873, and went to Chicago. Mr. Huff’s first financial loss was in the great fire of 1871, after which his temperament, if not willfulness, drove him into speculation on the board of trade, and lost him his fortune. He had nearly lost his life in the spring of 1854 in his contention with Elijah Silsbee about a claim-right by attempting to change the original line of his claim on the south without Silsbee’s consent, and, in a speculative mood, he attempted to change the usual fortune of those who go into the Chicago wheat ring, and he lost. Added to his financial difficulties, those of a domestic character assailed him, and at the end of his life he demonstrated the axiom that “though a man have ability to govern others, if he govern not himself he is lost.” Mr. Huff had many good qualities. He was a splendid organizer and builder up of towns and cities upon the frontier. He was speculative and bold, one of the kind of men from the lesser cities who serve to keep up the excitement in the pit of the Chicago board of trade. Winona has furnished her full quota, but Chicago still demands more.

Mr. Huff died in January, 1889, and was buried in the beautiful city of Woodlawn, which his taste, energy and benevolence helped to locate and beautify.

Walter G. Dye.—Thomas Simpson presented the following minute and resolutions in regard to Walter G. Dye, deceased, late secretary of this association:

MINUTE: Walter G. Dye was born at Nelson, Madison county, State of New York, February 20, 1832; died in the



W. G. DYE,
FIRST SECRETARY OF THE WINONA COUNTY
OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

city of Winona, county of Winona, State of Minnesota, March, 1894.

At an early age he removed with his father, a minister of the Baptist church, to Racine, Wisconsin, where he learned the printer's trade. In 1849 he went to California, a pioneer in the new gold fields. In the summer of 1854 he came to Winona, where he resided for nearly forty years. In 1855, with others, he founded the *Republican*, and was business manager of that influential journal until 1881, a period of more than a quarter of a century.

In 1856 he became a member of Prairie Lodge, No. 7, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and thereafter he became greatly interested in Odd Fellowship in the State and Nation. In life, and at his death, he was among the most prominent office bearers of this great fraternity, and was beloved, respected and revered by his brethren.

For a period of eight years, commencing in 1881, he was a faithful and efficient representative of the general government as collector of internal revenue for the Winona district of Minnesota.

August 1, 1854, Mr. Dye married Miss Sarah Webber. She died in 1864, leaving two daughters, Minnie, now a teacher in the public schools of Omaha, Neb., and Hattie, the wife of C. P. Thresher, of Fernwood, Ill. In 1868 he married Mrs. Mary C. Harter; her death occurred in 1888. Of this marriage two sons were left; Willard B., aged 19, and John W., aged 16, both residing in Winona.

To Mr. Dye, perhaps, more than to any other person, belongs the credit of organizing and founding the present "Old Settlers' Association of Winona County." By a unanimous preference of the members of this organization he became its first, and, until his death, its only secretary. The members of the "Old Settlers' Association of Winona County" cannot forget the zeal, fidelity and efficiency of its first secretary in its behalf, and therefore add to this minute the following resolutions:

Resolved, 1st—That in the death of Walter G. Dye, “The Old Settlers’ Association of Winona County has lost a most worthy and estimable member and associate, and its most efficient officer. The full, accurate and intelligent history of this association, and of all it has done since its organization, found in its record-books, is due to his methodical and painstaking labor.

2d—That to his bereaved children, “The Old Settlers of Winona County” extend sincerest sympathy and condolence.

3d—That the foregoing minute and these resolutions be spread upon the records of this association, and that the newspapers of the city and county of Winona be respectfully requested to publish the same.

Charles W. Morgan was born at East Genoa, Cayuga Co., N. Y., March 21, 1829. Died at St. Charles, Winona Co., Minn., Sept. 1, 1894.

January 25, 1854, he married Miss Maria Billington of Lansing, Thompkins Co., N. Y., who died April 2, 1890. After the marriage they resided in the State of New York about two years, when they moved to Winona, Minn., in the Spring of 1856 and settled on a farm in the township of St. Charles. A few years after he purchased 160 acres of Benjamin Raymond adjoining his 100-acre home where he resided until the Fall of 1857, when he purchased the fine residence of S. Y. Hyde in the City of St. Charles and became a resident of the city where he continued to reside until the time of his death. He had held several prominent official positions in both town and city of St. Charles, including mayor of the city, the duties of which positions he always discharged with an intelligent honesty and firmness and strict fidelity to every trust imposed upon him by his fellow citizens.

In his associations with his fellow-men he was quiet and unostentatious and somewhat reserved, never imposing his opinions upon any one, insomuch as to be sometimes unjustly charged by those who were not well acquainted with him with being cold in his intercourse with his fellow-men, but

such was far from his thought or desire. He was a great reader, and student, well informed upon all questions of the day and an excellent authority upon all questions of practical farming, a calling in which he took pride and in which he had no superiors.

We speak from intimate acquaintance with him when we say that as an intelligent, capable and practical man, he had few if any superiors among our people, and that he was always courteous and an interesting and instructive conversationalist upon all the live topics of the day, whether it be agriculture, commerce, education, politics, religion or science. He avoided all public notoriety and rather enjoyed the quiet chat or the discussion of interesting questions with a friend or friends in a friendly and neighborly manner.

But towering above all these qualifications was that grand and nobler qualification or rather foundation upon which must rest all that is good and true in man in this country, that of an honest man and good and true citizen of his country. A man who was honored by all who knew him and whose death is regretted and mourned by the whole community.

THOMAS P. DIXON.

ST. CHARLES, MINN., APRIL 2, 1895.

William Garlock.—William Garlock was born January 15, 1818, at Montgomery, in the State of New York; died July 11, 1894, in Winona, State of Minnesota.

He came of Scottish ancestry; his steady perseverance in all laudable enterprises, his business shrewdness and tact, and above all his unswerving integrity, were notable characteristics evidencing his lineage.

Soon after his birth his family settled in Onondaga county, New York, where he grew to manhood, trained in the occupation of farming, and obtaining his education in such schools as that then new country afforded.

In 1841 he married Julia Horton, a most excellent woman, now his widow, who, with his daughter, Ellen M., wife of J. N. Selover, and his son, William H. Garlock, for twenty-

five years cashier of the Second National Bank of Winona, and now general manager of the Winona and Dakota Grain Co., reside in the city of Winona.

Early in June, 1856, Mr. Garlock, with his wife and family, settled in Winona, engaging at first in the lumber business, as a manufacturer and dealer in that commodity, being one of the pioneers in this business which has developed to such extensive proportions in Winona. It may also be said that Mr. Garlock was among the pioneer grain dealers in Winona, which business he followed quite extensively thereafter in this city during his business life.

The subject of this sketch was one of the founders of the Bank of Southern Minnesota in 1858, and also of the First National Bank of Winona in 1861. He also aided in, and was one of the active promoters of the organization of the Second National Bank of Winona, in 1871, and for many years thereafter was one of the most trusted members of its board of directors. Although often importuned to accept public office in the city and county where the political party with which he affiliated was dominant, he uniformly declined except in the single instance of accepting membership in the city council of Winona, to which position he was elected several times. In this public office (the only one ever held by him) Mr. Garlock had the fullest confidence of the citizens of Winona, for all felt and knew that he would not be a party to any action, even by acquiescence, which would be taken by the city council that would not conserve the highest and best interests of the city. Every enterprise for the public welfare of the city and county of Winona found in William Garlock an earnest, active supporter, and a liberal contributor. He was an honest, thoughtful, kindly man. He was a good citizen. He shared with the pioneers of Winona county very many of those excellent traits of character which has placed this county in the foremost rank of the counties of the State, and which has made the city of Winona the chief city and emporium of southern Minnesota.

THOMAS SIMPSON.

Nicholas Gallien.—Nicholas Gallien was born on the Island of Guernsey, June 21, 1825. Came to America in 1849, stayed in Albany a short time, then to Racine, Wis., for four years, then to Joliet, Ill., for two years, then moved to Minnesota, July, 1855. In May, 1857, he moved to La Crosse, spent one year and returned to Winona, Minn., where he spent the remainder of his life, and died November 6th, 1893. He was married in Guernsey, to Elizabeth Pedvin, on February 18th, 1849. He was the father of ten children, nine of whom were living at the time of his death, two sons and seven daughters.

Mr. Gallien was raised on a farm in the old country, but after he came to America, he learned the trade of a mason and followed it the rest of his life. As a mechanic he was a good one. He was sought after because he was honest and did his work well.

As a citizen he was one to be valued. He raised an honorable and respectable family, a family that is an honor to any community. Again he was an American citizen in the full sense of the word. When he left the old country he left behind all there was of it and came here as one born here. He loved his adopted country and labored for its greatest good. He was a patriot all through. He did not shoulder the gun and march to the front at the time of the Rebellion, but did all he could at home by word and deed to advance the cause of freedom.

Let me give you an act of his which will give you a better idea of his patriotism than any words of mine: At the time our country was going through its darkest trials and the best blood of the nation was being poured out in battle in the South and (I am sorry to say there were those who were bitter enemies in the North), Mr. Gallien went out in the country to buy a cow. He found a farmer not very far from Winona who had one to suit him, and made the purchase, and if I mistake not, the farmer was to deliver the cow the next day and get his money. Then the conversation turned upon the war question and the bitter trials we were passing

through. Mr. Gallien found the farmer to be a bitter copper-head and was so indignant with the man that he told him to keep his cow and came home without her. He was also a great lover of Abraham Lincoln, so much so that he named one of his sons (Lincoln,) in honor of one of the grandest men America ever gave birth to. Thus you see Mr. Gallien, like most of our early settlers, was true to the core, and we take pleasure in treasuring up his memory.

P. B. PALMER.

Orrin Clark.—The subject of this sketch, Mr. Orrin Clark, was born in Copenhagen, Lewis county, New York, in 1816. He came from Scotch-Irish ancestry, and he partook of many of the qualities of that sturdy and enterprising branch of the human family. His educational advantages were confined to the common schools of western New York, at that early period. In 1854, with his wife and only child, Julia A. Clark, he emigrated to the territory of Minnesota, then on the very outskirts of civilization in the Northwest, and settled on a farm at the mouth of Gilmore valley, about two miles west of the then little hamlet of Winona. Here for forty years he lived and toiled faithfully, discharging the duties of a good neighbor and patriotic citizen, and meeting the responsibilities of his life, gently, yet with manly fortitude and courage. He gave his daughter a good education and as the years passed she developed into a woman of fine attainments and of a strong and most estimable character.

A mental affliction of the wife and mother cast a dark shadow over the lives of the husband and daughter. For many years Miss Julia devoted her life to the most affectionate care of her bereaved mother, and when she finally passed away in 1888, she took her place by the side of her aged and disabled father, ministering to his wants with rare filial fidelity for years, until he too crossed the "dark river" on the 10th day of February, 1894.

Julia, disheartened, broken in health, survived her father only about six months, when she, at the home of her uncle—

Geo. W. Clark—calmly and peacefully surrendered to the “fell destroyer” on September 1st, 1894.

They are all buried now in Woodlawn cemetery, and if honest living, fair dealing and a broad charity tend to elevate mankind, then they did not live in vain. C. F. BUCK.

Stephen Whitney Paine.—Stephen Whitney Paine, the subject of this sketch, was born at Bridgeport, Maine, May 15, 1829. When twelve years old he removed to Great Falls, New Hampshire, and from there went to Sheboygan, Wis., where he lived until 1860, when he came to Winona, Minn., where he resided until his death, which occurred February 4, 1894, and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. In September, 1868, Mr. Paine was united in marriage to Miss Martha E. Bogart. Mr. Paine was a painter by trade, which vocation he followed during his residence in Winona. Notwithstanding his retiring manners and modest life he had a wide circle of friends who will ever remember his sterling qualities, sturdy honesty and goodness of heart. He was a kind and indulgent husband and father, who counted no sacrifice too great, if it redounded to the comfort and happiness of his family. In religious matters, Mr. Paine was liberal in the extreme, tending to agnosticism. His belief was such that he had no fears of death, but took it as a part of the natural law to which all life must submit. As to a future existence he had no fixed belief, but was willing to trust all to the fruits of an honest, upright life in this world. He was a member of the Unitarian Society in this city; joined the Old Settlers' Association as soon as he was eligible, retaining his membership until his death.

O. K. JONES.

Nathan Harris.—Nathan Harris, who died on March 18, 1895, at 12 noon, aged 82, with asthma, of long standing, was one of the honored old settlers of Winona county.

He was the son of Alpheus and Rebecca Harris, born in Nova Scotia, February 22, 1813. Mr. Harris remained at home until he attained his majority and then embarked in

general merchandise. In 1845 he came to the United States, locating in Boston, after which he went to New Hampshire. On the 20th of September, 1847, he married Miss Martha Upham Fuller, daughter of Capt. Edward and Patty Upham Fuller, natives of Massachusetts but located in New Hampshire. Capt. Fuller served in the war of 1812, and in command of his company, was stationed at Portsmouth, N. H., to protect the harbor.

They emigrated to Minnesota in 1856, and settled in the town of Wilson, four miles from the city of Winona, in Pleasant Valley. They had three children. Lucilla was born November 25, 1847, died May 15, 1872. Edward F., born March 28, 1850, who has a wife and eight children. Orlando U., born May 2, 1854, has a wife and three children—numbering eleven grand children.

The widow and the two sons, with their families reside in Pleasant Valley, and will long remember his loving kindness, cheerful greeting and exemplary character.

The cause of education found in Mr. Harris a warm friend. He was one of the school board for many years, and always ready for every good word and work.

EDWARD F. HARRIS.

Collins Rice.—Another one of the “Old Settlers” has gone home. The particulars have been published in *THE WINONA REPUBLICAN*, and need not be repeated here. This is written as a kindly personal tribute to his memory.

Our acquaintance began more than twenty years ago, since which we have corresponded regularly once a month, and sometimes oftener, and though not near neighbors, I have seen him engaged in many of the different positions incident to an active and useful life. I met him as a strong political opponent, but a warm, personal friend, as a public officer in the school district, the town, the county, and the commissioner and legislative districts. He was always known as intelligent, faithful, honest, prompt, and reliable, in the dis-

charge of all these duties. In his every day life, and in his associations with his neighbors, he was cheerful, social, cordial, and always left the impress of a friendly spirit. Though we shall see him here no more, we know that there is rejoicing in the land when the sickle cuts the ripened grain. We know it to be a season of joy when the matured, golden crop is garnered; and is it not reasonable to hope, have we not faith to believe, that when we properly fulfill our mission here, according to the light we have, the same hand that brings us thus far will make us welcome, with joy, to a state of being far above this, in the order of Nature.

O. M. LORD.

John Sailsbury.—John Sailsbury, a member of this organization, was born in the city of London, England, in 1827. When he was about five years old, with his parents, he emigrated to Canada, residing in Toronto, where he remained until 1858, when he removed to St. Paul, Minnesota.

Two years later he came to Winona, purchased property, established a home and engaged in business as a restaurant-keeper, in which he was moderately prosperous. About the year 1882 Mr. Sailsbury changed his vocation to that of fruit and confectionery dealer, in which he was quite successful until the financial panic of 1893 and the accompanying depression in business greatly crippled him. After a short illness he died at the home of his daughter in this city, on the 6th of August, 1894, aged about 68 years.

Mr. Sailsbury was married in 1850 to Miss Sarah Jackson, at Port Hope, Canada. She predeceased him, leaving two married daughters, Mrs. Frances S. Rowell and Mrs. Ada B. Cartledge, both now of this city. During his long residence in Winona Mr. Sailsbury justly bore the reputation of a man of strictest honesty and integrity. To his family he was kind, loving and generous, and by all who knew him intimately he was regarded with feelings of friendship and esteem.

D. SINCLAIR.

Philo Patterson Hubbell.—Philo Patterson Hubbell was born in the town of Painted Post, Steuben County, State of New York, Feb. 1st, 1799, died at Winona, State of Minnesota, May 29th, 1893. His parents were among the earliest pioneers in that portion of the State of New York where the county of Steuben is situated. Mr. Hubbell resided on the homestead farm with his parents till 1821, attending the schools of the vicinage as he had opportunity. Upon leaving the homestead he engaged in the mercantile business at Little Falls, Herkimer county, New York, and continued therein until 1825, when he went to Claiborne, Alabama, intending to enter upon the same business at that place. Unfortunately, the vessel in which the goods were, was wrecked at Key West, Florida, and the adventure ended.

In 1827 he went to Buffalo, New York, and engaged in mercantile business. While there he was married to Miss Ann Eliza Backus, of Catskill, New York. She was a most estimable woman, and a thorough helpmate of her husband for nearly half a century. She laid down life's burdens and entered into rest in 1877, in the city of Winona, Minn., greatly beloved and lamented, not only by husband, children and kinsfolk, but by a great number of the people of this city who knew her and appreciated greatly her many excellences of life and character.

In 1831 Mr. Hubbell returned to Painted Post and opened a hotel. He was also appointed postmaster at that place. In 1842 he became superintendent of the Chemung canal, and held that position three years. In 1847 he embarked in the mercantile business at Corning, N. Y., where he was also postmaster. Three years later he was elected clerk of Steuben county, holding the office three years.

In June, 1856, he removed with his family to Winona, Minn. During the construction of the Winona & St. Peter railroad Mr. Hubbell was appointed State inspector of the work by Gov. Henry H. Sibley. For fifteen years he held the position of county commissioner in Winona county. In

politics he was a life-long Democrat. He became a member of the Presbyterian church at Little Falls, New York, in 1822. He served many years as an elder of the Presbyterian church of Winona, and was a constant attendant until prevented by the infirmity of years.

He was said to have been the oldest living member of the Masonic fraternity in the United States, being a member, since his twenty-first year, of the lodges of the Masons in the various places of his residence in New York before emigrating to Minnesota, being demitted from Steuben Lodge, No. 112, and was a charter member of Winona Lodge, No. 18, also one of the petitioners for the organization of the Chapter at Winona, which was granted. Father Hubbell has been master of the lodge, and served as king in the chapter, and has represented the lodge at the meetings of the grand lodge for several terms, and been elected deputy grand master of the grand lodge for one term. When a commandery of the Knights Templar was organized in this city he became a member of the same and served as a prelate for a number of years. After the death of Prelate Ames, Father Hubbell received the appointment of grand prelate, which position he held to the time of his death. For several years prior to his death he was also representative for Minnesota of the grand lodge of the State of New York.

Five children survive him—Mrs. C. H. Berry, William T. and Herbert P., of this city, Mrs. E. H. Bancroft, of Minneapolis, and Philo Goodwin Hubbell, of Tacoma, Washington.

Mr. Hubbell died at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Berry, with whom he has made his home for many years, and where he has received every attention that could contribute to the comfort of his declining years. A great blessing that accompanied his long life was the retention of his mental faculties to the last. He was also free from any special physical ailment or pain. Life gradually and almost imperceptibly waned, and through all the days of feebleness there was never a murmur or complaint. With the gentleness and

truthfulness of a child he watched the shadows deepening into that night whose dawn is not of this world, and where his faith assured him the day would be eternal, and where those who had long preceded him would be with him once again and forever. Father Hubbell, as he was familiarly known to us all within the limits of Winona county, justly ranks among the first of its noble band of pioneers.

THOS. SIMPSON.

Edmund Rice. Edmund Rice, who died recently at his home at White Bear, Minn., had reached the age of 71. He was born in Waitefield, Vt., in 1819. He lived in Kalamazoo Mich., from 1838 to 1849, and began a pioneer life full of hardships, successes and honors. He served in the Mexican war, in the 1st Michigan Regt. of Volunteers, (a comrade of the author,) and then went to St. Paul, Minn., where he practiced law for seven years. He was president of the Minnesota and Pacific railroad company from 1857 to 1863, the St. Paul and Pacific railroad from 1863 till 1872, and trustee till 1879. He was also president of the St. Paul and Chicago railroad from 1863 till 1877. He was twice elected mayor of St. Paul, and filled various other civil offices. He was a member of the territorial legislature in 1851, and was elected state senator 1864-1866, 1874-1876. He was a member of the lower house in 1867, 1872, 1877 and 1878. Mr. Rice was a brother of ex-Senator Rice, of Minnesota, and was one of the oldest members of the Fiftieth congress.

Edward Slade Smith. Death of Edward Slade Smith at San Francisco, California, on December 31, 1885, and incidents relating to his life gathered from recollections of Judge Charles H. Berry, Hon. John A. Mathews, Dr. James M. Cole, members of his family, and extracts from the *Tacoma Ledger*:

Edward Slade Smith was born in what was then Chemung, now Schuyler county, in the State of New York, February 28, 1827; hence at his decease he was nearly fifty-nine years

old. His parents were Joel and Anna Smith, both early settlers and the first members of the Central Methodist church in Winona, Minnesota, both of whom are now dead.

There were born to them six sons and four daughters. Edward Slade Smith, the second son, gave early promise of those traits of character, of that enterprise, activity, and great perseverance, which were the leading features of his life.

In 1852 he came to Minnesota. Having been previously engaged with his elder brother, Lorenzo D. Smith, in the lumber business at Gibson, New York, he very naturally saw the advantages that the Falls of St. Anthony afforded for an immense water power and manufacturing city. There had been a small mill put up somewhere in the neighborhood of the falls by the military authorities of Fort Snelling, but its use had long been abandoned. Seeing an unoccupied location, and conceiving it to be a grand opportunity, he built the first saw mill erected by a civilian at what is now Minneapolis.

Finding his squatter right contested by what he regarded as political favoritism, and to avoid what he supposed would be a legal or military ejectment from the premises, he sold out his interest in the mill and its location, and in 1853 established himself in Winona, Minnesota. Soon after his arrival there he joined William Ashley Jones in the purchase of an undivided interest in what was known as the west half of the Stevens claim, (80 acres) which extended along back of the river front, and on which the Porter flouring mill and other buildings are now situated.

On the 14th of December, 1854, he was married in Winona by Rev. Hiram S. Hamilton, of the Congregational church, to Miss Mary Frances Burns, daughter of John Burns, Esq., for whom Burns Valley was named. It was not long before he became a prominent factor in the building up of the city of Winona. Together with his brother, L. D. Smith, Abraham M. Fridley, Wm Ashley Jones, C. H. Berry, H. H. Johnston, H. D. Huff and other prominent and well-known

charter members of the old Transit railroad, now Winona & St. Peter, he invested largely in an attempt to build the road by obtaining Congressional and State aid. After a very large personal expenditure of money by his brother, himself and his associates, Congress, on March 3, 1857, passed an act by which the Transit railroad was to receive through the State 1,200,000 acres of land to aid them in constructing the road. In 1858 the Legislature, at its first session, afterward confirmed by the people of Minnesota, authorized a loan of \$5,000,000 to aid in general construction of railroads, and after an amendment of its charter and change of its name, ground was broken on the line of the Transit road on June 9, 1858. The work was pushed with vigor by the contractors, DeGraff & Co., and \$500,000 of State bonds had been received by them, when the financial crash of 1858-59 came and all work was suspended. The State bonds soon became almost worthless in the market, and the railroad finally bankrupt. The deceased was in New York with some of his associates endeavoring to raise money for construction, when the news reached them of the repudiation of State bonds. They had been in Wall street, but no bonds could be placed there.

On returning to Winona the deceased then realized that the Transit road, with all its franchises, would pass into other hands, and he at once turned his attention into other fields of labor. Having a good water power on his property at Glen Mary, in Burns Valley, he obtained financial aid from H. W. Lamberton and constructed a flouring mill of good capacity, that yielded a fair income to its owner. As a means of drawing trade to Winona he was active in the construction of good roads into the city, and subscribed liberally for that purpose. The long and permanent embankment across the lowlands at the foot of Lake Winona, usually called "The Dyke," the foundations of which he helped to lay, contributing the first five hundred dollars expended in that work, is a monument to his sagacity and liberality. He followed that contribution from time to time with very much

more, and in all matters of public interest he was always active.

In railroad construction and in the use of mechanical appliances, he scarcely had an equal in the west. When the line of the North-Western railroad, coming into Winona across the Mississippi river was changed, an attempt was made by its management to pull up the oak piles driven by the contractors, Wells & French, as they were needed for immediate use. After a vain attempt had been made, in which the costly machinery of the company was pulled to pieces, the deceased offered to pull and deliver them when needed, for a reasonable consideration. Mr. Smith was told by the engineer in chief that three machines at least would be required to draw the piles as fast as needed, and that fifteen hundred dollars would scarcely build them. Smith replied: "Very well, you will pay me then all the more willingly." An agreement was made and the piles were rapidly pulled and delivered from three machines made on the ground from the capping of the old bridges at a cost of only fifteen dollars for each extractor. It was the practical ingenuity of the man that in 1871 led to his selection by Gen. J. W. Sprague to assist him in his operations as manager of the interests of the Northern Pacific railroad on the Pacific coast. The selection and purchase of Kalama's site was influenced by his judgment; and the purchase of the site of the city of Tacoma was entrusted entirely to his tact and judgment. How well and faithfully his duties were performed, let the magnificent city overlooking Commencement Bay attest.

When, in the autumn of 1873, Jay Cook failed and the contractors on the road from Kalama to Tacoma were unable to pay the men, and it was necessary to meet the requirements of Congress to complete the road to Tacoma before the close of the year, the railroad company, through the individual efforts of Capt. Ainsworth, put the work into Mr. Smith's hands. Sixteen miles of road remained unfinished, and this it was necessary to construct within a few weeks. A

force of three hundred men were encamped under arms at the end of the work, refusing to labor until paid, and threatening to fire on any one else who should attempt to work on the road. Mr. Smith went out with others to the men, and was principally instrumental in inducing the men to return to work on construction. Under his direction the railroad was completed within the time required by its charter. The authority for the important work was contained in a letter from Capt. Ainsworth of a few lines, and which was a veritable *carte-blanche* as to mode of work.

The Wilkeson coal mines were discovered by him from information received from one of the United States surveyors, who had seen some float coal in a ravine near the mines. Several attempts at exploration were made with others, his companions soon giving up the search; when, taking a pack on his back, he pursued his way through the fallen timber and vine maple, camping alone in the forest until success finally crowned his efforts. After testing the coal in Portland, San Francisco and in domestic use, he hastened to secure the mines that yielded the first coking coal found in Washington territory. It was largely through his discoveries that faith was inspired in the practicability of the present line of railroad to Wilkeson. Mr. C. B. Wright reposed great trust in his judgment, and Mr. Wright's influence in the board of directors decided the building of the road up the Puyallup valley to the Wilkeson coal mines in 1887. This thirty miles of road was afterward a potent factor in anchoring the terminus of the Cascade division at Tacoma, and in stimulating the work of construction of the road across the mountains. Mr. Smith acquired large interests in Tacoma real estate, and from the time of the location of the railroad terminus at Tacoma in 1873 he never lost heart nor faith in the ultimate future of the city, but exerted every effort for the settlement and development of the town. In the first few years of this early period he built and carried on the saw mill near the railroad wharf, in which Mr. M. F.

Hatch subsequently became an owner, besides opening his coal mine at Wilkeson already mentioned.

Mr. Smith had a high sense of honor and was a great lover of justice. He suffered no man to deal unfairly with him, and in resisting any such attempt was uncompromising. His charities were many and unostentatious. They were not done in the face of the public, and were generally made known by him alone to the recipient. He aided many to help themselves, and their inclination to do so was with him a test of their worthiness. And yet if any one was really helpless, within his observation and means, he helped them so quietly that his hand was not seen by others. Knowing from his character what he would have done if living, his executors made a large donation of land in aid of the Methodist university at Tacoma.

In politics, throughout his life, he was a Democrat, though he had no taste or desire for office. He had a great admiration for Senator Ben. Wade and Mr. Thurman of Ohio; and when in Washington during their incumbency in the United States Senate, and that of his personal friend Senator Daniel S. Norton, Democratic Senator from Minnesota, they were all to be found together during adjournment, in one or another of their rooms, the most jolly in their fund of anecdotes of any brainy men in the nation.

Mr. Smith's jovial but self-poised nature, his humor and ready wit, his sterling qualities of strong sense, truth, and firmness, made him hosts of friends, and he was at once recognized as the peer of any of his associates. He was a man cast in no common mould, and attached to him warmly those who came much in contact with him. At the time of his death, which resulted from blood poisoning, he had just completed a fine residence in Tacoma, at 421 C street, at a cost of over twenty thousand dollars; and he intended other improvements, that would have made his residence and grounds as desirable as any in the city. These he had to leave, though not unprepared, for his views of life and death were based

upon a firm belief in a just and merciful God, and a philosophical existence beyond the tomb. His widow still survives him, together with their children, Fred. and Harry, Fanny, Nora and Maud. May his memory be preserved and honored, as one of the noblest types of a western pioneer.

LAFAYETTE H. BUNNELL.

Egbert Chapman, who died at Minnesota City on the 19th of November, 1896, at the advanced age of 94, was born at Glastonburg, Somerset, England, September 17, 1802. In his youth he spent several years in London in the office of a leading law firm of that city, and his business connections frequently brought him in contact with Lord Brougham, then a distinguished lawyer and parliamentary leader, of whom he was a great admirer. Subsequently Mr. Chapman emigrated to America, and came to Minnesota in 1852 with Messrs. Cotton, Lord, Bannan and Burley, all of whom still reside at Minnesota City, and others. Mr. Chapman never aspired to office, but held that of justice of the peace for years. He was reared in the faith of the Quakers, but although a Christian gentleman in a broad sense was never a member of any church. Mr. Chapman was a careful and intelligent reader, and but few men were better informed on current topics and in general literature than he. He was also a prolific writer of verse, but with his characteristic modesty never allowed his productions of this nature to get into print. He wrote a beautiful "copperplate" hand almost to the day of his death. Three children are left to mourn his departure—C. C. Chapman, postmaster of Minnesota City; Edgar Chapman of Tower City, N. D.; and Mrs. Rebecca Davis of Arkansas. The funeral was largely attended on Sunday. Dr. Powell of Winona preached an impressive sermon for the living—not the dead. The son and daughter living at a distance were unable to be present.

Francis M. Billings, for many years a well known citizen of Winona, died at his home in this city on September 27th, 1896, after an illness from which he had suffered

more or less since last April. Mr. Billings was born in Galena, Ill., in 1845, and at the time of his death was 51 years old. He came to Winona with his father's family in 1856. In 1864, when in his nineteenth year, he enlisted in Company K, of the Eleventh Minnesota infantry and with his regiment went to Gallatin, Tenn., near which place the regiment was detailed for guard and picket duty. After serving a little over a year he was discharged with his company on the 11th of July, 1865. At the close of hostilities he worked his way to the Northwest until reaching Fort Ransom, where he engaged himself to Mr. Nathan Myrick, the post trader, as clerk. He remained there some six or seven years. Returning to Winona he made the acquaintance of Miss Maggie Barnes, to whom he was joined in marriage June 17, 1873. He leaves one son to comfort a lonely mother. Mr. Billings has been an active member of John Bull Post, G. A. R., ever since its organization, having held the important positions of adjutant, officer of the day, quartermaster, and post commander. About three years ago he was appointed on the mail carrier's force of the city post office, a position which he faithfully and honestly filled up to within a short time before his death. Though quiet and unobtrusive in his manner, Mr. Billings had many friends who will mourn his comparatively early death.

John J. Randall.—The death of John J. Randall, which occurred from pneumonia on March 25, 1891, at the house of Dr. J. H. Murphy, of St. Paul, where he had been invited by the well known surgeon and physician to stay, on Mr. Randall's return from California, and though not unexpected, cast a gloom over his many friends in Winona. During his last sickness his son, Carl S., and Captain Matt Marvin, of Winona, were in constant attendance upon him, but neither the skill of Dr. Murphy nor affectionate care could save him from the fell destroyer, death.

Mr. Randall had been a conspicuous figure in the business circles of Winona for many years, and later, in the politics of

the State. He was born in Ithica, N. Y., on the 6th day of July, 1829. At the age of eight he accompanied his parents to St. Charles, Ill., where his father was engaged in the shoe, leather and harness trade, and which business Mr. Randall subsequently carried on in Winona in company with his brother, L. D. Randall, of Dubuque, Iowa, his arrival here being in 1859.

In 1866 Mr. Randall was appointed United States collector of internal revenue for the First district of Minnesota, a position which he held for six years. In 1873 he was appointed State railway commissioner, and held the office till the expiration of his term—eighteen months. During all this period—from 1862 to 1874—he was also chairman of the board of county commissioners, and was instrumental in the construction of the present county jail. The office of city treasurer was held by him for one term. Mr. Randall was one of the original incorporators of the Winona Gas Company, and for many years president of that corporation. In 1872 he was chosen president of the Woodlawn Cemetery Association and occupied that position for nearly fifteen years. In 1873 Mr. Randall went out of the leather business and engaged in the coal trade, which in company with his son, C. S. Randall, he carried on extensively until engaging in farming a large tract of land in Lyon county, Minnesota. In September, 1889, Mr. Randall was appointed by Gov. Merriam as warden of the penitentiary at Stillwater. This position he held until the beginning of 1891, when disagreeing somewhat with the State authorities as to methods of discipline, he resigned his office. In his political attachments Mr. Randall was always a Republican, though he often differed with and combatted members of his own party when his sense of duty required him to express himself. Mr. Randall was essentially a man of action, not of words. Nevertheless, he had such a command of language when warmed by anger as to express himself in eloquent denunciation of whatever appeared to him contemptible or evasive of duty. His nature,

though not easily disturbed, was intense, and if a friend to any one it would not be the fault of Mr. Randall if the ties of friendship were broken. As viewed by the great number of his friends, the defects of his character were in his too great benevolence and humanity in dealing with the hardened criminals under his care. But in his position of warden of the penitentiary, he never had a sufficient opportunity for testing his theories concerning the proper government of those excrescences upon society.

Norman B. Stevens, whose death occurred from paralysis Oct. 6, 1892, aged 64, was born at Honesdale, Pa., May 15, 1828. He was the son of Silas Stevens, who came to Winona on November 13, 1851, bringing with him George W. Clark to hold a claim, then made and known as the Stevens claim.

Mr. Norman B. Stevens came to Winona to reside in 1857, but as a commercial traveler was absent from the city a good share of the time that his actual residence was claimed here. As agent of the well known Kirby reaper, manufactured by the D. M. Osborne Company of New York, he made an extended tour of Europe, visiting the Vienna Exposition. On returning he made his residence in Chicago for some years. Returning to Winona in 1876, he traveled for the L. C. Porter Milling Company. For some twelve years previous to his death he was an invalid, unable to travel, but he bore his affliction with what grace he could, and made every effort to be cheerful, though his disease, caused by nervous prostration, made him extremely sensitive.

Mr. Stevens founded the Lodge of the Royal Arcanum in Winona and was a member of the Old Settlers' Association. In early times was a member of the Congregational Church.

William H. Harrington.—Mr. Harrington was born in Moravia, N. Y., in May, 1815, and died January 8, 1897, aged 81. In 1841 he was married to Miss Miranda Lane. They removed from Moravia to Courtland, N. Y., where Mr. Harrington was interested in a tannery for several years. In

1854 they both came to Winona, and he soon entered into the hardware business with Mr. James H. Jacoby. After being in business three years he became deputy register of deeds. At the opening of the War of the Rebellion Mr. Harrington was appointed Provost Marshal. When mustered out of the service at the close of the war, he engaged in the agricultural implement business and was so employed for a number of years. After that he became general agent for the Douglas Pump Manufacturing Co., being more or less engaged in this work up to the time of his death.

On Jan. 20, 1891, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington celebrated their golden wedding anniversary and gave a reception to their many friends at The Winona, being assisted by their two children, Mr. Albert Harrington and Mrs. George P. Wilson; a number of the grand-children were also present.

Mr. Harrington was genial and kind, a sincere and devout Christian, and of strict business integrity of character.

E. D. Williams.—By the accidental explosion of a gasoline reservoir tank at the Huff House on Nov. 30, 1872, Mr. Williams was carried into eternity without any warning. He came to Winona from Cincinnati in company with Colonel Cockrell in 1856, where for nine years they were associated together before coming here. For sixteen years they conducted the Huff House as proprietors, to the great satisfaction of its guests and the citizens of Winona. As a public spirited man he was one of the first to organize the Woodlawn Cemetery Association. He was also president of the Winona Gas Company and one of the directors in the South-Western railroad Company.

Mr. Williams was a charitable and noble-minded man, ready at all times to aid in the advancement of all worthy enterprises and to build up the city of his adoption.

Mr. E. D. Williams was born in Tomlinson, Maine, and was sixty-four years old at the date of his death.

Judge Chauncey Newell Waterman was born August 25th, 1823, at Rome, Oneida county, New York, and died in Winona February 18th, 1873. Resolutions of great respect were adopted by the bar, and it was

“Resolved, That in behalf of the bar, of this city, the District Court of this county be respectfully requested to enter the foregoing resolutions upon its records, and that the same be published in the newspapers of this district and a certified copy thereof be furnished by the clerk of this court to the widow of the deceased.”

In a biographical sketch, called for by the State Historical Society, Judge Waterman himself wrote: “In the spring of 1851, Charles H. Berry (the first attorney general of this State) and myself formed a law partnership at Corning, New York, under the firm name of Berry & Waterman, and prosecuted the business of our profession there till 1855, when we both emigrated to this place, and re-established business here. . . .” Referring to his election as judge, he humorously says: “Unsought on my part and rather against my wish, I was at the last fall (1871) election unanimously invited by the people of the Third Judicial District to act as their judge for the coming seven years. Thanks to the foresight of the framers of our constitution (in this particular) the time is long enough so that if the people should find they had happened to make a fortunate selection for themselves they can reasonably hope to reap some benefit from their good judgment; and long enough, on the other hand, so that if the one selected should prove unequal to the duties of the office, he may suffer a punishment, self inflicted, it is true, but quite adequate to his presumption in aspiring to a chair that somebody else should occupy.”

C. N. WATERMAN.

No man who has ever filled the office has had a clearer perception of justice, or a better disposition to enforce it.

George F. Hubbard died at Winona September 25th, 1896, aged 76 years. Mr. Hubbard was one of the purest and most Christian-like men Winona had among its citizens. Though in poor health for many years before his death, he was even-tempered and patient throughout his afflictions, and commanded the esteem of the most thoughtless by his Christian demeanor. He came to Winona first in 1856, and for several years spent the summer season here, returning to his home in Boston to pass his winters. In 1864, he was married to Mrs. Adaline Sims Cooley, and engaged in business on the corner of Second and Main streets, which he conducted with success, until compelled to close out on account of declining health. While on a trip from the East, (where he once more resided) to the South in search of health, his two children died suddenly of malignant diphtheria. Broken in spirit, unfitted for exertion in business, and finding the climate of Winona most suitable to his condition, he returned in 1876, to make this city his permanent home while he yet remained on earth. Since his later residence here he has been known more especially for his unvarying kindness.

Mr. Hubbard was born at Swanton, Vt., August 17, 1820, and at 19 years of age commenced life in Boston, where he became quite wealthy, in the dry goods business, which he also followed in Winona.

James A. Randall.—Mr. Randall, one of the oldest and best known residents of the town of Fremont, Winona county, died on New Year's night, 1896, of pneumonia, aged 74. Mr. Randall was born in the town of Madrid, now Waddington, St. Lawrence county, New York, in 1822. At the age of 25 he married Agnes Henry, who still survives him, and after a few years he with his wife and four children emigrated to Minnesota in 1855 and settled at Fremont, Winona county, on the farm on which he died. As one of the pioneers of this county he was early identified in the councils, having been one of the commissioners for several years, and in that

capacity associated with the late J. J. Randall and Mr. P. P. Hubbell, also taking an active part in town, school and church affairs and whatsoever pertained to the welfare and well-being of his fellowmen. His family consisted of four sons and six daughters, one of whom, Mrs. P. D. Hinckley, died a few years ago, the others being at his bedside at the time of his death. The chronicler of his death says: "It is seldom that we have to chronicle the death of one more beloved and respected than was Mr. James A. Randall."

Frank D. Sloan.—The death of Mr. Sloan occurred on September 8, 1889, aged 60 years, and his death was a great loss to all who knew him. Dr. James M. Cole has given the following tribute to his memory:

"Francis D. Sloan was born March 29, 1829, in New York State, and came to Minnesota in the year 1856. By the death of Mr. Sloan Winona county lost a good citizen who had the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. Through his whole life he carried the faculty of making friends and keeping them. By nature he was a gentleman, and during his whole life he never attempted to cultivate a different style in his intercourse with the world. His genial, affable ways were a part of his nature. While we sympathize with his family in their bereavement, we mourn his loss from our ranks of old settlers, and cherish his memory."

Jacob Story.—The death of Probate Judge Jacob Story, which occurred on February 22, 1895, aged 73 years, was an event mourned by all who knew him. Judge Story was a native of Massachusetts, having been born in Essex, March 21, 1822. He was a graduate of Yale college, class of 1844, and of the Dane Law School, Cambridge, class of 1846. For about ten years he practiced his profession in Boston. In 1856 he came to Winona, but never engaged in active practice at the bar here. He was elected a Justice of the Peace in the city in 1862, and retained that office by successive re-elections until 1868, when he was chosen as Judge of Pro-

bate for the county. To this office he was elected in regular succession at intervals of two years until 1892, (24 years), when he retired to give place to Judge Buck, who is now the incumbent of that office.

Though a member of what was once a large family, Judge Story left no surviving brother or sister, and no near relative. He was married in Boston on the 3d of October, 1853, to Miss Juliana Kneeland, a sister of Prof. Samuel Kneeland, A. M. M. D., of Boston School of Technology, author of "Wonders of the Yosemite," etc., who was well known in Winona. Mrs. Story died on the 13th of February, 1890. There were no children born to Judge and his fair lady, but her loss was a great sorrow from which Judge Story never recovered. His most intimate friend, Samuel Fox,* who for years was a resident in the Judge's house, was his most trusted agent during his long illness, and Mr. Fox was appointed administrator without bond after his death. Mr. W. J. Whipple was also a close friend, and was particularly requested to attend the funeral.

Mrs. W. M. Wallace, a sister of Mrs. Story and of Prof. Kneeland, if living, resides in Chicago. Prof. Kneeland himself died soon after his last return from Europe, where he had been on several occasions connected with literary enterprises.

Judge Story was modest and retiring in his habits, a great lover of books, but also to his friends he extended the most genial and social entertainments. His twenty-four years' service as Probate Judge is the best proof of public regard for his unyielding integrity.

Wm. S. Drew.—William S. Drew died in Winona on February 14th, 1890, aged 73 years. Tributes were given to Mr. Drew and his wife, who survived him but a few days, by Hon. Thomas Simpson, only a portion of which is available here. Mr. Simpson said: "William S. Drew was born in North Danville, Vermont, August 28th, 1817. When 25 years of age he removed to Meadville, Pennsylvania, and in 1855 he came to Winona. In all matters Mr. Drew was characteris-

tically liberal and broad minded. He was a man of many estimable traits of character which were not always readily seen through the outer crust of bluntness which he chose to wear. In public affairs he was always interested. In the work of education, throughout his life, he took a deep and a special interest."

I can add with perfect sincerity that, to me, he was always genial and kind, and very entertaining in his conversations. He filled the office of city assessor for some years, and used to say that it was an office which sorely tried his faith in human integrity, by the efforts made by some to avoid reasonable assessments. Upon the whole, Mr. Drew was a man of sound judgment and kindly feelings, and had he been as successful as he aspired to be, he would have left some monument of his regard, especially for young people and the unfortunate.

Christian Heintz.—In the death of Christian Heintz, which occurred on July 10th, 1894, at the age of 64 years, Winona lost one of its earliest, as well as one of its most upright and honorable merchants. Mr. Heintz came to the city in 1856, and, with his brother Louis, entered into the clothing business, which, by fair dealings, has grown to its now vast proportions. Mr. Heintz was the oldest member of the society of Druids in this city, the Winona Grove showing great respect to his remains, which, after the services, were conveyed to Milwaukee for burial. Mr. Heintz was born in 1830 at Darunkheim, Hessen Darmstadt, Germany, and came to America in 1852. He leaves a wife but no children. There are three brothers that survive Mr. Heintz: Louis, who now conducts the business in Winona; Philip Heintz, of Rochester, Minnesota, and Otto Heintz, who resides in Europe.

James Wright.—The death of James Wright, of Minnesota City, occurred on Wednesday evening, August 10, 1892, aged 75 years. Mr. Wright was an early pioneer, having come to Minnesota in May, 1852, with the Minnesota City colony, and resided there up to the day of his death.

Mr. Wright was born in England, and for a time lived in New York city, but moved from there here with the expectation of building up a desirable city in the West. He has been town clerk of Rollingstone ever since the township was organized. Many regrets were expressed at the departure of Uncle Wright, as he was locally known. He had a social disposition and was held in high esteem by his neighbors. The old settlers present at the funeral showed proper respect to his memory.

Charles Miller.—In the death of Mr. Charles Miller, which occurred on January 26th, 1890, at the age of 56, Winona lost one of its most industrious and honest citizens, and the Odd Fellows and Druids an active member. Mr. Miller's business capacity was of a high order, and it rested upon the most unswerving integrity. But Mr. Edward Pelzer, a close friend, had better opportunities for knowing him in society and in business than most, and in a memorial said: "Charles Miller, the genial and whole-souled, industrious citizen, friend and brother, has relinquished his membership in our association, as he received it, with honor, with the love and esteem of us who were personally acquainted with him. He was born in Saxony, Germany, March 24th, 1834. He came to Winona, Minnesota, in 1857. He was successively engaged in the business of draying, the ice trade and the grocery business. During his stay among us he held for three years the office of county commissioner. He was an industrious, honest and careful man, faithfully and intelligently discharging all his duties, always manifesting an interest in public matters, and desiring to see the city of his adopted home prosper.

Patrick May.—As taken from record and memorial address of Hon. C. F. Buck. Patrick May died at his residence on Homer Ridge, on November 8th, 1889, aged 53 years, and was buried in St. Mary's Cemetery. Deceased was an old settler in Winona county having come to the place of his

death 35 years ago. Nine children survive him to mourn his loss—six boys and three girls. Mr. May was born in County Sligo, Ireland, and came to this country 42 years ago. The memorial of Patrick May was given by C. F. Buck as follows: "Patrick May's life work began when he came to Minnesota, in 1855. He shared with us the hardships and pleasures too, incident to pioneer life. He took an active interest and always did his part, in furthering the public enterprises of the early settlers. Mr. May's prominent characteristics were his love of justice, his tenacity of purpose and the courage of his convictions, and when we remember the condition of his early life and the disadvantages which the want of an early education entail, we must say, that under the circumstances his life was a successful one and that Patrick May acted the part of a man in the great drama of life. He died at his home surrounded by his wife and children, and if I was to write his epitaph, I would chisel on the stone which marks his last resting place, "Here is a man who was a good citizen, a good neighbor, a good husband, a good father."

Grove W. Willis.—Mr. Willis, an old and esteemed pioneer and old settler of Winona county, died at his residence in the city on Sunday evening, August 22, 1897, of old age and a complication of diseases.

Grove W. Willis was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., March 31, 1811, in which State he spent the early years of his life. In 1833 he moved to Southport, Racine county, Wis., and lived there and in Kenosha county until 1853, when he removed to Minnesota, and lived the remainder of his life in Winona and Fillmore counties. He was one of the organizers of Fillmore county, and was the first clerk of the court of that county. He also assisted in the establishment of the town site of Chatfield, and labored during the early '50s to secure the county seat at that place. He was married on December 11, 1830, at Waterville, N. Y., to Harriet E. Allen, who survives him. The family consisted of four daughters and three sons, who, with the exception of one daughter, are all

living—Mrs. George Richardson of Willow Springs, Mo.; Mrs. J. S. Gillette, deceased; Grove M. Willis of Winona; Rufus A. Willis of Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. M. L. Wilson of Fulda, Minn.; Jennie P. and Henry J. Willis of Winona.

On the 11th day of December, 1897, Mr. and Mrs. Willis would have completed the sixty-seventh year of their married life, and with a family of seven children have had but one death in their immediate family.

Mr. Willis served during the Indian war in 1862 in the Second Regiment Minnesota Mounted Rangers. He was a member of Winona Lodge No. 18, A. F. and A. M., having been made a Mason over forty years ago. Mr. Willis was also a member of John Ball Post, G. A. R., and of the Winona County Old Settlers' Association.

The funeral was under Masonic auspices.

A. F. Hodgins. *a real pioneer*, died at Winona, Minnesota, on June 6th, 1896, aged 70 years. A. F. Hodgins, of the great lumber company of Youmans Brothers & Hodgins, was a man of sterling integrity of character and of unbiased judgment. The *Lumberman*, a well-known trade journal, says: "A. F. Hodgins may be said to have grown up in the lumber business and to have spent a well rounded life of distinguished usefulness in that pursuit. Prior to his advent in Winona, or during 1856, he had been a clerk in a lumber yard at Galena, Ill. He continued an active and honored votary of his favorite occupation in Winona until the day of his death. . . . A look into Mr. Hodgins' face (there being a portrait) will suffice to reveal to the least learned physiognomists the infinite goodness of the man's nature shining in his eyes and lurking in the lines of his mouth. No mortal with a tyro's knowledge of human nature would hesitate to trust such a man with life, money or confidence." Mr. Hodgins was the chairman at the organization of the present Old Settlers' Association, and his memory is revered by all who ever knew him or saw his honest face. Mr. Hodgins served



H. D. MORSE,
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE WINONA COUNTY
OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

in the city council as alderman for several terms and also as mayor for seven years.

Henderson D. Morse.—The funeral of the late Mr. Henderson D. Morse took place at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, May 10, 1897, at St. Paul's Church, a large number, including many old settlers, being present to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased. Rev. T. P. Thurston was assisted by Dr. J. J. Hillmer in conducting the services and the vested choir also took part. There were numerous floral designs, including one from the Old Settlers' Association, a wreath showing clasped hands, the emblem of the association. The Arlington Club sent a beautiful bouquet of roses. The interment was made on the family lot in Woodlawn Cemetery. Messrs J. R. Marfield, Charles P. Crangle, E. S. Gregory, Elmer Chamberlain, Willis Hastings, H. C. Garvin, J. A. Merigold, Jr., and Robert Tearse acted as pall bearers.

Mr. Morse was a native of Vermont. He took a preparatory course of study at Bakersfield, that state, but was obliged to intermit study on account of his eyesight, and instead of completing a collegiate course engaged in business. He came to Winona in May, 1855, and engaged in financial operations. He was a heavy dealer in grain from 1858 to 1864. He owned considerable farming property in this and surrounding counties, including a finely appointed stock farm in Olmstead county, near High Forest. For a time he operated a creamery in Winona, and for several years was a member of the insurance firm of Morse & Robertson. Mr. Morse was one of the charter members of the Old Settlers' Association and its first president, in which capacity he served until the day of his death. He leaves a wife, a son, Mr. Mortimer Morse, and a daughter, Miss Isabelle Morse. He was a man universally liked and esteemed for his many social qualities as well as for his general probity of character in all business transactions. His death will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances outside of the members of his own family.

George W. Clark —The death of George W. Clark, first vice-president of the present Old Settlers' Association of Winona county, occurred on August 3, 1897. It having been deemed proper that special notice be given to the death of one so distinguished as a pioneer settler of Winona county, the executive committee instructed the secretary, Mr. Terry, to prepare suitable resolutions of respect for the memory of Mr. Clark, and the following were accordingly presented and adopted:

WHEREAS: We are again called upon to give up another prominent and influential member, Brother George W. Clark, who was closely connected with this association, being the first member to sign the roll and always taking a fatherly interest in all our proceedings and pleased to assist us in all ways at his command, therefore, be it

Resolved, That by the death of our lamented friend and brother, we have lost a faithful, earnest and useful member, an honorable, upright, and honest man, a true friend, a good citizen, a kind husband, an indulgent father, and a man that enjoyed the love of his family and the confidence and respect of his fellow men.

Resolved, That the Old Settlers' Association extend to the widow and children of Brother Clark our deepest and heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of sorrow, and we wish to express to them by this resolution that we feel that their loss is our loss, and that we shall always cherish but with regret the remembrance of our lamented friend and brother, and with them bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be properly engrossed and transmitted to the family of our deceased member, and also a copy be preserved by the secretary in the archives of the association.

By order of the executive committee.

THOMAS SIMPSON, President.

H. S. TERRY, Secretary.

Harriet Huff—The following taken mostly from the records of the secretary chronicles the death of a noble pioneer lady. Mrs. Harriet Huff, for many years one of the best known women in Winona, died suddenly of paralysis, on the morning of the 17th of January, 1895, at the residence of Judge H. L. Buck, where for nearly a year she had resided with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Carpenter. Mrs. Huff, whose maiden name was Harriet Carpenter, was born at Horseheads, N. Y., October 7, 1810. In 1830, she was married to Henry D. Huff, with whom she removed to Kenosha, Wisconsin, in 1843. Ten years later, in 1853, Mr. and Mrs. Huff came to Winona, where they continued to reside until 1872, when they removed to Chicago a few days before the great fire, in which they lost all their valuable personal effects. Since that time, Mrs. Huff has resided mainly in Chicago, though making frequent visits to Winona during the interval. For nearly a year past she has remained continuously in this city.

The prominence of her husband in business affairs combined with her own amiability and sweetness of character, made Mrs. Huff a conspicuous figure in the social life of Winona during her entire residence here. Mrs. Huff was the mother of six children, all of whom died in early life.

Willet Carpenter.—The death of Willet Carpenter, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Winona, occurred on the morning of the 30th of April, 1890, as the result of a stroke of paralysis. He had been similarly stricken about a year before, but partially recovered, and for several months had been pursuing his regular vocation as usual.

Willet Carpenter was born at Horse Head, near Elmira, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1830. In 1854 he came to Winona and has ever since lived here. In 1859 he married Miss Harriet Louise Wells. He was a director the old Transit Railway Company, and for the past eighteen years had been connected with the freight department of the Winona and St. Peter Railway in this city. He leaves a wife and three daughters: Misses Kate and Maud Carpenter and Mrs. H. L. Buck.

Mr. Carpenter came to Winona in company with the late Henry D. Huff, of whose wife he was a brother, and in company with that gentleman was for some years prominently connected with large real estate and other business transactions. He was subsequently, with many others at that time, overtaken by financial misfortunes, and lost nearly all his property, which included the dwelling house now occupied by Mr. William H. Laird.

Mr. Carpenter was a quiet, unobtrusive, and in every respect estimable man, who throughout his long residence here enjoyed the confidence and respect of every one who knew him.

Mrs. C. F. Buck.—The wife of one of our most distinguished pioneer old settlers of Winona county, Hon. C. F. Buck, who came to Homer with her husband in 1853, from whence they removed to their beautiful, romantic, park-like location on Lake Winona, has departed to a higher life. Mrs. Nancy Jane Buck was born in Pontiac, Michigan, in 1832, and was the daughter of Mr. John R. Robinson, a man of intellectual force, who some years since died at his daughter's house, having passed his ninetieth year. Mrs. Buck's death occurred as a result of pneumonia on April 8th, 1896, leaving her husband and six children to mourn her departure.

Mrs. Buck was a woman of strong character, positive in her opinions, and well read on most topics of current interest—qualities that she imparted to her talented family, who have all been well educated. Her son, Judge H. L. Buck, who for some years has filled the responsible office of probate judge, was graduated from the University of Wisconsin. One brother of Mrs. Buck, the deceased, alone survives of her father's family, Dr. Robinson, of Manhattan, Kansas. To those who knew Mrs. Buck, and to her husband and children her loss is a great bereavement. The poor and ailing, who have been relieved by her bounty, will remember her as a kind and benevolent friend.

Mrs. Thomas Simpson.—Winona has had, during its short existence as a city, several most estimable women, of high character and humanitarian devotion. Some of them have passed away, while others remain. But of those who have gone to the higher life, none perhaps have left so lasting an influence by her deeds of benevolence and charity, by her ladylike deportment and consideration for others, as has Mrs. Isabella Margaret Simpson, wife of Thomas Simpson, Esq., the honored President of the Old Settlers' Association. Her opportunities for doing good may have been more numerous than was afforded other ladies, for her husband was ever kind and indulgent in affording his wife means to alleviate the distresses of the poor and suffering; but without her kindly feeling of unselfish charity for all, those opportunities would have passed her by without actions. In recognition of her later life-work among the poor and unfortunate, there has been established in Winona since her decease, a most commendable charitable institution, which is now incorporated and known as the "Margaret Simpson Home." "The Home" will in all probability be a perpetual as well as fitting monument to her many virtues recognized here by all, and future generations will bless her memory.

As proof of the love and esteem in which Mrs. Simpson was held by the people of Winona, I re-produce a large portion of an article which appeared in the Winona Republican some time after her demise.

"A LIVING EPISTLE."

VIVID PORTRAITURE OF THE LATE MRS. THOMAS SIMPSON.

In the *Methodist Herald* for the current week appears, from the pen of Rev. Dr. William McKinley, an appreciative sketch of the life and character of the late Mrs. Thomas Simpson, of this city, which, on account of its wide local interest, is re-produced herewith in full:

The greatest power of the Christian church and the best evidence of its divine origin is in the Christ-like characters it produces. One of these "living epistles known and read of all men" passed from the church militant to the church triumphant when Mrs. Isabella Margaret Simp-

son, wife of Mr. Thomas Simpson, died at her home in Winona, December 21, 1888.

She was born in Lewisburg, Pa., March 25, 1837. Her parents, George and Elizabeth Holstein, were earnest Christians and Methodists. She received her education in her Christian home and at a private academy in her native town and later at Lewisburg university and the Wesleyan female college at Wilmington, Delaware.

At Wilmington she gave herself to Christ, united with the church and received the inward witness that she was born of God. For several years after this she was a teacher in the public schools of Lewisburg.

In October, 1860, she was married to Thos. Simpson and removed to Winona, where she entered upon a life of active beneficence in which every good cause and every human interest had a place. During the war for the Union thousands of soldiers passed through Winona—"the Gate City" of Minnesota—on their way to and from the seat of war, and, as secretary of the Soldiers' Aid Society, she engaged in arduous labors in their behalf, ministering to the sick and the wounded and enshrining herself forever in the gratitude of the men who saved the nation. After the war the State Soldiers' Orphans' Home was located in Winona, and she was appointed director, in which office she was for many years a mother to the innocent participants in the great vicarious sacrifice for liberty and law. For many years her husband was resident director of the Winona State Normal School, and this brought her into intimate relations with thousands of young people educated there, many of whom found in her the best influence and inspiration of their lives.

For twenty-four years she taught a large Sunday school class, mostly Normal students, hundreds of whom remember her as their guide to God and all that is good, and through whom her work will go on blessing others forever. In the firemen of the city she took a deep interest, doing much to promote their comfort and well-being, and at her death they called a special meeting and passed resolutions declaring that she was their best friend, in token of which they attended her funeral in a body.

In the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, the Women's Home Missionary Society, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in city mission work and every church and local charity, she was a foremost worker and leader. And her benevolences were not confined to organized effort, but by personal visitation and examination she brought herself into contact and sympathy with the suffering and the needy. Fitted by nature and education to shine in the highest social circles, she sought out the lowly and lost, carrying to the dark abodes of sin and want and woe the light of God which shone in and about her. To the poor, the sick, the aged, the homeless and all children of sorrow, she was a friend

in need who seemed to always know how to do the right thing at the right time in the right way.

Amid all these outward activities she neglected no domestic duties, but at home and in the church and in all the relations of life, as daughter, wife, mother, friend, neighbor, she continually sought to discharge every obligation and was "faithful in that which is least as well as in much."

About four years ago she discovered that a deadly malady had fastened upon her and at once put her house in order, committing herself and all her interests into God's hands and asking only for grace to make the best possible use of the time that remained. With characteristic unselfishness she kept from all her friends except her husband the knowledge of her dangerous condition, and gave health and sympathy to others instead of seeking them for herself.

Her sufferings and death called forth expressions of sympathy from every quarter. The Catholic priest and the Episcopal rector commended her to God in their prayers and to their people as an example of Christian virtue. People of all classes and creeds and nationalities were drawn together around her bier by the sense of a common loss which made them feel their common humanity. Men of little faith in other things had faith in her and expressed it, for truth embodied in life is its own best witness, and there is no argument against self-sacrificing love.

Mrs. Simpson had a vigorous intellect, a sound judgment, a firm will, a warm heart and a controlling conscience, all so educated and disciplined by experience that they gave her wisdom, insight, skill, tact, sympathy, gentleness and force, combined in a character of rare strength and symmetry.

Mrs. Catharine Smith was a conspicuous figure in the early history and social life of Winona. The critical illness of Mrs. Catharine Smith terminated in her death at 10 o'clock on Saturday evening, June 2, 1888. Although she had suffered much from heart disease, her final hours were quiet and she passed away peacefully to her rest. She was one of the earliest pioneers of Winona, being the third white woman to locate on this prairie, and the only one who had continuously remained here. Not only by her long residence alone was she identified with the city, but her strong personal character and moral worth, her warm affection for young people, the active interest she took in promoting social and friendly intercourse among the people, all united to give her a strong

and enduring hold on the esteem and friendship of the people of Winona, and the familiar name of "Aunt Catharine," by which she was generally known, carried with it for everyone who knew her a genuine feeling of kinship. Her maiden name was Catherine McClure Fruit. She was born in Derry, Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, November 21, 1812. Her father died while she was quite young, and her mother afterward married Mr. Robert Laird. They were blessed with a large family of children, which included Messrs John C. Laird, M. J. Laird, Wm. H. Laird and other members of the family who are not now living here. On March 21, 1833, the subject of this sketch was married to Abner S. Goddard, soon after which they left for the far west, going by wagons over the mountains to Pittsburg, where they took a steamer down the Ohio, up the Mississippi and Illinois river to Jacksonville, Ill., where they lived three or four years, at the end of which time they returned to Pennsylvania and made their home at Lewisburg for about ten years—from 1837 to 1847. During this period they met with a severe affliction in the loss of four children within two weeks from scarlet fever. They were all the children they had at the time. They then went west again, living in Missouri some two years, then near Freeport and New Diggings, Illinois, thence coming to La Crosse in 1851, and in the following spring—May 12, 1852—locating in Winona.

Mr. Goddard was a man of public affairs, a magistrate, a teacher, and conveyancer of lands, and was popularly known as "Squire Goddard." In the latter part of the season of 1852 Mr. Goddard and his two younger children were prostrated with sickness, and one of them died. Mr. Goddard's death occurred on September 11, 1852. The loss of a citizen of such promising usefulness in the new settlement was a calamity. He was a man of the strictest integrity and of correct moral principles. Of their nine children only two remained, Charles E. Goddard and a little girl, the latter dying at the age of ten years, on October 2, 1853. Charles was the only

one who grew to adult age. He attended the public schools here, entered the army in the First Minnesota regiment, where he served as a brave soldier throughout the war, and on coming home was elected register of deeds, but during his incumbency was taken sick and died at the age of 24 years. His death was another severe blow to the long list of afflictions which had fallen upon his mother. She was married to A. B. Smith in August, 1853. He had formerly been engaged in the lumber business and in running rafts, but on coming to Winona became landlord of the Minnesota House, built by him on the corner of Second and Center streets, where Mr. S. C. White's store now stands. He was also proprietor of the Wabasha Prairie House, which stood on the corner of Front and Franklin streets, built by him in the summer of 1855. While here he suddenly disappeared from home in the night, and nothing certain was ever learned as a cause for his mysterious absence. It was known that he was accustomed to carry considerable sums of money about his person, and it was supposed he had been foully dealt with. Mrs. Smith had one son by him, Orrin F. Smith—the second male child born on Winona prairie,—who still survives, and with whom his mother made her home during the last years of her life.

Soon after her marriage with Mr. Goddard she joined the Methodist church, being a member of the Central church in Winona at the time of her death.

Time would fail to tell of the many interesting events in the pioneer history of Winona, in which Mrs Smith was a conspicuous character.

Mr. Goddard was induced to come to Winona by Mr. Silas Stevens, who offered to give him a shanty of sufficient capacity to keep a boarding house on Winona prairie (then called Wabasha prairie) if he would come. This shanty stood about where the Davenport House now stands, not far from the corner of Third and Kansas streets. "Goddard's" became the favorite stopping place—the most popular and commodious "Hotel" on the prairie. It was the home of many

of the early settlers of this county who came that season. It was here they gathered for social enjoyment, to get the latest news, to discuss the matters of claims and current events. It was the place of gathering for public meetings, and the headquarters of the Wabasha Protective Club, of which Mr. Goddard was elected secretary. A select school was opened here by Miss Angelia Gere—the first school attempted on the prairie. It was in operation but a short time. Here the first stated religious meetings were held, with regular preaching on Sunday. When an epidemic of malarial disease broke out the settlers considered themselves fortunate if they could get in at Goddard's, for there they felt sure of kind attention and watchful nursing. The following extract from a letter to "Aunt Catharine," written a score of years afterward, will illustrate somewhat the general sentiment of the early settlers: "I cannot forget the many deeds of kindness and motherly care my brothers and myself received at your hands, when your house was a hospital and you the ministering angel. With nine sick persons, including your husband, with but two rooms in which to lodge and make comfortable your sick household, how admirably and patiently all was managed."

But the sorrow of life could never utterly cloud the buoyant, courageous, sunny nature of "Aunt Catharine." Her motherly heart went out in warm sympathy to the young. She liked to see the world made bright, and it was a labor of love for her to do what she could to make it so. Her New Year welcomes, her Easter parties, her birthday gatherings, her genial greetings for the comrades of her boy in the First regiment, her thoughtful interest in the firemen—these, and many more join as her children to rise up and call her blessed. She was instrumental in laying the foundation for that social, cordial hospitality for which Winona has been noted from its earliest days.

In early times both Mr. and Mrs. Goddard were strong Abolitionists. They were always the friends of the weak and

oppressed. Her death closes a long, useful and eventful life, beautifully rounded out and earning the reward of heaven's richest gifts.

The funeral took place at the Central Methodist Church on Monday afternoon, the services being conducted by Rev. Levi Gilbert, assisted by other ministers of the city. The pall-bearers were Messrs C. H. Berry, R. D. Cone, W. S. Drew, John A. Mathews, Henry Stevens and D. Sinclair.

LIST OF DEATHS OF MEMBERS OF THE WINONA COUNTY OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION, AS FAR AS HAVE BEEN REPORTED.

Augustin, John.—Died September 27, 1896, aged 73 years. Buried at Wilson, Minn.

Buck, Mrs. C. F.—Died April 8, 1896, aged 64 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Burns, Mrs. Grace.—Died May 10, 1890, aged 57 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Burmeister, John.—Died April 28, 1897, aged 75 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Billings, Frank.—Died September 27, 1896, aged 51 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Bassy, Charles A.—Died March 24, 1891, aged 64 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Brainard, I. C.—Died February 9, 1894, aged 39 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Carpenter, Willett.—Died April 30, 1890, aged 59 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Chapman, Egbert.—Died November 19, 1896, aged 94 years. Buried at Minnesota City.

Clark, Orrin.—Died February 10, 1894, aged 78 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Clark, George W.—Died August 3, 1897, aged 70 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Drew, William S.—Died February 14, 1890, aged 73 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Dill, William H.—Died November 8, 1895, aged 74 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Dye, Walter G.—Died March 21, 1894, aged 62 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Davis, A. M.—Died February 8, 1891.
Buried at Stockton, Minnesota.

Felgate, Henry.—Died December 20, 1889, aged 55 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Flint, George T.—Died February 23, 1891, aged 68 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Gallien Nicholas.—Died November 7, 1893, aged 68 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Gertzen, Ernest A.—Died December 18, 1895, aged 75 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Garlock, William.—Died July 11, 1894, aged 76 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Gernes, Charles M.—Died March 20, 1893. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Gore, Peter.—Died September 12, 1891, aged 77 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Geise, Julius.—Died November 20, 1896, aged 73 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Hodgins, A. F.—Died June 6, 1896, aged 70 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Hubbard, George F.—Died September 25, 1896, aged 76 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Hubbell, William T.—Died July 2, 1896, aged 63 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Harrington, William H.—Died January 8, 1897, aged 81 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Heintz, Christian.—Died July 10, 1894, aged 64 years.
Buried at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Hubbell, Philo P.—Died May 29, 1893, aged 94 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Hasser, John.—Died in 1892. Buried at Minneska.

Hamilton, George.—Died April 3, 1897, aged 36 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Haggedorn, William H.—Died January 10, 1894, aged 75 years. Buried at Utica, Minn.

Harris, Nathan.—Died March 19, 1895, aged 81 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Haberel L.—Died July 3, 1897, aged 65 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Jackson, James P.—Died December 4, 1892, aged 68 years. Buried at Seattle, State of Washington.

Kimball, Charles.—Died October 2, 1889, aged 59 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Kennedy, James S.—Died in 1894. Buried at Elgin, Minnesota.

Knoepfel, Frank.—Died February 2, 1890, aged 60 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Linderman, A.—Died September 3, 1891, aged 81 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Sampson, William.—Died September 9, 1891, aged 77 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Lockwood John W.—Died February 27, 1897, aged 58 years. Buried at Ridgeway, Minnesota.

Lynch, Michael.—Died March 16, 1896, aged 66 years. Buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Winona.

Morgan, Charles W.—Died September 2, 1894, aged 67 years. Buried in St. Charles Cemetery.

Mason, Joseph H.—Died December 22, 1893, aged 75 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Mowry, Jacob.—Died April 14, 1896, aged 68 years. Buried in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Miller, Charles.—Died January 26, 1890, aged 56 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Mertes, Clement.—Died July 9, 1895, aged 68 years. Buried in St. Mary's Cemetery.

May, Patrick.—Died November 8, 1889, aged 58 years. Buried in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Monk, John.—Died Novèmber 27, 1894, aged 78 years.
Buried at Stockton, Minnesota.

Morse, H. D.—Died May 8, 1897, aged 68 years. Buried
in Woodlawn Cemetery.

McAllister, Arthur.—Died May 18, 1897, aged years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Marks, R. J.—Died June 5, 1897, aged 47 years. Buried
at Dover, Minnesota.

Noyes, Mrs. M. A.—Died March 5, 1897, aged 57 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Posz, John.—Died March 1, 1897, aged 70 years. Buried
in Lewiston Cemetery.

Paine, Stephen W.—Died February 4, 1894, aged 65 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Riley, Charles.—Died August 23, 1891, aged 68 years.
Buried in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Randall, James A.—Died January 1, 1896, aged 74 years.
Buried in Fremont Cemetery.

Rice, Collins.—Died February 21, 1895, aged 81 years.
Buried in Lewiston Cemetery.

Rowell, Warren.—Died July 21, 1896, aged 77 years.
Buried in Carlyle, Arkansas.

Randall, John J.—Died March 25, 1891, aged 64 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Randall, Charles P.—Died in 1892. Buried in St. Charles
Cemetery.

Sloan, Frank D.—Died September 8, 1889, aged 59 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Staughton, N.—Died September 10, 1895, aged 64 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Story, Jacob.—Died February 22, 1895, aged 73 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Spellman, Dingman.—Died April 16, 1896, aged 85 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Stewart, Gardner.—Died March 17, 1896, aged 95 years.
Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Stevens, Norman B.—Died October 6, 1892, aged 64 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Skinkle, Esban.—Died April 16, 1892, aged 50 years. Buried at Centreville, Minnesota.

Sailsbury, John.—Died August 6, 1894, aged 67 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Thorp, Robert.—Died May 1, 1893, aged 84 years. Buried at Minnesota City.

Winkles, John.—Died January 30, 1893, aged 66 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Whitten, Joseph S.—Died April 11, 1893, aged 68 years. Buried in St. Charles Cemetery.

Willis, Grove W.—Died August 22, 1897, aged 86 years. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Wright James.—Died August 10, 1892, aged 75 years. Buried at Minnesota City.

Young, Mrs. Susan.—Died June 27, 1897, aged 84 years. Buried at Witoka.

Zimmerman, John.—Died October 22, 1894, aged 63 years. Buried at Norton, Minnesota.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Reference made to Military History of Minnesota and Winona county, and of the Iron Brigade of Wisconsin—Also to a personal matter of history.

In History of Winona County, pages 910 and 911, in a chapter headed "Military Record," it is declared that "The Military History of Winona county is one of the difficult—it were better to say impossible things to write. It is a history not of regiments; only in isolated cases is it a record of complete companies; it is in the main only a narrative, broken but brilliant, of the services of detachments, fragments of commands more anxious to serve their country and support the National Government in its hour of peril than to be the recognized integers of some military brigade whose achievements should confer honor on Winona county, as the particular locality from which they came. The sparsely settled condition of the county (at that time), and the intense loyalty of the citizens, responding in some degree to every call that emanated from the governor of the State for another regiment, are largely answerable for the fact that the enlistments from Winona county are so scattered over all the regiments sent out from the State, that to trace the movements of these detachments, or even to determine accurately the number of soldiers furnished by the county for the suppression of the rebellion, is simply impossible."

This statement, after diligent research, I have found to be entirely true; nor have the various suggestions and letters received from comrades, afforded me any aid. On the contrary, these letters and *opinions*, not being of record, have only added to the embarrassment of the situation, and so as representative of the highest military efficiency and patriotism of Winona and Minnesota, and of La Crosse and Wisconsin, for the two organizations, or parts of them, were together in many a battle, I glance at the operations of the First Minnesota and of the Iron Brigade as something that all volunteer soldiers will be proud of, though they themselves, might not have been in that particular battle of Gettysburg, but like the writer perhaps, been on other duty at that time. According to the most reliable data obtainable, at least 150 men from Winona county served in the First Regiment, and not less than forty-five in its successor the First Battalion, so that in both organizations there were 195 men to represent Winona county. There were a few also from Minnesota who served in the Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry and in the Second Wisconsin Cavalry, La Crosse being *nearer to the front*.

But the military history of Minnesota generally has been very ably written, and it was published in two large octavo volumes, entitled "Minnesota in the Civil War and Indian War," under the direction of a board of commissioners appointed by act of the Legislature of Minnesota April 16, 1889. Rev. E. D. Neill has also given large space in his History of Minnesota to the military affairs of Minnesota, commencing at chapter XXX, page 644, entitling his article: "Minnesota's Part in Suppressing the Slaveholders' Rebellion: Occurrences of 1861." He has also made reference to the outbreaks of the Sioux and other matters that have occurred in military circles at and near Fort Snelling, which are deemed amply sufficient to give a good understanding of military historical events of early days. There have also been local records made, as far as possible, in the "History of Winona County,

Minnesota" of the part taken by Winona county in the War of the Rebellion, which, commencing at page 542, extends to so great a length as to obviate any local recital here of what has been done by the brave sons of Winona to put down the rebellion. Therefore, I do not attempt to reproduce what has been already so well and largely done, even though slight errors and omissions may be discovered; but having the opportunity here, I deem it but just to myself to correct one error that faith in a comrade's patriotism evidently led Judge Lochgren into. The error was partially corrected in a later edition of the War History of Minnesota, but it was so obscurely done that reference to the matter here seems to me appropriate. Dr. John B. Le Blond had been an able assistant surgeon in the First Minnesota Regiment, and after the First Minnesota Battalion had been formed out of some of the remaining few of the heroic First, and it was determined to increase its numbers to a full regiment if required, Dr. Le Blond was offered a commission in the new organization as major surgeon. For some unexplained reason Dr. Le Blond was tardy in making known his acceptance, or there was other cause for his failure to reach the First Minnesota Battalion, and I was ordered to duty about March 27th, 1865, (at the opening of the campaign,) as surgeon for the First Minnesota Battalion, by William B. Brinton of the Hundred Eighty-Forth Pa. Volunteers, surgeons in chief of First Brigade Second Division Second Army Corps, and continued as the sole medical officer of the Battalion throughout the entire campaign that ended at Appomattox, and until the return of the army to Arlington Heights, on about the 14th of May, 1865, where for the first time Surgeon Le Blond joined the battalian for duty, and was mustered-in, as appears from his record on May 17th, 1865. A record of my own detail or assignment to the Frst Battalion, from my own regiment, the Thirty-Sixth Wisconsin, may be found in the Adjutant General's office at Madison, and in some of the departments at Washington, but it is a matter of little interest to me,

except to correct and verify local history. Dr. Le Blond was a very able surgeon and a brave man, and Judge Lochren, by ability and political preferment, has reached an exalted station, which requires the strictest integrity of character to sustain, and therefore I feel it due to the memory of Dr. Le Blond as a brave comrade, and to Judge Lochren as an equally brave man and upright judge, for me to declare that it was in my opinion, purely an oversight or an undue confidence in anticipating events, that *did not occur*, that led Judge Lochren into error.

I had not seen the article on the First Minnesota by Judge Lochren until it was pointed out by a comrade who knew of my service with the battalion, (for I then had no copy of the military history,) but when I read on page 47 the statement of the now eminent Judge, that "Glancing over what I have written, I feel satisfied of its accuracy, for I have spared no care or pains," and then referring to Dr. Le Blond, said, "who joined us in the spring of 1862, and continued until the muster out of the battallion," etc. I took advantage of an opportunity afforded by a reunion in Winona in June, 1895, of the old Minnesota First, and obtained a written statement that would show the error. The foregoing facts already stated were submitted in writing, and then received the following endorsement: "I hereby most respectfully certify to the foregoing facts, namely, that Dr. L. H. Bunnell was the only medical officer attached to the First Battalion, Minn. Vol. Infantry during its last campaign from about the 27th day of March, 1865, up to about the first part of May, 1865, and his services as surgeon were faithfully and efficiently performed. Facts known to me by having been in command of the said First Battalion Minn. Vol. Infantry during the last ten months of the war.

CHAS. F. HAUSDORF,

Late Lieut. Col. Commanding

First Batt. Minn. Vol. Inftry.

Winona, Minn., June 3, 1895.

I have seen where the mistletoe bough had attached itself to the sturdy oaks of the valley, or to the tall and graceful sugar pines of the snowy Sierras, and have wondered why so vigorous a plant could not sustain itself alone, but upon reflection decided that it was in the order of nature for the strong to uphold the weak, the bold and brave to give confidence to the timid, until such time as experience and practice—that is drill and battle in the case of new regiments—should prove their efficiency. Unlike the mistletoe, which only loses its dependence upon the death of its arboreal columns, the new regiments of Minnesota and Wisconsin, after profiting by the example of valor and discipline shown by the First Minnesota and Second Wisconsin Regiments, the first three-year regiments of their respective states, were all able to stand and fight alone, though cheerfully acknowledging their indebtedness to those regiments for drill and moral support.

It was amusing, though sometimes sorrowful, to see the recruits who had but just joined their command, the First Minnesota Battalion, try to emulate the valorous deeds as they conceived of them, of the “grand old First,” as they lovingly called it, which they declared their actions should never disgrace. I remember upon one occasion when, as Judge Lochren said: “The recruiting detail was successful, and during the spring following (1865), Company C, Captain Charles C. Parker, joined the battalion, and on the morning after its arrival joined their comrades in a successful charge on the enemy’s rifle-pits, capturing the occupants. I was on the skirmish line that day and remarked that few veterans would make so hazardous an attempt, and Colonel Hausdorf replied, that the boldness of the movement, being unexpected, would most likely insure its success, for the rush would give no time for reloading, and it did not. It was painfully interesting to see one recruit, while shot and shell were flying, gather up the trophies of victory he had acquired by shooting one stubborn North Carolinian in his pit. One other North Car-

olinian refused to yield, after a bronze piece he had been trying to fire had been captured, and when there was no possible hope in resistance, he lifted a musket to fire, when he too was shot down. The sharp-shooters of the battalion had crawled under the abatis to close range, and before the Confederate artillerists were aware of their presence, the gunners were shot down by sharp-shooters whenever they attempted to serve their guns. After the capture of the fort, the location of which I have in mind, but the name has passed from memory, the leaden marks of the bullets could be plainly traced along the brass pieces from muzzle to breech, showing clearly why the rebels were forced to leave their guns, for the infantry supports were already mostly in retreat. I mention these occurrences, not because they will add fame to the First Minnesota, but to show the moral influence the fame already acquired by that regiment exerted upon raw recruits. In like manner the well-earned reputation acquired by the Second Wisconsin in the early stages of the war, had its influence in stimulating to the highest degree the patriotism of other regiments that entered into the strife later on.

The examples of valor, so far as it was possible to sustain them, shown by the First Minnesota, in the first Bull Run, and by the Second Wisconsin, which came to their relief on that eventful day, only to be in turn repulsed, with other regiments in detail, by the superior generalship of the rebel commanders, had a far reaching influence. It was the Second Wisconsin, my own beloved regiment, that gathered around it the material that formed the "Iron Brigade," and when the original organization had become doubly decimated, and new material had to be joined to keep up its strength and usefulness, there was no longer any Second, Sixth or Seventh Wisconsin, or Nineteenth Indiana, for thier remnants had been welded by fire into one homogeneous body of veteran volunteers. When the Twenty-fourth Michigan was received as comrades of the brigade, it was with some misgiving. But that regiment's deeds of heroism displayed in its encounters

with a fratricidal enemy, dispelled all doubts of its valor, and when at Gettysburg the brave commander of the Twenty-Fourth Michigan, Colonel Morrow, afterwards General Morrow, was asked why he at Gettysburg allowed his brave men to be annihilated; his reply was: "We came to fight, not to surrender."

The battle of Gettysburg, according to the military history of Wisconsin, was opened by General Archer with his Confederate Tennesseans. The history (Quiner's), says, page 459, "Marching one hundred and sixty miles through Virginia and Maryland, they (the Iron Brigade), found themselves in the neighborhood of the rebel general, who was then congregating his forces at Gettysburg, Pa., a few miles from their encampment. On this march the troops suffered much from the dusty roads and hot weather. The streams and springs had dried up, and they suffered severely for want of water.

. . . The division of General Wadsworth which so heroically fought on the 1st day of July, (1863), was composed of the First (or Iron Brigade), under General Meredith, of Nineteenth Indiana, and Second brigade under General Cutler of Wisconsin Sixteenth. All the descriptions of this great battle accord the division of Wadsworth, the honor of having done the heaviest fighting.

General Reynolds' corps was ordered to move to Gettysburg on the 1st of July, the division of General Wadsworth being in advance. Firing was heard when within a mile of the town, the rebels having attacked Buford's cavalry. They were about eighty rods ahead, the cavalry and light artillery contesting the advance of the rebels, who were endeavoring to gain a high eminence commanding the road by which Reynolds was approaching. At this time, Wadsworth's division moved on and entered a field a short distance to the left of the Gettysburg Seminary, the Iron Brigade in the advance in the following order: The Second and Seventh Wisconsin, Nineteenth Indiana, Twenty-Fourth Michigan and Sixth Wisconsin. An order was given to double-quick in line,

loading and fixing bayonets as they went. As they came to the brow of the hill, the Second Wisconsin, under Colonel Fairchild, discovered in their front a body of the enemy who were advancing rapidly to a very advantageous position. These immediately opened fire and gave the regiment a tremendous volley, which cut down thirty per cent of their numbers. Lieut. Colonel Stevens, of the Second, fell soon after the regiment got under fire, mortally wounded, and Colonel Fairchild received a ball in the left arm, which compelled him to leave the field. The brigade pushed forward, driving the enemy before it, which soon broke and fled, and the division held the position. During this part of the engagement the Second regiment captured the rebel General Archer and one hundred and fifty prisoners. The division soon fell back across Marsh Creek and took position near which General Reynolds was soon after killed by a rebel sharpshooter. Here the First division, under General Wadsworth, formed in line of battle, Robins' division on the right and Doubleday's on the left. The Sixth regiment, in the early part of the day, had been detached as a reserve to the line of the division, and was not with the brigade until late in the afternoon. The enemy attacked the position of the First corps early in the afternoon, having been heavily reinforced, and came in overwhelming numbers, determined to crush the inconsiderable force which was now commanded by General Doubleday, he having succeeded General Reynolds. The two brigades of Wadsworth's division fought for nearly two hours until the rebels were seen flowing around both flanks, when they were ordered to retire. This they did in good style, contesting every inch of ground until they reached the battery, where they again stood and fought as long as they had ammunition. They then fell back through the town to Cemetery Hill, leaving their dead and wounded; not, however, until they were nearly surrounded and there was danger of capture. The brigade reached the hill and took position near the point of the ridge where they threw up breastworks. General

Meredith had been wounded, and the brigade was commanded by Col. Robinson of the Seventh. Major Mansfield had succeeded to the command of the Second, and was also wounded in the afternoon, and the command of the Second regiment devolved upon Captain G. H. Otis, of Company I. Lieut. Colonel Callis of the Seventh regiment was also severely wounded.

The Sixth, on being detached moved to the support of the right of the division. While doing so, the enemy succeeded in turning that flank, and were pressing rapidly in pursuit of the broken line. Advancing at a double-quick, the Sixth reached a fence about forty rods from the enemy, and opened fire, which checked the rebels and caused them to take refuge in a railroad cut, from which they commenced a murderous fire on the regiment. Two New York regiments formed on the left of the Sixth, and they charged together on the rebel position under a terrible fire. When they reached the railroad cut the rebel regiment threw down their arms and surrendered, their commanding officer giving up his sword to Lieut. Colonel Dawes, who commanded the Sixth regiment, Colonel Bragg being absent under medical treatment. The colors were captured by Corporal Asbury Waller, of Company I of the Sixth, by rushing into the midst of the rebels and snatching the flag from the color-bearer and bearing it off, though severely wounded. Waller was afterwards taken prisoner, but preserved the rebel flag between his blankets. In this charge the regiment lost 160 men killed and wounded. Reorganizing his shattered regiment. Lieut. Colonel Dawes moved forward to the support of a battery in his front, which position he held until the enemy had pressed back the lines on the two flanks, when he fell back to the support of the brigade battery. During the day the Sixth regiment saved the New York One Hundred and Forty-Seventh Volunteers from capture, by charging down upon the enemy which was pursuing it, and in conjunction with the Fourteenth Brooklyn drove rebels from the field. The regiment was then or-

dered to retire to Cemetery Hill, where it reported to Colonel Robinson, commanding the Iron Brigade.

"The Seventh Wisconsin bore its share in the battle with characteristic gallantry and suffered severely. . . .

"The Second Brigade (General Cutler) opened the battle a few moments before the Iron Brigade, and suffered severely, the General having three horses shot under him."

General Lysander Cutler, while Colonel of the Sixth Wisconsin and commander of the Iron Brigade, had fully proved his fighting qualities.

"In the battles of the 2d and 3d of July, the Iron Brigade did not become engaged with the enemy's infantry, but supported a battery and were exposed to the heavy artillery fire from the enemy on those two days."

The losses of the three Wisconsin regiments of the Iron Brigade as taken from the Adjutant General's record are killed and died of wounds received at the battle of Gettysburg, 116; wounded, 299. The loss of the Second Wisconsin alone, out of a total of 302 officers and men that went into action at Gettysburg, was, killed 44; wounded 138; missing 53; most of whom turned up as prisoners; making a reduction of the Second Wisconsin, for a time, to only sixty-seven left for duty. The losses of the Nineteenth Indiana and Twenty-Fourth Michigan are not at hand, but it is well known that that of the Twenty-Fourth Michigan was appalling. Like the First Minnesota, the Second Wisconsin regiment, after June 11, 1864, when its term of service had expired, was organized into an independent battalion of two companies under Captain Dennis B. Daily of Company B, (Old La Crosse Light Guard), and they kept on fighting to the close of the war. The other regiments of the Iron Brigade, under various commanders and in different corps, maintained their reputation, taking part in most of the hard fighting under Grant until finally mustered-out. Colonel Kellogg, the last brigade commander, issued a final order dissolving the or-

ganization of the "Iron Brigade" after its return home on July 16, 1865.

The part taken by the First Minnesota in the battle of Gettysburg is well described by Judge Lochren, then Lieutenant Lochren. Commencing page 34, he says: "In the forenoon of July 1, (1863), the heavy sound of distant artillery soon put us on the march toward it. We turned back to Uniontown, where we took a road to the right, and by four o'clock the roar of conflict increasing as we drew nearer, we began to meet the crowd of cowards and camp followers, fleeing in terror with their frightened tales of utter defeat and rout" Hancock had left us about noon, hurrying on to the battlefield, where he had been directed to assume command, and where he selected the ground and made dispositions for continuance of the battle. We halted three or four miles south of Gettysburg, between eight and nine o'clock, placing a strong picket and erecting slight barricade defenses, as it was known that the confederates, as well as federals, were assembling from different directions. At a quarter before six on the morning of July 2, we arrived on the battle-field, and the Second corps was placed in position on the line to the left of the cemetery, being joined on its left by Sickles' Third corps, which extended that line to the vicinity of the Little Round Top.

For some reason the First Minnesota regiment was not placed in this line, but apparently in reserve a short distance to the rear. Early in the morning, just after we reached the battlefield, Colonel Colvill was relieved from arrest and assumed command of the regiment, and company L (sharpshooters) was detailed to support Kirby's battery near the cemetery and did not rejoin us during the battle. (Colonel Colvill's arrest was an indignity.)

"While laying here one man was killed, and Sergeant O. M. Knight, of company I, was severely wounded by shells from the enemy. Some time after noon Sickles advanced the Third corps half a mile or more to a slight ridge near the

base of Little Round Top, and company F, under Captain John Ball, was detached as skirmishers and sent in that direction. Soon after, the remaining eight companies of the regiment, numbering two hundred and sixty-two men, (company C was also absent, being the provost guard of the division), were sent to the center of the line just vacated by Sickles' advance to the support of battery C of the Fourth United States artillery. No other troops were then near us, and we stood by this battery in full view of Sickles' battle in the peach orchard, half a mile to the front, and witnessed with eager anxiety the varying fortunes of that sanguinary conflict, until at length, with gravest apprehension, we saw Sickles' men give way before the heavier forces of Longstreet and Hill, and come back, slowly at first, and rallying at short intervals, but at length broken and in utter disorder, rushing down the slope by the Trostle house, across the low ground, up the slope on our side and past our position to the rear, followed by a strong force, the large brigades of Wilcox and Barksdale in regular lines, moving steadily in the flush of victory and firing on the fugitives. They had reached the low ground, and in a few minutes would be at our position on the rear of the left flank of our line, which they could roll up, as Jackson did the Eleventh corps at Chancellorsville. There was no organized force near to oppose them, except our handful of two hundred and sixty-two men.

Just then Hancock, with a single aid, rode up at full speed, and for a moment vainly endeavored to rally Sickles' retreating forces. Reserves had been sent for, but were too far away to hope to reach the critical position until it would be occupied by the enemy, unless that enemy were stopped. Quickly leaving the fugitives, Hancock spurred to where we stood, calling out as he reached us, "What regiment is this?" "First Minnesota," replied Colvill. "Charge these lines!" commanded Hancock. Every man realized in an instant what that order meant—death or wounds to us all, the sacrifice of the regiment to gain a few minutes' time and save the

position and probably the battlefield—and every man saw and accepted the necessity for sacrifice, and responded to Colvill's rapid orders. The regiment, in perfect line, with arms at "right shoulder shift," was in a moment sweeping down the slope, directly upon the enemy's center. No hesitation, no stopping to fire, though the men fell fast at every stride before the concentrated fire of the whole confederate force, directed upon us, as soon as the movement was observed. Silently, without orders, and almost from the start, double quick had changed to utmost speed, for in utmost speed lay the only hope that any of us would pass through that storm of lead and strike the enemy. "Charge!" shouted Colvill, as we neared their first line, and with leveled bayonets, at full speed, we rushed upon it, fortunately as it was slightly disordered in crossing a dry brook at the foot of the slope. The men were never made who could stand against leveled bayonets coming with such momentum and evident desperation. The first line broke in our front when we reached it and rushed back through the second line, stopping the whole advance. We then poured in our first fire, and availing ourselves of such shelter as the low banks of the dry brook afforded, held the entire force at bay for a considerable time, and until our reserves appeared on the ridge we had left. Had the enemy rallied quickly to a counter charge, its great numbers would have crushed us in a moment, and we would have made but a slight pause in its advance. But the ferocity of our onset seemed to paralyze them for the time, and although they poured upon us a terrible and continuous fire from the front and enveloping flanks, they kept at respectful distance from our bayonets until, before the added fire of our fresh reserves, they began to retire, and we were ordered back.

"What Hancock had given us to do was done thoroughly. The regiment had stopped the enemy and held back its mighty force and saved the position. But at what a sacrifice! Nearly every officer was dead or lay weltering with bloody

wounds, our gallant colonel Colvill and every field officer among them. Of the two hundred and sixty-two men who made the charge, two hundred and fifteen lay upon the field, stricken down by rebel bullets, forty-seven were in line, and not a man missing. The annals of war contain no parallel to this charge.

"In its desperate valor, complete execution, successful result, and in its sacrifice of men in proportion to the numbers engaged, authentic history has no record with which it can be compared. Col. Fox, in his very carefully prepared work on "*Regimental Losses in the American Civil War*," says at page 68, speaking of the Second corps in this battle: 'The fighting was deadly in the extreme, the percentage of loss in the First Minnesota, Gibbons' division, being without an equal in the records of modern warfare.' In another place, (page 26), he notes that Gen. Hancock, in speaking of this charge, is reported to have said: 'There is no more gallant deed recorded in history. I ordered these men in there because I saw I must gain five minutes' time. Reinforcements were coming on the run, but I knew that before they could reach the threatened point the confederates, unless checked, would seize the position. I would have ordered that regiment in if I had known that every man would have been killed. It had to be done, and I was glad to find such a gallant body of men at hand willing to make the terrible sacrifice that the occasion demanded.'

"The wounded were gathered in the darkness by their surviving comrades and sent to field hospitals, and the fragment of the regiment lay down for the night near the place from which it had been moved to support the battery. One incident connected with Company F, (Col. Ball's), which had been detached before the charge, may be mentioned: Its position brought it on the flank of Sickles' retreating forces and of the pursuing enemy, and, rallying upon a fence, it poured its fire into the enemy just before the charge of the regiment. From confederate accounts it would appear that

the confederate General Barksdale was killed by this fire, though by some it has been claimed that he was killed by Private William W. Brown of Company G, while we were holding the confederate force in check at the close of the charge. On the morning of July 3 we were joined by Company F, and by all men of the regiment who were detailed about brigade, division or corps headquarters and Captain Nathan S. Messick was in command. The morning opened bright and beautiful, with firing near the Little Round Top, and with a sharp fight on the right near Culp's Hill, when the enemy was forced back from positions gained the evening before. Soon after sunrise we were moved to our place in the brigade in the front line, passing Stannard's new brigade of Vermont troops as it was taking position to the left of our division under sharp artillery fire from the enemy, which was turned on us also. The Vermont brigade consisted of full regiments in new uniforms, and were therefore noticeable in contrast with the thinned regiments in dusty garments of the Second corps. Reaching our place in the line, we made a slight barricade of stones, fence-rails and knapsacks filled with dirt, a little over knee-high, and lying down behind it, many were soon asleep. During the forenoon there was a slight skirmish in our front, in which some buildings used for cover by confederate sharpshooters, were burned. But suddenly, about one o'clock, a tremendous artillery fire opened along Seminary Ridge, all converging upon the position of the Second division of the Second corps. It was at once responded to by our artillery, whose position was on ground a little higher to the rear of our position. About one hundred and fifty pieces on each side were in action, firing with great rapidity, the missiles from both sides passing over our heads, except those of the enemy which struck or burst at or in front of our line. We had been in many battles, and thought ourselves familiar with the roar of artillery, and with the striking and bursting of its missiles, but nothing approaching this cannonade had ever greeted our ears. In the storm of shell passing over us

to the position of our artillery, where caissons were struck and burst every few moments, it did not seem that anything could live at that place. But our own artillery was served as rapidly, and we had the satisfaction of detecting the sound of bursting caissons on the enemy's side very frequently. Men will become accustomed to anything, and before the two hours of this furious cannonade were ended some of the most weary of our men were sleeping.

"At length our artillery ceased to reply. We were surprised at this, thinking that we excelled the enemy in this arm. The confederate fire appeared to increase in volume and rapidity for a few minutes, and then stopped at once. We well knew what was to follow, and were all alert in a moment, every man straining his eyes toward the wood, three-fourths of a mile distant, from which the confederate infantry began to emerge in heavy force, forming two strong lines, with a supporting force in rear of each flank. We then estimated the force as over 20,000 men, though confederate accounts reduce the number to 15,000. Moving directly for our position, with firm step and in perfect order, our artillery soon opened upon them with terrible effect, but without causing any pause, and we could not repress feelings and expressions of admiration at the steady, resolute style in which they came on, breasting that storm of shell and grape, which was plainly thinning their ranks. When about sixty rods distant from our line, our division opened with musketry, and the slaughter was very great; but instead of hesitating, the step was changed to double-quick, and they rushed to the charge. But whether Hancock here wheeled Stannard's Vermont brigade to enfilade their right flank in passing, or from some other cause, their front opened at this time, and perhaps one-fourth of the force on Pickett's right here deflected further to their right, and were met and disposed of by the gallant Vermonters. The remainder of the charging force at the same time diverged or changed its direction to its left, and passing from our front diagonally, under our fire and that of Hall's brigade

to our right, charged the position held by Webb's Second brigade of our division, forcing back the Sixty-Ninth and Seventy-First Pennsylvania regiments, and capturing Cushing's battery, which had swept them with canister. But as soon as Pickett's force had passed our front, our brigade (Harrow's), ran to the right for the threatened point, passing in rear of Hall's brigade, which, as soon as uncovered, wheeled to the right to strike the enemy's flank; so that, by the time the confederates had captured Cushing's battery, our brigade mingled with Webb's, was in front of it in a strong, though confused line, at a few rods distance. Just here we were joined by Captain Farrell with Company C of our regiment, the division provost guard, who had promptly obeyed Gibbon's order to join the regiment in resisting this attack. The fire from both sides, so near to each other, was most deadly while it lasted. Corporal Dehn, the last of our color guard, then carrying our tattered flag, was here shot through the hand, and the flag staff cut in two. Corporal Henry D. O'Brien of Company E instantly seized the flag by the remnant of the staff. Whether the command to charge was given by any general officer I do not know. My impression then was that it came as a spontaneous outburst from the men, and instantly the line precipitated itself upon the enemy, O'Brien, who then had the broken staff and tatters of our battle flag, with his characteristic bravery and impetuosity sprang with it to the front at the first sound of the word charge, and rushed right up to the enemy's line, keeping it noticeably in advance of every other color. My feelings at the instant blamed his rashness in so risking its capture; but the effect was electrical; every man of the First Minnesota sprang to protect its flag, and the rest rushed with them upon the enemy. The bayonet was used for a few moments, and cobble stones, with which the ground was well covered, filled the air, being thrown by those in the rear over the heads of their comrades.

The struggle, desperate and deadly while it lasted, was soon over. Most of the confederates remaining threw down their arms and surrendered, a very few escaping. Marshall Sherman of Company C, here captured the colors of the Twenty-Eighth Virginia regiment. Our men were at once most kind and attentive to the three or four thousand captured confederates, giving them refreshments from canteens and haversacks. Our loss in killed and wounded in this day's fight was seventeen. Among the killed was Captain Nathan S. Messick, our commander; also Captain Wilson B. Farrell, who succeeded to the command on the fall of Captain Messick, both most gallant and capable officers. Our color-guard had suffered severely in the battle. When the charge on July 2 was ordered, Sergeant Elliott P. Perkins, who had seized the colors at Antietam when Sam Bloomer was wounded, and had borne them safely through every intermediate battle, still carried them. He and two corporals of the color guard succeeding him were struck down in that charge. Corporal Dehn, the last of the color guard, carried the flag that night, and in the repelling of Pickett's charge, until wounded in the hand when the flag-staff was cut in two as stated. Corporal O'Brien, who then seized the flag, received two wounds in the final *melee* at the moment of victory, but the flag was grasped by W. N. Irvine, of Company D. The staff was spliced with the staff of a confederate flag on the battle-field, and so carried till the regiment was mustered out, and still remains with the same splice in the capitol at St. Paul.

With the repulse of Pickett's charge, the serious fighting at the battle of Gettysburg was ended. The command of the First regiment devolved upon Captain Henry C. Coatos, who appointed Lieutenant William Lochren acting adjutant. General Hancock was severely wounded in this last day's battle, as was also General John Gibbon, our division commander, one of the most able and gallant leaders on that field."

I copy from Judge Lochren's article not alone because it is most graphically descriptive and true, but because few of

the present generation, except it be students of history, have any real conception of what Gettysburg meant to the cause of the Union. The victory gained there was the first real discouraging blow received by the confederates. If they had not been desperate and determined they never would have invaded the populous north. Had the Iron Brigade been sustained at Gainesville on the 28th of August, 1862, when single and alone they resisted the repeated assaults of Stonewall Jackson and maintained the ground until midnight, when they were ordered to retire, Jackson would not have reached Longstreet, Porter could have accomplished something creditable, and Pope's plans, if he had any that were *out of the saddle*, would probably not have miscarried, the vast stores of Union supplies would not have been destroyed or captured, and no encouragement given General Lee to invade Maryland or Pennsylvania. Lee's chastisement at Antietam was not sufficient, and after Chancellorsville he was once more emboldened. Little streams often become torrents, and had not the First Minnesota precipitated themselves upon Wilcox and Barksdale that 2d of July day, and thus saved the advantage of the position they were defending, the victory might, and probably would have, rested upon the banners of Lee. Hence we could have had no *classic* from Lincoln at Gettysburg, and no immortal honor conferred upon Minnesota. Winona, in those who fell in Company K—Captain Joseph Periam and his brave followers, (Captain Holtzborn, previously)—had a large share in securing the victory; and those who survived, though wounded, Colonel John Ball (wounded at Bristow), Captain Matt Marvin (wounded at Bull Run, Harrison's Landing and Gettysburg), Charles E. Goddard, Charles E. Ely and others, as well as in other regiments and batteries, should be remembered as heroes and patriots who represented their beloved home in the war for the Union. The Iron Brigade had its representatives also from La Crosse, and claims a fair share of glory that was reflected from the heroism of the First Minnesota, for the First was led by the

Brigade's old commander in its final resistance to Pickett's charge. And, finally, the thanks of all men are due to the misguided, yet heroic soldiers of the Sunny South, that they continued the struggle until the martyr Lincoln was forced by that resistance to blot out forever the disgrace of human slavery that rested upon our so-called Christian civilization. But while we praise the leaders, we should especially remember the unknown men, who with muskets in hands, sacrificed their lives to the cause of freedom, and by their valor brought their officers' names into prominence.

The following poem, by Rev. H. S. Taylor, of Normal Park Baptist Church of Chicago, expresses the feeling I have for those deserving men, the foundation stones upon which are builded the monuments to our generals:

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET.

They are building, as Babel was built, to the sky,
With clash and confusion of speech;
They are piling up monuments massive and high
To lift a few names out of reach.
And the passionate green-laureled god of the great,
In a whimsical riddle of stone,
Has chosen a few from the Field and the State
To sit on the steps of his throne.

But I—I will pass from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their half-frozen gestures of life.
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man with the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own!

I knew him, I tell you! And also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ has judged the poor lad
For death made him noble to me!
In the cyclone of war in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hands!
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line;
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine!

There is peace in the May-laden grace of the hours
That come when the day's work is done;
And peace with the nameless, who, under the flowers,
Lie asleep in the slant of the sun.
Beat the taps! Put out lights! and silence all sound;
There is rifle-pit strength in the grave!
They sleep well who sleep, be they crowned or uncrowned,
And death will be kind to the brave.

Old comrades of mine, by the fast waning years
That move to mortality's goal,
By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears,
I hold you all fast in my soul!
And I march with the May and its blossomy charms
I tenderly lay on this sod,
And pray they may rest there, old comrades in arms,
Like a kiss of forgiveness from God!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Discovery of main land of Continent of America by John Cabot—Discovery of St. Lawrence Gulf and River by Jaques Cartier—Discovery of Mississippi River at its Mouth by the Spanish, and at its Sources by the French. Its Navigation in Early and Later Times—Canoes of Skins and Bark, Batteaux, Keel and Flat-Boats, and Lastly, Steam-Boats and their Names.

On the 24th of June, 1897, there was dedicated in Bristol Harbor, England, a monument to John Cabot, which commemorates the four hundredth anniversary of his discovery of the continent of America.

In April, 1497, with five well-manned ships, Cabot sailed from Bristol, and after sighting the Canaries he boldly steered to the northwest. After crossing the ocean he came in sight of the coast of Labrador. Seeing no inhabitants on the gray, bleak coast, he concluded that the territory was uninhabitable, yet he landed on June 24, 1497, and planted the banners of Venice and of England, countries of his adoption, and soon thereafter returned to Bristol, where he was received with honor. He had sailed under a commission from Henry VII, in expectation of finding new countries with which to open trade, and in that commission he was given certain commercial advantages which were to descend to his heirs. It was fifteen months after Cabot's discovery before Columbus reached the main land, and two years before Amerigo Vespucci saw the continent. A new commission, signed in 1498,

with extended privileges, was given John Cabot, but little light has been thrown upon his subsequent operations. His second son, Sebastian Cabot, who accompanied his father on his first voyage, under the new commission, sailed in May, 1498, and made an attempt to reach the East Indies by way of a northwest passage. On the coast of Greenland he was turned by the massed obstructions of ice, and sailing south he made a landing at the place first visited by his father, and hence continuing on as far as Hatteras Cape, he made discoveries upon which the English rights of territory and settlements were based. The extreme northern coast was left open to French exploration and occupation.

Jaques Cartier, a French naval officer, in 1534, discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence and entered the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. In 1541 a fort was erected to occupy the territory. The site was near Quebec, which place became the stronghold of the French, and the settlement was selected by Samuel Champlain, the explorer, in 1608, as the capital—for the prospective “New France.”

In 1609 Champlain visited the lake in New York, which bears his name, and in 1615, with energetic zeal, he visited the far-off hunting grounds of the Indians of Lake Huron. Champlain on that journey learned of the profound and wide waters of Lake Superior, and of the great and “endless” river, Mississippi. But his informers themselves had not seen the great river, or they were imperfectly understood by Champlain, for in notes and map of his journey, the great river is made to appear as tributary to Lake Superior. But enough was learned to cause others to explore, which was done by the French, and thus, while the Spanish had discovered the mouth of the river and claimed its water-shed, the French became the discoverers of its sources. The conflicting claims were settled in 1760, by France ceding to Spain the territory west of the Mississippi river. Owing to the financial needs of the Spanish king, it was retroceded to France in 1800, and in

1803 the United States government acquired the whole vast territory by purchase from France.

There have been many claimants as discoverers of the Mississippi: Châmplain, La Salle, Hennepin, Marquette, De Soto and others, in some parts of its course, but Alvarez Alonzo De Pineda, a Spanish navigator, with four vessels, sailed along the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico from Florida, in 1519, and marked on his map of the expedition the mouth of the river, which he called Rio Del Espiritu Santo, River of the Holy Ghost. Spanish history also relates that Pamphilo De Narvaez entered the mouth of "a very great river of sweet (fresh) water" from the north, in October, 1528. That was several years before Cartiers' discovery of the St. Lawrence, which led to the discovery of the Mississippi from the north. But the expedition of De Soto placed all doubts at rest concerning the location and character of the river, for he struck the Mississippi in about latitude 34 degrees north on the 25th of April, 1541. The historians of the expedition called the river Saint Esprit and Rio Grande, but De La Vega stated by authority of Juan Coles, that the Indian name was Chu-ca-gua, and so marked it on the map of the expedition. The meaning of the word Chu-ca-gua, was not given, but Che-o-kah, the Choctaw word for "great water" is so like, that it is probable that both words are but variations from a common origin. Chu-ca-gua was recorded on a French map of 1674, following Spanish authority.

In the north the Algonquin tribes first heard of the "great river" from intercourse with a few Indians, their exploring hunters for beaver met at Green Bay, or "*Pochequet*." Supposing the "great water" from whence those Indians told their visitors they had originally come, to be a western sea, those Indians of Green Bay became known to eastern tribes, and then to white people, as Winnebagoec, or "people of the sea," while in reality they were the O-chunk-o-rah tribe, a branch of the Great Dakotah or confederated Nad-ah-wa-see nation, modernly known as Sioux. Even the early French

explorers continued the mistake by calling the Winnebagoes the Gens De Mar, and Rev. Father Le Mercier, Jesuit Superior at Quebec, in a letter dated September 21, 1654, wrote that he had learned by "letter, that it is only nine days' journey from this great lake, (Green Bay) to the sea that separates America from China."

To the writer it seems reasonable that the Winnebagoes were once inhabitants of the Mississippi region in the neighborhood of Lake Winnebago-Shishing, and that allying themselves to more northern tribes, they adopted, like the Assinaboines, their mode of life, living in bark and flag tents or wig-wams, instead of skin tepees, and were finally separated from their Dakotah *congeners* by the long wars of that people with the Chippeways. At Green Bay the Winnebagoes' well-known gluttonous love of fish and sedentary life could be fully gratified, and they have accepted without a murmur the Algonquin name that has been imposed upon them.

To the Rev. Claude Alouez, the Wisconsin Jesuit missionary, are we greatly indebted for the first glimmering of truths concerning the "great river," near its upper sources and its Indian occupants. Writing from near the head of Lake Superior in 1665 and in reference to the *Naduessions*, he said: "This is a tribe that dwells to the west of this, towards the great river called the *Messipi*." After this, the Jesuit missionaries in the northwest often wrote of the Great river, and the "Mississippi," until they induced the Governor of Canada to fit out an expedition especially for exploration. This expedition was placed in charge of Sieur Jolliet, with Rev. Father James Marquette, then stationed at Mackinaw, as missionary and interpreter. The organization was made complete at Mackinaw in the spring of 1673, and with bark canoes and five *voyageurs*, they passed by way of Green Bay and the Wisconsin river to the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien (Dog Prairie), on June 17th of the same year. From that point they ran down the magnificent stream, visiting the several tribes on its banks, until they arrived at the Arkan-

reached the great river at mouth of the Illinois, on March 8th, saw river, where they found a tribe similar in language to the Sioux. From there they turned back and reached Mackinaw by way of the Illinois river and Lake Michigan, the same season.

Marquette was the historian of the expedition, and named the great river "*De la Conception*," and in explanation said: "Above all I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her, that if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of Conception."

The next French explorer of the Mississippi, was Rev. Father Louis Hennepin, a Recollect Missionary belonging to the party of La Salle. He was dispatched from the fort on the Illinois river with two companions in bark canoes, and 1680. They were captured by Sioux and taken to Mille Lac, but were finally released by influence of Duluth, as has been already described.

Duluth had already reached the water of the great river from Lake Superior with a small guard of soldiers, and the released men were taken back to Mackinaw. Father Hennepin called the Mississippi, the river "Colbert," in honor of Jean Baptist Colbert, the Marquis de Seignnelai, who was then the French secretary of marine and the colonies, and for whom the Illinois river had already been named. The main expedition of the cavalier Robert De La Salle, was long delayed by the wreck of the supply ship "Griffon," the first one built and in use above the falls of Niagara and which was sent back from Lake Michigan with furs for new supplies, as well as by revival of the war between the Iroquois and Illinois Indians, so that in consequence, La Salle and his party only reached the Mississippi on February 6th, 1682. On the 13th of the same month they started down the mighty river, and on the 7th of the next, were reconnoitering the shores of the Mexican gulf at the mouth of the river.

On the 9th of April 1682, La Salle took formal possession of the country and rivers, "In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by grace of God, King of France and Navare, fourth of that name," *et cetera*. He called the country "Louisiana," in honor of his Prince, and the great river, "River Colbert," or Mississippi.

As the name "Mississippi," of French orthography, became finally established as the name of the great river, and as that word has often *poetically* been interpreted as meaning the "Father of Waters," it is well to repeat here that the name is of Algonquin or Chippewa origin, and in English orthography would be spelled Mee-zee-see-bee; Mee-zee, great and see-bee a river, but the Chippewas have a wonderfully diversified language and frequently refer to it in terms which signify the "endless river," the river that "divides itself," or of "many channels." The Illinois Indians contracted the Chippewa word for "great endless river," Miche-gah-see-bee, and from their own pronunciation of it the French also got Messipi, and finally, as it now stands, Mississippi. As to a "Father of Waters," no Indian has any conception of such a *simile*, and when a Chippewa is asked for its origin, he will tell you that Nu-say is a father and ask you to point out if you can, its appearance in their name for the mighty river. So it is with many Indian words, and their interpretations. The name in its simplicity, means only the big or great river, but elaborated into its figurative Chippewa terms, it gives the idea of a river of unknown length. The Ottawas, a Chippewa branch, called Lake Superior "Kee-che-gummi," a lake that was deepest, or of unknown depth, and the Mississippi was designated about in the same way as the "great or greatest river." The Sacs and Foxes and Potawatomies, called it Me-chaw-se-poo, big river. The Menominees, Pah-kah-poo-see-bee, the Winnebagoes, Ne-scaos-hut-ta-rah, or Bluff-walled river, and the Dakotah bands called it "Wat-pah-tan-kah, Wat-pah, meaning river, and tan-kah, big or great in size.

From the mouth of the Mississippi to New Orleans is 104 miles, and although the descent is slight, the velocity is quite strong, owing to the volume and depth of the channel, which in places exceed an hundred feet. The mouth of the Ohio river is 1,216 miles above the mouth of the Mississippi, or Balize, as the different entrances into the gulf are unitedly called, and St. Louis is 1,390 miles above. Prairie du Chien is 1,932 miles, La Crosse 2,014 miles, Trempealeau 2,042, Winona 2,054 miles, Wabasha 2,084, St. Croix river 2,150, St. Paul 2,186 miles, Minnesota river 2,192, and St. Anthony Falls 2,200 miles. The altitude above tide water is half a foot at New Orleans, 324 feet at mouth of the Ohio, 384 feet at St. Louis, 526 feet at Rock Island, and 856 feet at St. Anthony Falls. At Schoolcraft Island, Itasca Lake, it is 1,575 feet, and the dividing ridge is 1,680 feet above the mouth of the river. These measurements are taken from the table in Judge Gale's book, "Upper Mississippi," and were compiled by Nicollet and Fremont. (The highest bluffs on the Mississippi, about 600 feet, are those between La Crosse and Winona. The measurements have been taken from recent surveys.) Gale's work, published in 1867, before any one had pretended to a *new discovery* of the sources of the Mississippi, says: "The Mississippi has its sources in the numerous springs that burst forth from the *hauteurs de terre*, or the dividing ridge between the Itasca lake and Red river, and flow into that lake, where they become united and start on their tortuous course for the ocean. The Itasca lake is in latitude 47 degrees 13 minutes north, and longitude 95 degrees and 2 minutes west of Greenwich."

It will be seen by the foregoing, that Judge Gale did not regard Lake Itasca as the real source or head of the Mississippi, but as the place where the waters gathered to make their start to the Gulf, and to me it is incredible that Schoolcraft, with Chipewa Indian guides, and he himself speaking the Chipewa language like a native, having married a Chipewa mixed blood for his first wife, should not have informed

himself as to the true source of the Mississippi. In naming Itasca, it is plain that he simply regarded it as the *true head* of canoe navigation, as the small branch from the little lake above, was filled, no doubt, with logs then, as later, and so shoal as to offer no inducements for further navigation. This view of the case is taken from a personal knowledge of Schoolcraft, acquired in Detroit, Michigan, in about 1836-7, when the writer, though a boy of but 12 years, boarded at the same hotel, while Schoolcraft was engaged in writing up his explorations, and in availing himself of expert medical attendance upon his invalid wife. Subsequently, the writer's family became well acquainted with that of Schoolcraft and his personality.

Dr. Douglas Houghton, the botanist, geologist and surgeon of the expedition of 1832, was a cousin of the author's mother, and Dr. Houghton's conversations concerning his explorations, first inspired the desire for exploration in the writer. Only bark canoe and *batteaux* navigation was thought of or in use by the earliest navigators of the Mississippi and its tributaries, for portages, or carriage across from one water course to another and past rapids and water-falls, was of frequent necessity.

Professor N. H. Winchell, state geologist of Minnesota, says: "Mr. Schoolcraft regarded himself as the discoverer of the true source of the river, (Mississippi), and in the absence of published accounts by other travelers it was a just claim. Still there is no doubt that among the *coureurs des bois* of the fur companies, there were several who knew well that the Mississippi could not be followed (in canoe or boat) further than Itasca lake. Mr. Schoolcraft's claim was generally scouted among the white residents of the northwest who were at all conversant with the country during the previous twenty-five years. The statement of Mr. Morrison (to State Historical Society) of his visit to the lake in 1804, has already been referred to, and to him it is just to accord the

discovery of the source of the great river, although first published so late as 1856."

I think this a concise and just statement of the exact truth concerning the discovery of the head of canoe navigation by Schoolcraft and his associates, Dr. Douglas Houghton and Rev. W. T. Boutwell, under escort of Lieut. James Allen, U. S. A., and Morrison's later publication. Schoolcraft's mission as a navigator of the upper branches of the Mississippi had been fulfilled when his canoe could no longer navigate its waters. The fact that it has been proved possible to wade and drag a small boat or canoe over obstructing logs and shoal water up a small stream into a lake feeder of Itasca, even though the lake be of considerable size, can in no way detract from the credit due Schoolcraft, as the head of the party of explorers, for his announcement that he had navigated to, and had discovered the *true source* of the Mississippi. His name of *Itasca*, compounded for the occasion, according to Rev. Boutwell, from *veritas* and *caput*, meaning *true source*, or true head, was quite imaginative, and as it had a feminine termination, he probably looked upon the lake as one of the numerous daughters of the "Father of Waters."

Mr. Morrison should be regarded as the first white visitor to the lake, as far as known. How many more may have chosen to imitate Mr. Morrison and the Schoolcraft expedition, in visiting the lake and its contributing waters, have but little interest to the investigator of the historical fact of discovery.

Mr. Jean N. Nicollet, who in 1836 with General Fremont, explored the prairie and *coteau* regions of the west, and in August of the same year visited the sources of the Mississippi, said: "The Mississippi holds its own from its very origin; for it is not necessary to suppose, as has been done, that Lake Itasca may be supplied with invisible sources to justify the character of a remarkable stream, which it assumes at its issue from the lake. There are five creeks that flow into it, formed by innumerable streamlets oozing from the clay-beds

at the bases of the hills, that consist of an accumulation of sand, gravel and clay, intermixed with erratic fragments, being a more prominent portion of the erratic deposits previously described, and which here is known by the name of *Hauteurs des terres*, height of land

"South of Itasca lake they form a semi-circular region, with a boggy bottom, extending to the southwest a distance of several miles. . . . The waters supplied by the north flank of these heights of land, still on the south side of Lake Itasca, give origin to the five creeks of which I have spoken above. These are the waters which I consider to be the utmost sources of the Mississippi. Those that flow from the southern side of the same heights, and empty themselves into Elbow lake, are the utmost sources of the Red River of the North; so that the most remote feeders of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico are closely approximated to each other.

"Now, of the five creeks that empty into Itasca lake, . . . one empties into the east bay of the lake, the four others into the west bay. I visited the whole of them; and among the latter there is one remarkable above the others, inasmuch as its course is longer and its waters more abundant; so that in obedience to the geographical rule, "that the sources of a river are those which are most distant from its mouth, this creek is truly the infant Mississippi," all others below it feeders and tributaries.

"The day on which I explored this principal creek, (August 29, 1836,) I judged that, at its entrance into Itasca lake, its bed was from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and the depth of water from two to three feet. I stemmed its pretty brisk current during ten or twenty minutes, but the obstructions occasioned by the fall of trees compelled us to abandon the canoe and seek its springs on foot along the hills. After a walk of three miles, during which we took care not to lose sight of the Mississippi, my guides informed me that it was better to descend into the trough of the valley; when, accord-

ingly, we found numerous streamlets oozing from the bases of the hills. . . .

"Having taken great pains in determining the temperature of water and air, I have a right to believe that it represents pretty accurately the mean annual temperature of the country under examination.

"As a further description of these headwaters, I may add that they unite at a small distance from the hills whence they originate and form a small lake, from which the Mississippi flows with a breadth of a foot and a half, and a depth of one foot. At no great distance, however, this rivulet, uniting itself with other streamlets, coming from other directions, supplies a second minor lake, the waters of which have already acquired a temperature of 48 degrees. From this lake issues a rivulet, necessarily of increased importance—a cradled Hercules, giving promise of the strength of his maturity; for its velocity has increased; it transports the smaller branches of trees; it begins to form sandbars; its bends are more decided, until it subsides again into the basin of a third lake, somewhat larger than the two preceding. Having here acquired renewed vigor, and tried its consequence, upon an additional length of two or three miles, it finally empties itself into Itasca lake, which is the principal reservoir of all the sources, to which it owes all its subsequent majesty. . . .

"The honor of having first explored the sources of the Mississippi, and introduced a knowledge of them in physical geography, belongs to Mr. Schoolcraft and Lieut. Allen. I come only after these gentlemen; but I may be permitted to claim some merit for having completed what was wanting for a full geographical account of these sources. Moreover, I am, I believe, the first traveler, who has carried with him astronomical instruments and put them to profitable account along the whole course of the Mississippi, from its mouth to its sources."

What a contrast between the mild self-assertion of the greatest engineer and astronomer who had yet visited the

sources of the Mississippi, and the pretensions of modern discovery. Mr. Nicollet says emphatically that he visited the five feeders of Itasca and attempted to go up the principal or deepest one, but could not because of fallen trees. He then went on foot to the various sources, accompanied by his guides. It is not probable that he could have made the most excellent map of its time without a complete knowledge of the topography of the region. It is very probable that the volume of water may vary with the seasons, and some questions arise as to which was the larger feeder to Itasca, but there could be none as to the fact that there was no navigating the waters above Itasca, even with bark canoes.

From the Falls of St. Anthony and its rapids below, of about eight miles, the navigation of the Mississippi is but little obstructed on its course to the Gulf of Mexico. There it has been deepened by the Eads jetty system, so that ships of great tonnage can pass in and out without obstruction or delay, and come up to New Orleans. Above the Falls of St. Anthony there is navigation for small steamers for about seventy miles, and in very high water it is possible for boats of good power to pass up over the Sauk and Little Falls rapids and go a distance of three hundred miles above St. Anthony's.

There are but two rapids below the mouth of the Minnesota river, the Rock Island rapids of about fourteen miles, with a fall of about twenty-six feet, and the Des Moines or Keokuk rapids, of twenty-four feet in a distance of about eleven miles. These rapids have been, and are being annually improved, so that in time there will only be the obstruction there of a short delay. The Mississippi, as far as the mouth of the Ohio, has cut its way down through lime-stone rocks on the surface, and sand-stone and shale below, until it has scooped out for itself a valley averaging about two miles wide, and a channel of half a mile in width. A cut of from four to five hundred feet has been made so perpendicular down, as to leave bluffs in columner masses to line the river valley on

both sides, making the river scenery above both beautiful and impressive.

At Lake Pepin, the glacial flow having been more obstructed by flinty promontories than at other points, has done greater work, and left a lake of surpassing beauty of nearly twenty-two miles, and from four to five miles from bluff to bluff. The lake is of good depth throughout its entire course, and a famous resort for fish and turtles. Lake City and Frontenac, on the southwest side of the lake, especially Rest Island, are becoming favorite summer resorts, and are noted for their historical surroundings. Two harbors of refuge are being constructed by the federal government, which will make the navigation of Lake Pepin safe, which has always been subject to sudden squalls and a chopped-sea.

The reservoir system, and rip-raps, to confine the water to one channel, now in use, has very much improved the navigation of the Mississippi. Formerly the depth of water above Dubuque at the river's lowest stage, was less than two feet over some of the sand-bars; now, since the channel has been improved and the flow sustained by reservoirs, it rarely falls below four feet, except, perhaps, where improvements are incomplete.

The usual spring rise occurs with the going out of the ice in April. Then there is a defluxion in the latter part of May, when the June rise again brings the water up to an overflowing stage, covering the bottom-lands of the river, enriching the meadow land, making navigation possible for the largest class of river steamboats. The spring rise is generally caused by melting ice and snow, with rain storms that do not extend very far into the forest-clad sources of the Mississippi, but the June rise of water comes mostly after the deep snows of winter have been melted out of their shaded beds in the pine forests, cedar swamps and tamarack marshes of the northern border land. In old times, if the snows had been deep, and warm southerly winds prevailed in May, then water in June was wont to rise to a frightful height. Now, as long

as the embankments of the reservoirs stand secure the floods will be kept back under some control, and the surplus waters made to do the bidding of commerce. There have been in the past a few seasons of droughts, as well as of early and excessive floods. The French annals give an account of a flood in April, 1728, that flooded their post on Lake Pepin, and compelled them to move it to higher ground.

Mr. Nicollet, speaking of the flood of 1785, said: "This year is called *l'anne de grand eaux*, the year of the great water. In the month of April, the waters of the Mississippi rose fifteen or more feet above the highest mark they had ever been known to reach at St. Louis, and at some narrow parts of the river, as high as thirty feet. The whole region of country drained by the Mississippi, to its mouth, presented an aspect of an immense sheet of water studded with islands."

According to other accounts, more modern, the flood of 1826 was the highest known in the upper part of the river. At Prairie du Chien the flood was twenty-six feet above low water. That of 1832 was eighteen feet there, and of 1844 very nearly as much. There was no record or permanent mark set for the flood of 1844 at La Crosse, but it is known to the writer to have been one of the greatest of modern times, extending and increasing all the way down the Mississippi, sweeping houses, barns and hay stacks in its path, and drowning hogs and cattle that failed to reach the high lands across the wide waste of waters. In some instances, it was reported that fowls, unconscious of danger, had secured a ride on floating hay stacks, and crowed their triumph while floating down the river. The great American bottoms, at what is now East St. Louis, were one vast sea of water, only the Great mound and a few high spots were left dry to mark the locality. It was during that flood that the steamboat *Lynx* left its mark in the sands of Winona. Sixteen feet has been about the extreme limit of high water in our modern times, though higher in 1897, --it was that in La Crosse in 1852-- but it must be remembered that the influences of civilization

in denuding the vast forests in the area of supply, and in holding back the floods, will for all time lessen the danger, unless by some error in engineering, the dams of the reservoirs break in some mighty flood, then the traditional floods of old may be repeated or even surpassed.

The original mode of navigating or crossing the Mississippi was the same as that witnessed by the writer on the Colorado of the west, on the Rio Grande and on the Missouri rivers. It was by a green buffalo, or other hide big enough, gathered at its border with a cord drawn tight enough to raise the circumference, thereby making an immense skin tub when dry, and with this rude vessel the Indians of the plains and prairies carried their camp fixtures across any stream that obstructed their travel, swimming their horses and themselves, while their equipments were kept dry. If one or more Sioux had made a successful hunt in the neighborhood of a water course that led into the Mississippi, and he was without other means of transportation, he at once made a rude boat frame of willows, and stretched the green hides of his game, buffalo or elk, with hair side in, and, with but very little leakage, the meat was transported with the hunter to his distant lodge in time for its preservation by drying by his industrious and devoted squaws. The early French *voyageurs*, instructed by the observation of Indian methods, preferred bark canoes for their explorations, but when they began the establishment of posts or trading houses, they were compelled to use *batteaux* for the transportation of the heavier articles required.

On the lower river, the early Spanish occupants of the territory, as far up as St. Louis, used the old style galley with its *bank* of many oars, or the felucca, with sails, and in overcoming distance in deep, swift water, where the shore could not be used, they, as well as the expert French navigators of the upper Mississippi, sent out ahead a not too large, but strong rope, which was made fast, and then, hand over hand, the men on the boat pulled it up to the point of fastening, and then the process was repeated again and again,

until the difficult part of the day's journey was overcome. This mode of progress was necessarily slow, and only resorted to when necessity compelled, for short distances, and was known as *cordelling*, or using the cord. Where the river bank was unobstructed, a tow line was used.

The American settlers of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys soon tired of Spanish and French modes of transportation and built themselves "keel-boats," with which, by the aid of "set-poles," they were able to stem the strong current and return from their voyagings below. Some, not liking the continuous labor of an up-river voyage, built flat-boats, which were heavily laden with coal or farm produce, and after the cargoes had been sold at New Orleans, or points above, the boat was also sold, generally for its lumber, and the owner and such of his men as chose would walk, or by other means find their way back home as best they could. The keel-boat, or a cross between it and the French *batteaux*, was introduced on the upper Mississippi, and, with sail and line for deep water and poles for the shallow streams, the lumbermen of the Wisconsin, Black, Chippewa and St. Croix rivers, beyond the reach of steamboats, or before steamboat navigation was fully available for their purposes, transported their saw mill fixtures, tools and provisions by aid of these boats with considerable facility when manned by expert boatmen. . .

In fulfillment of an order from the able secretary of war, John C. Calhoun, given on February 10, 1819, Colonel Leavenworth, with keel-boats, manned with soldiers, started from Prairie du Chien to complete his orders by establishing a post or fort at the mouth of the St. Peter, now Minnesota river. The water was low, and they "dragged their slow length along," until September, 1819, when they encamped on the south side of the river, near the present site of Mendota. About one year from the date of their landing, or to be exact, on September 10, 1820, the foundation of Fort Snelling was laid.

But all old methods had to give way to steam after Robert Fulton's demonstrated success. The first steamboat built for use on the Mississippi was at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in October, 1811, and was called the New Orleans, and was soon started on its journey for that city. It was run to Louisville, Kentucky, but the water on the falls was too low and it returned to Cincinnati, making a few trips between the two latter cities. In November it started again for its destination, but was again delayed by the earthquake of that year, but finally reached its destination in January, 1812. There is no authentic account of its career now obtainable, but there was a tradition in olden days that it was used by General Jackson in supplying his troops during his memorable defense of the Crescent City. According to Gale, eleven other steamers were built on the Ohio in the five years following the building of the first steamer, and Robert Fulton's "*experiment*" overcame all prejudice, and proved able to stem "*the Mississippi's tide*." Their number rapidly increased, for in 1834 the number of steamers on the Mississippi and its tributaries, according to Gale, was 230, with a tonnage of 39,000 tons.

In 1819 the first steamboat to reach St. Louis appeared, and in May, 1823, the first boat to reach the mouth of the St. Peters (now the Minnesota) arrived. The steamboat was the "Virginia," she was the first to leave St. Louis for Fort Snelling, which she did about the 2nd of May, 1823, as advertised. The date of her arrival seems not to have been recorded, but it is reasonable to suppose that she made good time, as she was a large steamer for those days, one hundred and eighteen feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and drawing six feet, requiring a good stage of water. It is mentioned in Neill's history, that Maj. Talioferro the Indian agent and Count Beltrami, then a political refugee, came on the Virginia as passengers. Count Beltrami's name became most worthily associated with the history of our State. No doubt but that other steamboats were chartered for sup-

plying Fort Snelling and the Indian agency, as often as required, but the record of the fact has not been accessible to the author. In Neill's history it is mentioned that the "Rufus Putnam" came to the fort in 1825. The Lawrence in 1826, the Josephine in 1829, the Versailles in 1832." The Warrior, during the Black Hawk war, was said to have made one or more trips to the fort, and was kept on the river as a government scout and transport until after the close of that war. Other boats were also temporarily used in that war. The Rollo came to the Fort in 1837, the Palmyra in 1838, the Gypsy in 1838, the Chippewa and Burlington in 1838, the Glaucus and Fayette in 1839, the Enterprise in 1840, Highland Mary in 1841, the General Brooke in 1842, and from that date came annually as a chartered boat, under command of Captain Throgmorton until replaced by the Falcon, and Cecelia also in command of Captain Throgmorton, in about 1845. There were other transient and chartered boats that came up but once, or as required, but the Rock River came into general passenger and freight traffic in 1842, and the Otter in 1843, and from that time on the number increased.

The Rock River's career on the Mississippi was soon ended, for she lacked power, and in November, 1842, she was caught in the ice at head of Lake Pepin, and was compelled to hibernate for the winter. The negro cook, and two others of the crew, left the steamer and came down on the ice, and its owner, an Hungarian Count named Castro, after meditating all winter, evolved another speculation, and when released in the spring, he ran his boat to New Orleans, and selling her to navigate some of the still-water Bayous, of the lower river, the Count went to Texas, where, not far from San Antonio, he established the colony of Castroville.

The Rock River had been the first steamer to venture into unchartered trade, and as the lumbering business had now begun to grow, she would have been successful had she have had power enough; but with limited boiler surface and green wood to burn, cut from the islands by the boat's crew while

the boat itself was at rest, the Rock River was frequently excelled in speed by Indians and hunters in their canoes. The Harrises of Galena, Illinois, now saw their opportunity, and brought up the Otter to take the place that the Rock River could not maintain. The Otter was very successful, and had a full and increasing trade throughout the season of 1843. Captains Smith and Scribe Harris had been on the river long enough to know the importance of having dry wood to run their boat, and in the absence of dry wood, they made arrangements with Tom Holmes and others, including the writer, and had white ash cut in readiness for them, as that would burn well when first cut. These gentlemen had been in the wood business at Galena, and were in every sense practical men. For a time Captain Smith was commander, Scribe acted as mate, Keeler as engineer, and Jack, then but "a cub," ran the boat in daylight for part of the time, when not serving at the bar.

Meeker Harris kept a boat store, so that all departments of steamboating were economically managed. The success of the Otter excited the rivalry, if not cupidity of Captain Hooper, and with capital to aid him he brought out the splendid steamer, Lynx, in the flood-time of 1844. The Lynx had made a successful trip to Mendota and intermediate ports or landings, and Captain Hooper's vision of a lucrative and increasing Upper Mississippi trade seemed bright; but on his downward run a sudden dark storm came up, with blinding flashes of lightning, and instead of landing and waiting until at least one star could be seen, he relied upon the deep water and skill of De Marah, his pilot, who mistaking the open water of the overflowed land at foot of Wah-pa-sha prairie, now Winona, ran the Lynx out beyond the unassisted power of Captain Hooper to release her. The pilot, De Marah, had become too old to run on a very dark night, and had warned Captain Hooper that he was running a risk, but Hooper had been on the Otter the year before, and thought that he himself knew the river very well, and he depended

upon the deep water with the watchman to assist the pilot. There were at that time but two pilots who knew the river well, and their services were secured in advance for the chartered boats from St. Louis, but Sam Harlow and Pleasant Cormack ran the Otter the year before by observation of *draught* of water, and by the close of the season of 1843 they both had become good pilots. Rufus Williams of Dubuque, and George Nichols, of Black river, soon came on the river, and having ability and sense of location, they were soon added to the list of pilots that were reliable.

The Lynx was once more drawn into the Mississippi river, after she had had everything taken out of her which was moveable, and by the persistent efforts of Captain Throgmorton with his steamer Gen. Brooke to aid Captain Hooper. The Lynx was then taken around to her builders on the Ohio river, and fifteen feet in length added. She came up the river again in 1845, but she never recovered from her injury, and proved to be a most expensive boat to run. A few trips only were made, and she was then sold into another trade. It then became known that H. L. Dauseman was the real owner of the Lynx. Captain Hooper left the river and went to Salt Lake, from whence, as a convert to the Mormon religion he represented that territory in congress as delegate for a number of years. The chartered boats still continued to bring up their annual supplies to Fort Snelling, and to Gen. Sibley, who represented the fur company of St. Louis at Mendota; but the increasing way-freight and machinery for lumbermen demanded a larger boat, after the St. Louis boats had made their trips. At the close of the season of 1844 the Otter broke one shaft, and was being laid up at Galena, but the inducements offered for her to make one more trip were so great that she was run up with a heavy freight with but one wheel, and barely escaped the ice which closed the river on her return. But her profits for the season induced the Harrieses to bring out other boats in her place, for finding one boat inadequate for the rapidly increasing demand, they

bought the Time and Tide, and built the Lightfoot and Senator, by means of which they were enabled to control the local trade.

Among the earliest of the St. Louis steamers annually chartered by the federal government, for the transportation of military and Indian supplies, within the memory of the writer, were the Chippewa, Galena, Highland Mary, Gen. Brooke, Cecelia, Falcon, and others, whose names are not now recalled; but until the appearance of the Rock River, in 1842, no steamer ventured up the upper river without a charter, as the commerce was too limited for the large St. Louis boats.

There were but few independent traders at that early period, the Choteau Company, of St. Louis, controlling almost the entire fur trade of the upper Mississippi, through its agents and traders; but the Ewing Company, of Indiana, and a few eastern traders appeared and began to cut into the Choteau Company's trade, when by a master stroke of H. M. Rice on Turkey river and at Ft. Atkinson, the Ewing Company thought best to retire, while on the Mississippi, H. L. Dauseman, of Prairie du Chien, and Henry H. Sibley, at the mouth of the Minnesota, offered such inducements as led to the engagements, directly or indirectly, of all the fur traders in their interest. Among the earliest of those traders was Francis La Bathe, a half-breed cousin of Wah-pa-sha, whose posts, under the able management of the late Commodore Kittson, then but a mere lad, had at times extended from the Painted Rock, on the west side of the Mississippi above Prairie du Chien, to the main post on the Mississippi, below the present site of Minne-ska village, on Section 17, Township of Rollingstone. These river posts were movable, at least the goods were, for the log cabins forming the posts were, for the most part, only occupied as the traders' winter quarters, and were near to the best trapping and wintering grounds of their Indian customers. La Bathe had been a trader from boyhood, and had greater influence with the

Sioux than any other trader, but he fell, as has been stated, a victim in the Sioux massacre of 1862.

At Wabasha was Alexis Bailly, who also had a post on the Chippewa; Augustin Rocque, one of the Campbells and Cratte, the blacksmith, who traded some. At what is now Reed's Landing was the widow of the old trader Hudson, and a little below the mouth of the Chippewa river, on the Wisconsin side, was Socrates Nelson, a general trader for furs and lumber. Charles Reed, Nelson's clerk, soon bought the establishment of the widow Hudson, and soon thereafter sold to F. S. Richards, the well known and popular trader, who has been so long at Reed's Landing. "Bully Wells," as he was known in early days, whose wife, a mixed blood, was a daughter of the old trader Duncan Graham, was at the point now called Frontenac, on Lake Pepin. At Red Wing was a Presbyterian mission that yielded considerable business for steamboats, and at Red Rock, Point Douglas, Kaposia Indian Village, "Pigs Eye," and Young St. Paul, the trade was increasing. At the mouths of St. Croix and Willow rivers trade was being drawn by Prescott and Capt. Paige. At Stillwater was McCusick and others in the lumber business; there and above on the St. Croix, and below on the west side, an itinerant lumberman named, or called, "Boston," bought lumber and logs on the St. Croix and Chippewa rivers and run them to St. Louis.

Nathan Myrick, in company with H. J. B. Miller, came to La Crosse in 1841 and wintered on the island opposite, and on the ice, by hand, drew poles to a site selected, and, in the spring of 1842, put up a small post in what is now La Crosse. It was the first building of any kind, except Indian wigwams of bark and flag *tepees* ever seen in La Crosse; and in June of that year a large-sized post of hewn pine logs, obtained on Black River, was commenced and completed for the winter trade of 1842-3.

Thomas Holmes and Robert Kennedy also came up to the Wapasha prairie, now Winona, first in 1839, in a trading

boat, but were not allowed to establish themselves there, as no white man was allowed to settle on Indian land; so they continued on up to the first favorable point for trade, and in the first winter traded in their boat. They finally began the erection of two buildings which they completed in the autumn of 1842. Another small cabin had been put up by William Smothers, a man employed by Holmes. The place was called Holmes' Landing, and it is now known as Fountain City. In Neill's History of Minnesota, page 401, it is stated that a discharged soldier, Holmes, in August, 1830, supervised the building of a mill on the Menominee, and in a foot note it further states: "This gentleman has since become an active pioneer in Minnesota." I will only say here, in passing, that the discharged soldier, Holmes, was not the Thomas A. Holmes, of Holmes' Landing, and pioneer settler of Shockpay and other places.

In the winter of 1842-3 the trade with the Wa-pa-sha band was brisk, and soon thereafter another post was set up at Holmes' Landing by Nathan Myrick and E. A. C. Hatch. La Bathe's trade was somewhat diminished by the inroads made by the eastern traders, but La Bathe still clung to the advantage his Indian blood gave him as a trader in the Wapasha band of Sioux, and kept his principal depot of supply below the Whitewater, until called to manage a post on the Minnesota and to act as special agent of the Choteau company in the collection of furs and peltries there.

La Crosse had, by 1844, gained some reputation as a promising site for a town, and attracted Peter Cameron, Philip Jacobs, Dr. Snow, Asa White and John Levy to its sandy shore and dunes, and they respectively opened posts or houses for Indian and lumber traffic. Black, Chippewa and St. Croix rivers were rapidly increasing in population, permanent and transient, that called for larger steamers. Taken altogether, the trade was considerable, and for this cause, and to meet the demand, the Harrises became the real founders of an independent upper Mississippi steamboat traffic.

They put in practice the custom of making annual tourist excursions to the Falls of St. Anthony. The "Time and Tide" and "Light-Foot" made the first trip of the series in about 1845, lashed together. One boat, commanded by Captain Montford, served as a grand hotel and dining hall, while the cabin of the other was kept for a promenade and dancing saloon.

There were excursionists from Europe, New York, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and none on board but myself were able to converse with the Sioux. I was taken as the guest of Captain Harris, and begged by him to be as literal as possible and proper in my explanations of Indian customs, and taking him at his word I found great amusement at every landing where Indians visited us in trying to negotiate for the most beautiful ladies of our excursion, positions as Indian princes. It is a mistake to suppose that Indians have no humor, for some of them have, and Wah-pa-sha himself made such insistence in negotiating for the wife of Captain Montford, the clerk, and some times captain of the Harris boats, that Smith Harris told me he thought the lady might become alarmed. Mrs. Montford, however, a most beautiful and sensible woman, understood that the offer of all the horses in the village for her was only an Indian compliment, for I had given her the cue. But there were some amusing scenes, especially where the *sign language* was used in an effort to ascertain the sex of a child, or the number in a family. I had come on board at the foot of the lake on the upward trip, and only had limited time downward, or we could have gotten up considerable more interest among the Sioux. But as it was, if a lady was especially attractive, it was always so arranged that she had an offer of marriage from the most gaudily dressed Indian in the band, who was sure to have some title affixed to him, equalling at least that of an European count or baron.

Upon entering Lake Pepin the steamboats were separated, and for the amusement of the tourists, a race was projected

to Red Wing. At the very commencement, the writer was informed by Keeler Harris, the engineer, that the race would be a slow one, as Captain Smith Harris would not allow his passengers or his boats endangered, and furthermore, that for reasons of his own, he had ordered the *slowest boat* to win. Therefore, said Keeler, who was my especial friend, don't you lose any money on this race, nor do you give me away, for it will be a very close race.

Keeler Harris' prediction proved true, for one boat would seem to be at the point of passing the other, when a little sperm oil or a side of fat bacon thrown into the furnace, would put new life into the lagging craft, and, as though it were a thing of life, it would seem encouraged by the lusty huz-zahs of its passengers, and shoot ahead again of its snorting antagonist. In that way, to the great enjoyment of the passengers on the winning boat, and the chagrin of those on the beaten one, we ran to Red Wing, where we were once more clasped in a mutual embrace, but not of affection, for some had lost their little bets, and claimed *their revenge*. On the return passage through the lake, an opportunity was given the losers to recover their losses, but their lack of fidelity to their first favorite caused many to change their bets, and as the winner was the *other boat* in the second race, the losers declared that there had been as much jockeying as in a horse race, and Keeler Harris and the writer believed them.

The excursion of the two steamers was a novelty that interested the few traders at the landings on the way, and the music of the string band especially interested the Indians that were allowed to look at the dancers. No doubt, they thought their own amusements superior to those in view, but lest they should become too much excited, they were not invited to give a war dance.

On the arrival of the boats at Fort Snelling, the officers and their wives and daughters, received the tourists with cordiality, and with what conveyances could be improvised by the quartermaster, and with a few carriages taken up for

the purpose on the boats, we drove to Minnehaha and St. Anthony Falls, while a few rode horses, and enjoyed a grand pic-nic; cooling the potatoes of various kinds, in springs and in the spray of the falls. At early twilight we returned to the boats, and found that arrangements had been made for entertaining those from the fort inclined to dance. At an early hour a number came on board belonging to Fort Snelling, and while the more staid and serious element among the visitors found interest in making enquiries concerning the condition of affairs in the east and south, and in such other ways as pleased them, the younger people of the garrison, joined in the giddy mirth of the dance. If I have not my dates confused, I met on that excursion, for the second time, General Sibley, then in the prime of his young manhood, one of fleet foot and sure aim, reckoned among frontiersmen as one of the best specimens of manhood in the wild northwest. On the occasion of our first meeting in 1844, the General had but just returned from a buffalo hunt with a sprained ankle, and the skin of the buffalo that had caused it. The General in addition to a sprained ankle, had some bruises on his body of small importance, but which he had his servant continue to dress while Reed and I were called into his room, and at that time, covered as he was with bands of jet black hair, I thought his physique the most symmetrical I had ever seen. His brother Alex Sibley, whom I had previously known in Detroit, Michigan, was well formed, but he was not the athlete that General Sibley was known to have been.

As the night waned, the dance closed, and with cheerful farewells to our guests of the fort, we slowly steamed down to a landing near to the present Union depot of St. Paul. There was literally no St. Paul then. Most of the trading was done at the little landing called "Pigs Eye," the name being a vulgar conceit of those who had faith in the future of St. Paul, and not in the hog's back landing. We were compelled to tie up to await the passing of very dark clouds that threatened our safe passage over the "hog's back" bend

in the river; and while so waiting, a few of us, for continued diversion, climbed the steep hill to the only house of prominence, Jackson's, except a small chapel on the plateau that now is occupied by St. Paul. Later Dr. T. S. Williamson, a missionary to the Kaposia band of Sioux, situated about four miles below the city of St. Paul, in a letter written in 1847, in reference to educational affairs, said: "My present residence is on the utmost verge of civilization, in the north-western part of the United States, within a few miles of the principal village of white men in the territory that we suppose will bear the name of Minnesota, which some would render 'Clearwater,' though strictly it signifies slightly turbid or whitish water. The village referred to has grown up within a few years in a romantic situation on a high bluff of the Mississippi, and has been baptized by the Roman Catholics by the name of St. Paul. They have erected in it a small chapel, and constitute much the larger portion of the inhabitants. The Dahkotahs call it Im-ni-ja-ska (white rock), from the color of the sandstone which forms the bluff on which the village stands."

We were told by a man at the landing that forty-five Red river carts had come in that day, loaded with buffalo robes and pemican, a preservation of dried meat and tallow, besides bales of beaver, otter and other furs and peltries of value; and, as was their custom after a successful journey, the half-breed Red river men were then rejoicing with their female relatives and friends in a dance at the new log house on the bench-land above. Upon our arrival at the house we witnessed a scene that could not now be duplicated. There was a circle of ox carts and a camp of Scotch half-breeds from the Selkirk settlements. We were told that not a nail or piece of iron was used in making the wooden carts. The pieces being held together by pegs and rawhide put on green and then allowed to dry, and in doing so draw together all the parts, as with tires of iron. The yoke was a curved stick,

and so attached to shafts by buffalo straps of hide as to draw by the yoke all the ox could pull.

The half-breeds seemed to be a light-hearted people, bent on getting all the fun they could out of their dancing, and as interludes they turned hand springs and gave mimicries of Buffalo hunts and war scenes for the entertainment of their visitors. One old but active man of the party seemed to be the acknowledged funny man, and it was difficult to say which characteristic of blood predominated in his performances, the Scotch or the Indian. Taken as a whole, the performances at the "house on the hill," as it was then called, afforded us a new and strange amusement, and with its description we entertained those who were not so fortunate as to witness it.

In the twilight of early dawn, and with a cargo of valuable furs, we once more started down the river, this time in single file, until we should reach the head of Lake Pepin, as the boats could be more easily steered that way in the narrower channel above the lake. The race was made through the lake again as stated, and we were once more re-united at Cratte's, now Wabasha. where, taking on more furs and some passengers from the Chippewa valley, we steamed on below, stopping at Holmes' Landing and Wapasha prairie (Winona), where we stayed some time for the amusement and entertainment of the passengers while they bartered for curios among the Indians, who were, many of them, encamped above the landing at the foot of Center street, on the higher ground; and then, after a quick run and a short stop at La. Crosse, the excursionists were once more carried back to civilization and their homes.

At that early period the arboreal growths along the entire lines of bluffs that wall in the course of the Mississippi, had been kept back by the annual fires that in the spring time or in May, were usually set by the Indians to keep down the herbage to a fresher growth, and make the hunting of the game thus attracted easier for the hunter. Those fires, run-

ning to tops of bluffs and meandering the courses of little streams and valleys, had great interest for those going up the river by night for the first time, and one is well described by a writer in Neill's history as follows: "It was perfectly dark, and we were at the mouth of the river Ioway, when we saw at a great distance all the combined images of the infernal regions in full perfection. I was on the point of exclaiming with Michael Angelo, 'how terrible but yet how beautiful!' The venerable trees of these eternal forests were on fire, which had communicated to the grass and brushwood, and these had been borne by a violent northwest wind to the adjacent plains and valleys. The flames, towering above the tops of the hills, where the wind raged with most violence, gave them the appearance of volcanoes at the moment of their most terrific eruptions; and the fire, winding in its descent through places covered with grass, exhibited an exact resemblance to the undulating lava of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*. Almost all night we traveled by the light of this superb torch."

The annual fires are now prohibited by law, but in limited areas they sometimes still appear; but if the burning bluffs created surprise in an European traveller, who can describe the bewildering awe with which the untutored savage beheld the first steamboat, and heard it scream as it broke the solitude of his sylvan wilderness. Rev. Edward Duffield Neill, in his admirable way, will aid my readers in imagining the consternation that ensued among the Sioux upon the arrival of the first steamboat at Mendota, in 1823.

Neill says: "They say that some of their sacred men, the night before dreamed of seeing some monster of the waters, which frightened them very much. As the boat neared the shore, men, women and children beheld with silent astonishment, supposing that it was some enormous water spirit, coughing, puffing out hot breath and splashing water in every direction. When it touched the landing their fears prevailed, and they retreated some distance, but when the blowing off of steam commenced, they were completely un-

nerved; mothers, forgetting their children, with streaming hair, sought hiding places; chiefs, renouncing their stoicism, scampered away like frightened animals."

The Indians of the upper Mississippi did not long remain in fear of steamboats, and when they comprehended that it was primarily by force of heat that the boat was propelled, they called it a fire canoe, or boat, and were very glad if allowed to ride on it.

Captain Hooper's intentions were not known to Captain Smith Harris, although they were brothers-in-law. So Smith ordered another boat built that should excel in speed and splendor the rival Lynx; but when it was demonstrated that the Hooper boat was too expensive for the trade and was sold, Captain Harris changed his plans and brought out other boats of lighter draft. But he finally built the boat originally designed, and probably contracted for, and called it the Brilliant. Captain Harris, who had had "brilliant" success in his lead mining ventures and in steamboating, conceived the idea of attracting the attention of the world to the beautiful scenery of the Mississippi valley, and intended to advertise his boat in the east as an agreeable means of visiting this locality. The idea was a brilliant hobby with Captain Smith, who was an ardent lover of the beautiful in nature, and embodying it in the form of a stately steamer, he named her "Brilliant." The boat was perfectly magnificent in her proportions and adornments, but she never came up the upper Mississippi, though another of that name did, but was sold at a considerable advance on her cost into the lower trade, and was run between Louisville and Memphis, Tennessee. Captain Smith Harris had no longer the Lynx or other palace steamer to contend with, and having gratified his ambition and taste in building so fine a steamer, and convinced that she was not yet needed here, he sold her to those who could make her profitable. The writer once went on board the Brilliant at Memphis, and was impressed with the combustible appearance of the cabin, which was doubly varnished, and remarked that

in case of a fire on board, once started in her cabin, it would flash like gunpowder, and it did. She was burnt to the water's surface soon after by a fire that from its commencement was uncontrollable.

It is stated by Judge Gale, in his book, "Upper Mississippi," that "from 1823 to 1844, only one or two trips a year were made to Fort Snelling, to carry supplies to the troops, and for the Indian trade. In 1844, the number of arrivals at the fort were forty-one. From 1844 to 1847, the little steamer Otter, Rock River and Lynx, were the principal boats in this trade." Judge Gale gives no reason for the sudden increase in the arrival in 1844, from one or two to forty-one, nor could he, for he was in error; though as a rule, his work is reliable. From 1823 to 1842, only chartered boats came to the fort, and then only with limited supplies as needed, and one or two boats a year sufficed. But the repeated trips of the Rock River in 1842, and the regular running of the Otter from 1843, and the chartered trips made by the General Brooke, Cecelia and Falcon, during that time, may account for trips not made by the Lynx, Time and Tide, Lightfoot and Senator, subsequent to 1843. But the Harrises by 1847, had excited rivalry, and in July of that year, the Galena and Minnesota Packet Company was formed with Captain Orrin Smith, Henry Corwith, B. H. Campbell, Captain M. W. Lodwick, Captain Russell Blakesly, Col. H. L. Dauseman, B. W. Brisbois, Hon. H. H. Sibley and Hon. H. M. Rice, as owners. Their first boat was a small venture, the little steamer "Argo," which was soon sunk above Winona, leaving her name on an island. The "Dr. Franklin" was then bought and took the place of the "Argo," in 1848; and in 1849, the new company obtained the "Senator," one of the Harris boats, and put her in the trade. It was soon discovered that the "Senator" was not the boat wanted by the company, and she was sold and her place given to the "Nominee," under command of Captain Orrin Smith, a most devout river man, who at twelve o'clock Saturday night, would tie his boat up, wherever it might be,

and remain at rest until the night following at twelve o'clock, when he would resume the onward course of his trip. If a landing could be made near a village or settlement where religious services could be held, the people were invited on board on Sunday, and if no minister of the Gospel was at hand, the zealous Captain would lead in such service as suited his ideas of duty. But the Captain's reverence and caution did not save the boat, for she sank below La Crosse in the autumn of 1854.

Judge Gale has given a pretty full account of the organization of steamboat companies on the upper Mississippi in later years, and to his account I am principally indebted for dates of organization. The Galena and Minnesota Company seems to have been formed with a view of controlling the upper river trade, and for that purpose they intended putting on faster boats. In the Spring of 1852 the Ben Campbell was put in the trade, and although a fine steamer, her draught of water was too great and she was sold. The Harrises had been left out of the Galena Company, and so, in 1852, they put on the West Newton to run in opposition to the company's fastest boat, the Nominee. Captain Orrin Smith was ready for a race, but Captain Smith Harris was not; so Captain Smith ran against time and beat the record, making the round trip from Galena to St. Paul and back, an estimated distance by river of eight hundred miles, in two days seven hours and forty-nine minutes. The West Newton served its purpose, and after a successful summer's run, the Harrises were taken into the Galena company. The presence and interest of Smith Harris, added energy to the operations of the company, and in 1854, the "Galena," "War Eagle" and "Royal Arch," were added to the line, and the next season, the "Golden Era," "Alhambra," "Lady Franklin," and "City Bell," were put in the line. Trade fell off during the dull times of 1858-9, but in 1861, there was an increase in membership and capital of the company, and several new boats were put in the line, some of which were floating palaces, costing over \$40,000

when fitted for service. The Galena Packet Company re-organized as the "Northwestern Packet Company," in 1864, to run between Dubuque and St. Paul, and carry freight and passengers. The new organization contracted to carry passengers and do a freight business for the Milwaukee railroad company between Prairie du Chien and St. Paul, and that contract added very much to their business. It compelled the company to put on light draught boats and additional barges to meet their increasing trade. The officers of the Northwestern company for 1865 were: John Lawler, president; George A. Blanchard, secretary and treasurer, and William E. Wellington, superintendent. The principal office was located at Dubuque, Iowa, where the superintendent and treasurer resided.

The completion of the La Crosse terminus of the Milwaukee railroad, from date of its completion in 1858, had very considerably increased the steamboat traffic from La Crosse to St. Paul. Seeing his opportunity, in 1860, Captain P. S. Davidson put an independent boat, the "Chippewa Falls," in opposition to the Galena company, and for a few trips carried his passengers at about one-half the usual rate of fare. That by no means pleased the old company, and they tried by all means at their command to run Davidson off. Captain Davidson had capital at command, and had staying qualities that excited the admiration of the company, and they formed a combination with him in 1861 that had far-reaching influences.

In 1863 the La Crosse line of steamboats ran in connection with the Milwaukee road the "McClellan," Captain P. S. Davidson; "Keokuck," Captain J. R. Hatcher; "Northern Belle," Captain John Cochran; "Frank Steele," Captain Martin; "Clara Hines," Captain J. Newton; "G. H. Wilson," Captain William Butler, and "Æolian," Captain Sencerbox. Running in connection, as far as practicable, with the larger La Crosse boats were a number of light draught boats. Above the falls of St. Anthony were the "Annie Cutler,"

"Enterprise" and "Gray Cloud." The first boat to run above the falls was the "Governor Ramsey," built at St. Anthony, now East Minneapolis.

Running on the Minnesota river were the "Pomeroy," Captain Bell; "Stella Whipple," Captain Haycock; "Albany," Captain Norris. The "Globe," "Jeanette Roberts" and "Freighter" had been run on the Minnesota river previously by Louis Roberts, but the names of the other little boats are not obtainable to the author.

According to Professor Winchell's Geological Report, pages 133-4, "The Red river of the north rises in the same rolling region as the Mississippi, at a point about twelve miles west of Itasca lake, at an elevation of 1,600 feet above the ocean, and leaves the State, after a circuitous route by the south, with an elevation of 767 feet. . . . The river passes through the fertile "Red river valley," which, in its flatness and monotony, no less than in its area, resembles the northern steppes of Russia and Siberia, to which also it seems to have an analogous origin. . . . The river is navigated by steamboats as far south as Moorhead. When the river is high its waters are connected with those of the Mississippi, through the valley of lakes Traverse and Big Stone, and boats can pass from the Mississippi to Lake Winnipeg in Canada without unloading."

Captain John B. Davis, in 1859, with a scow-shaped steamboat, owned by himself, which he called the "Freighter," attempted the passage, but the attempt was made too late on receding water, and at a point about ten miles from Big Stone lake, he ran aground and was compelled to leave the boat, the timbers of which remained for many years to witness the captain's lack of caution. The "Anson Northrup" was taken to Red river, and in 1859 was run there by Captain Edwin Bell for J. C. Burbank & Co.

On the St. Croix river, running near to the falls, was the "Wenona," Captain L. Brown; and on the Chippewa river were the "John Rumsey," Captain Nathaniel Harris; and

the "Chippewa Falls," the pioneer of the La Crosse line, with Captain L. Fulton in command.

Those light draught boats were seldom delayed by low water, though the shifting sands very frequently changed the channel, but the pilots, if fitted for their calling, soon learned to run their boats as the raftsmen did their rafts of lumber, by a quick and correct judgment of the draught of the deepest water. The best raft pilots of their day were Sandy McPhail, Philo Stone, Pembroke Harold, George Harold, Joseph Rock, Charles La Point, Thomas La Blanc, John McCain, Steve McCann and George Randall. There were several on the St. Croix, Captains Page, Weston, Boston and others whose names are not now recalled. At the present date the river pilots of rafts have one or two steamboats to aid them in guiding and stopping their rafts, which are kept in the proper channel by rip-raps by day and government guide lights by night. Only good judgment and steady nerve are now required, with experience in handling large bodies of lumber, to run a large raft; whereas, in olden times, if a man could not judge correctly the course taken by the current, he would go but a little way before striking an island or landing for a longer or shorter rest on a sand-bar.

The combination made with Captain Davidson in 1861, continued until 1866, when the "Davidson Line," as it was familiarly known, consolidated with the new Northwestern into a new company, which was called the "Northwestern Union Packet Company. Captain William F. Davidson of St. Paul, was elected president; John Lawler of Priarie du Chien, general manager; Geo. A. Blanchard of Dubuque, secretary; William Rhodes, of St. Paul, treasurer; and William E. Wellington, of Dubuque and P. S. Davidson, of La Crosse, superintendents. The general office was at Dubuque, and the capital of the company was fixed at \$1,500,000. The company was a powerful combination and they at once put into service, thirty steamers and seventy-three barges. The officers were men of character and great energy, and their

company was a power for good to all except their rivals in trade of the river. The boats of the line, were many of them powerful steam packets of a high grade, and they did much to advance the settlement of the upper Mississippi and its tributary territory. During much of the time of rivalry of the "River Giants," the Northern Line of St. Louis, with most powerful and magnificent steamers, maintained its excellence and reputation for speed and fair dealing, but the railroads newly built and building, gradually absorbed the passenger trade, and began inroads upon the freight traffic as well, when Davidson again made a movement as *a promoter*, that virtually brought all the steamboat lines under his control, and he became the acknowledged Commodore of the Mississippi river traffic. Other men had tried to consolidate the trade into one grand monopoly, but the task was beyond their capacity or opportunity to control, but Commodore Davidson in passenger steamer management, never had his equal on the upper waters of the great river. Before the close of his career in steamboat management, he saw that the rapid transit by railroad, would, in a measure, displace that by the river, and he and his brother made investments in pine lands and in other ways that insured a competence.

When the palace steamers were finally about to be displaced, John Robson of Winona, put a fleet of grain steamers and barges on the river, which were profitably run to St. Louis for a time, and when the dealers in St. Louis in combination attempted to squeeze him, which they did, upon one occasion, he took his fleet to New Orleans, from whence his cargoes were shipped to Liverpool. But, Milwaukee and Chicago began reaching out for the grain trade of the upper river, and inducements being sufficient, Robson sold out his river business, and entered largely into milling and the lumber trade. In the meantime, a daring operator in grain appeared, Captain Joseph Reynolds, or "Diamond Joe," as he was distinctively known, from always wearing a large diamond, even when his shirt was soiled and his boots muddy.

The *sobriquet* of Diamond Joe, pleased the Captain, and he at once adopted it as a trade mark for his line of steamers on the Mississippi.

Captain Reynolds made arrangements with railroads by which, by building elevators, he was able finally to divert the grain, or most of it, from the St. Louis market, and send it to Chicago. He placed on the Mississippi a fleet of powerful steamers, for all depths of water, with such large barges as were required, and while he still carried passengers, especially excursionists and summer travelers from the south, his dependence was upon his purchase of grain and traffic in freight, which he could carry during a good stage of water below the cost to railroads. The line is still in existence, having been reorganized since the death of Captain Reynolds, in 1891, and it is popularly and successfully managed.

In 1859 J. C. Burbank & Co. opened their line for travel to the Red River of the North by putting on stage coaches and freight teams, and by transporting on wheels a small steamboat for the Red river trade, built by Anson Northrup, in expectation of the Hudson Bay Company's freight being transferred to the Minnesota river route of travel. The transfer was effected by the Burbank Company securing a contract from Sir George Simpson, the governor of the Hudson Bay Company, for carrying their vast amount of freight.

J. J. Hill, of St. Paul, was also an early steamboat man of St. Paul and of the Red river valley, and while there, no doubt, matured plans for his subsequent colossal railroad extensions.

The floods in the Red river and Mississippi valleys during this last spring, (1897), have shown the need of further means of control of the surplus waters. In addition to the reservoir systems, canals should be dug to divert the waters in any direction that may for the time be advisable. Col. W. A. Jones, says, in reference to the flood of 1897: "I believe the water at St. Paul rose to a stage of about 18.5 feet. I believe had it not been for the reservoirs in the northern por-

tion of the state, that the water would have been from two to three and a half feet higher in St. Paul, and would have passed any mark yet established. Had this taken place, you can easily imagine the damage which would have ensued. As it is, all this surplus of water, which would otherwise have wrought havoc and ruin, is being held up there and will be sent down this fall when the river becomes too low for navigation. The reservoirs are full and there will be no lack of water. The Sandy Lake reservoir has overflowed its banks, but there will be no great damage done. The dam at the Winnebagoishish holds back more water this year than in any other year of its career. This year's work of the reservoir system ought to convince any one of the great value of these improvements."

It will not do to close this chapter without at least mentioning another eccentric steamboat man of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, who, had he lived long enough, would probably have been very successful in his early steamboat enterprises. The man referred to was Louis Robert, of St. Louis, Missouri, who, though unlettered, was one of the shrewdest river men that ever commanded or owned a steamboat. Lewey Robair, as the French pronounced his name, and brother for whom Robert street, in St. Paul was named, came up from St. Louis at an early date and became interested in the fur trade of the Minnesota river region and in steamboat transportation. "Lewey" had a great fund of anecdotes with which he amused his passengers, and as he was a most excellent personator, and his own people were the subjects of his jokes, his narrations were quite acceptable. It is a well-known fact that there are quite a number of Canadian "jumpers" who have inherited an involuntary and uncontrollable impulse to jump when startled. Those poor victims of a like tendency of some of their ancestors in France, got scattered among the Americans, some as laborers in the east—Vermont and Maine—while a few found their way to St. Louis, Missouri. Two brothers so afflicted came to St. Louis,

one of whom was sent by the fur company to winter, on the Missouri as a trapper, and then, during the next June rise, to aid as a boatman in bringing down the bales of buffalo and other hides of the season's hunt. The other brother remained to work on a steamboat belonging to some relative of Roberts' who was then taking his first lessons in steamboating, and, discovering the poor man's infirmity and having a taste for a practical joke, he touched him in an unguarded moment and the man jumped overboard. He was rescued with some difficulty and then discharged from the boat, and when paid off he was advised to find some *dry occupation*, entirely away from water, and he went to work at a gunpowder magazine. The man, Lewey said, was a great smoker, but always used the covered French pipe; but while delivering some powder over the roughly paved streets, then common in St. Louis, the cart was jolted, the powder sifted out, as did also the fire from the pipe, and the man was jumped to death. The brother soon after came down with a fleet of *batteaux*, and upon landing was told that his brother had gone to heaven. "Ah," said he, "how he die?" When told, his only comment was, "Well, by Gar, he yump very high. eh!" But only "Lewey" could tell the story of how he was threatened by one of his "roustabouts," (deck hands), who complained before the passengers that the captain had kicked him off the boat "*behind his back, what he dare not do before his face, sar!*"

But poor Robair and his jokes were perhaps better suited for an antiquated past than for the present time, and if he himself has happened to get in a very *wet place*, his many old pioneer friends that have gone before will do what they may have learned is in their power to guide him out.

Now that rafting down the Mississippi is done exclusively with steamboats, Captain Van Sant and others have come to the front with a large number of boats; the number is very great, but for reference the following list is given with a table showing the opening and closing of navigation on the Mississippi from early records until November, 1896.

CHAPTER XXXV.

List of Steamboats, and Dates of Closing and Opening of Navigation.

Names of steamboats that have navigated the waters of the upper Mississippi above St. Louis, from 1823 to the close of navigation in November, 1896, arranged in alphabetical order for convenience of reference, without regard to the dates of their first appearance, though the Virginia, the pioneer steamer of all, which came to the mouth of the Minnesota river in May, 1823, is put at the head of the list:

VIRGINIA, in 1823.

	Alhambra	Arizona
Annie Lang	Annie Girdon	Adriatic
Annie Cutler	Arkansas	Archer
Atlas	Annie	Ada B.
Augusta	Albany	Andy Johnson
Arctic	Alex Kendall	Alice D.
Argo	Abner Gile	Argosa
Axtell	Aunt Betsey	Annie Johnson
Æolian	Alfred Toll	Augusta
Anna Barns	Ada, U. S.	Ariel (1 and 2)
Alex Mitchell	Aunt Lettie	Atlanta
Artemus Lamb	Artemus Gates	Alert, U. S.
Adventure	Altonian	Addie Johnson
Alvia	Audibon	Allen, H. S.
Amaranth	Affie Afton	
Antelope	Adelia	Barden, L. W.
Arrow	Alex McGregor	Brunette
Anthony Wayne	Alex Gordon	Bass, Geo. L.
	Alice, U. S.	Black Hawk

Ben Campbell	Blackford, J. G.	Centenniel
Ben Hershey	Brockman, H. C.	City of St. Paul (2nd)
Buckeye	Brinkman, H.	Chippewa (1 and 2)
Blue Lodge		Chippewa City
Bessie	Calhoun, J. C.	Cremona
Belle of Belleview	Campbell	Chippewa Valley
Bella Mac	Carrie	Cherokee
Bald Eagle	City Belle	Cricket
Borealis Rex	Chippewa Falls	Cora
Burlington, 1838	Clyde	Coshocton
Brazil	Clinton	Cantona
Belle of La Crosse	Chauncey Lamb	Cumberland Valley
Beaver	Clara	Colonna
Brother Jonathan	City of Alma	Col. Morgan
Barnard, Gen. U. S.	Cowles, C. W.	City of Pekin
Bart E. Linehan	Climax	Calypso
Bright Light	Clarion	Cyclone
Belcher	Clarendon	Comet
Bayard	Comwago	Colossal
Ben Coursin	Conestoga	Coosa
Baby	Cedar Rapids	Columbia
Belleview Boat	Cricket (1 and 2)	Chapman No. 9
Bannock City	Cutter	City of Alton
Badger State	Convoy	Countess
Brownsville	Clipper	Canada
Big Michigan	Caleb Cope	City of Hannibal
Bon Accord	Ceylon	City of Louisiana
Buckeye State	City of Quincy (1 & 2)	Chapman, J. G. (1 and 2)
Belle of Cahoon	Charles Rogers	Converse, Dan
Belle of Pepin	Clark C. W.,	Crane, L. W.
Bull of the Woods	Coal Bluff	
Bill Henderson	Col. Patterson	Douglass Boardman
Belle of Pike	City of Wabasha	Danube
Banjo	City of Nauvou	Davenport
Blackford, J. G.	Commanche	Dispatch
Burt	Cator	Diamond Jo
Brilliant	Cecelia	Dexter
Belle of Alton	City of St. Paul	David Brunson
Ben West	Clara Hines	Dick Clyde
Brooke, Gen.	Champion	Dr. Franklin (1 and 2)
Boardman, D.	Charley Cheaver	Dubuque
Baker, J. A.	Carrier	Dolphin
Bockeler, C.	City of Winona	Dr. Peabody

Della H.	Edith	Fire Canoe
Della	Ellen M.	Freighter
Dan Hines	Eagle Point	
Dan Thayer	Excelsior	Gardie Eastman
Durant, E. J., Jr.	Editor	Gage, J. P.
Denkman, F. C. A.	Equator	Gregoire, A. L.
Durand (ferry boat)	Elmo	George W. Cheek
Davis, Will	Envoy	George Lysle
Durand, Netta	Ewing, W. L.	Gipsy
Daisy	Edna	Glaucus, 1839
Denmark (Caliope)	Ethel Howard	Galena
Diurnal	Eagle	Golden Era
Di-Vernon	Elvira	Grey Eagle
Dictator	Ewing, W. L.	Gen. McClellan
Davenport (ferry)	Enterprise (No. 1 & 2)	Greek Slave
Denmark (No. 2)		Gem City (No. 1)
Dora	Fogel, D. C.	Good Luck
Dew Drop	Fleet-Wing	Granite State
Dowler's Humbug	Frank Forrest	Golden Gate
Dick Clyde	Falcon	Glenmont
Duke	Fannie Harris	Grand Pacific
DeSmet	Frank Steele	Golden State
David Watts	Favorite	George M. Waters
Damsel	Flying Eagle	Gen. Hyde Clark
Dorchester	Freddie	Grey Eagle (No. 2)
Devol, Gen. W. F.	Fayette	Gem City (No. 2)
Douglass, E.	Fountain City	Grey Cloud
Delia	Flora	George Hayes
	Flora Temple	Golden Eagle
Enterprise	Frank	Goldfinch
Eclipse	Fury, U. S.	Good Friends
Everett	Flora Clark	Gage, J. P.
Emila	Frontenac	Gracie Douglass
Else, U. S.	Fort Wayne	Globe
Emma	Fire Fly	George W. Bass
Express	Fred Lorens	Grand Prairie
Evansville	Fanny Barker	Gipsy (No. 2)
Ellen Schulers	Fall City	Graff Henry
Ellen	Flint Hills	Gussie Girdon
Eva	Fanny Lewis	Golden Age
Excel	Fulson, F.	Gopher
Ella	Fairy Queen	Gen. Pope
Eugene Robinson	Frank Sherman	Gladiator

Gold Dust	Jenks, A. T.	Jacob Traber (David- son's first boat in 1856)
Gov. Ramsey	Jas. McMurshey	Jacob Strader (one trip)
Graves, J. K.	Josie	Julia Hadley
	John Dillon	
Holming, O. E.	John L. Rhoads	
Hiram Price	James Fisk	Keaton, J. S.
Henrietta	Jessie Bill	Keokuck (side wheeler)
Highland Mary	Jumbo	Kate Waters
Hamburg	John Heron	Katherine
Helen Mar	Jo Long	Key City (1 and 2)
Hartford	Jo Parkins	Kit Carson
Hazel	Juniata	Kate Dean
Humbug	Jennie Lind	Kentucky (1 and 2)
Holming, O. E.	Jessie B.	Kate French
Hudson	Josephine	Keithburg
Highlander	Julia	Kate Cassel
Henry Clay	Johnny Schmoker	Keokuck (stern wheeler)
Harmonia	John M. Campers	Kendall, R. D.
Hawkeye State	Jim Watson	Knapp, G. B.
Hinckley	Jennie Hayes	
Hartford (No. 2)	Joseph Hennessey	Lee, W. H.
Harry Johnson	Joseph Henry, U. S.	Lolo
Harry Reed	Jennie Brown	Lettie
	Jack Frost	Little Beaver
I. X. L.	Jennie Gilchrist	Lawrence
Isaac Staples	James Malbo	Lynx
Ivy, U. S.	Jack Taylor	Lansing
Itasca	Jay	Lake Superior
Imperial	James Means	Lady Franklin
Iowa	Jennie Whipple	Libbie Conger
Inverness	J. W. (no other name.)	Little Eagle
Irene D.	John C. Gault	Last Chance
Ida May	Joe Gale	Lyon
Iowa City	James Lyons	Lizzie Gardner
Ida Campbell	Joe Patten	Little Hoddie
Idell Prindle	Jeanette Roberts	Lady Grace
Irene W.	James Sibley	Luella
Iron Sides	Jarrett	Lotus
Iron Mountain	Julia Dean	Lotus No. 2
Iron Age	Jennie Baldwin	Lumber Boy
Incubator	Josie	Light Foot
Idlewild	Jno. P. Reno	Louisville
Ida Fulton	Johnny Rumsey	LeClair Belle

Lafayette Lamb	Minnesota Tow Boat	Merrill, S. S.
Lumberman	Mountain Belle	Mills, J. H.
Lilly Turner	Moline	
Lorna Doone	Mary Morton	Nominee
Line Hanson	Mikado	Nellie
Lily, U. S.	Minnehaha	Nina
Lydia Wheeler	Menomonie	Northern Belle
Leroy	Merle Spaulding	Northern Light
Law Brothers	Minnesota Belle	Natrona
Luzerne	Mattie Wayne	Nellie Thomas
La Crosse	Mansfield	North-Western
Luella (2nd packet)	Matie Belle	Netta Durant
Lady Pike	Minnetta	Nina Dauseman
Little Mac	Menomonie (side wheel)	Nugget
Lone Star	Maud	Nellie Kent
Lamartine	Maid of the Mist	Northerner
Lacon	Marion	Nelly Bly
Laclede	Metropolitan	Novelty
Lady Wheeler	Minnesota	None Such
Lady Lee	Myrtle	Northern Illinois
Laura Davis	Minnie Will	Neata Bill
Lucia	Messenger	New Boston
Little Eagle (No. 2)	Mercy Barnes	
Lucy Bertram	Minnie H.	Osprey
Louise, U. S.	Monarch	Ocean Wave
Latrobe	Moonstone	Otter
Libbie May	Morning Star	Octavia, U. S.
Longfellow, H. W.	Minnesota Belle	Orion
	Mrs. Partington	Oklahoma
Mankato	McRoberts	Oliver Burns
Milwaukee	Mississippi	Orida
McCaffrey	Minaie Sneider	Ocean Spray
Mollie Mohler	Mary, U. S.	Odell
Montana, U. S.	Montello	Osceola
Maggie Reany	Medora	
Monitor	Mabel McCain	Pike, D. H.
Muscatine	Montauk	Peck, C. K.
Minnie Herman	Mike Davis	Parker, A. J.
Musser	McDonald, D. A.	Parker, J. G., U. S.
Mano	Malo	Phil. Sheridau
Mark Bradley	Mason, J. G.	Penguin
Minneapolis	Mills, J. W.	Peter Wilson
Mary Blaine	McKee, J.	Penn Wright

Peter Kirns	Ruth	Satellite
Patrol, U. S.	Rapids	St. Louis Oak
Petrel	Rufus Putnam	Sarah Ann
Pike	Royal Arch	Senator
Pepperman	Red Wing	Sucker State
Phil. Schickels	Robert Ray	Savannah
Percy Swain	Robert Harris	Silver Wave
Perçý	Red Cloud	Silver Lake
Phoenix	Remora	Silver Crescent
Palmyra	Ruby	Sidney
Pauline	Reindeer	Sam Atlee
Park Painter	Red Rover	Stella
Prescott	Raymond	Saturn
Pilot	Racket	Search U. S.
Park Bluff	Red Wing (No. 2)	Sibley
Patience	Rock Island	Severn
Pembina	Renville	St. Anthony Falls
Pearl	Roy Patten	Sam Brown
People's Ferry	Reserve	Stella Whipple
President	Rock Island Ferry	Schuyler
Pittsburg	Rescue	Swallow
Pepin	Resolute	Shad
Polar Wave	Rob Roy	St. Jacob's Oil
Plow Boy	Robert Ross	Success
Pauline (No. 2)	Romberg, J. A.	Stephen Baird
Petrel (No. 2)	Rutledge, E.	Spread Eagle
Polar Bear	Rucker, Gen. D. H.	Shenandoah
Pioneer	Reiling, H.	Spencer, J. W.
Prairie State		Sparhawk, G. W.
Planter	Smith, W. D.	Schulenburg, H.
Post Boy	Springer, R. R.	Staples, I. E.
	Silvers, A. P.	
Quincy	Sadie	Trow, W. B.
Quick Step	Sligo	Ten Broeck
	Seventy-Six	Time and Tide
Robert Dodds	St. Croix	Tishimingo
Rebstock, C. B.	Sterling	Thistle
Rubicon	Silas Wright	The New Idea
Rollo, 1837	Still Water	Trainor
Rock River, 1842	St. Paul (No. 2)	Tempest
Robert Semple	Sea Gull	Tom Jasper
Robert Dodds	Sea Wing	Turtle
Ravenna	Scotia	Trial

Tom Thumb	Viola (1 and 2)	Wyaconda
Tiger	Vernie Swain	Wild Wood
Tigress	Vixen	Wenona
Tidal Wave	Vivian Gray	Wave
Twin City		Wapsie
Tallahassa	West Newton	Warsaw (1 and 2)
	White Eagle	William White
Union	White, W. M.	Winneconne
Uncle Toby	Weaver, B. F.	Wyman
Uncle Sam	Whitney, C. J.	West Rambo
	Wheeler, R. J.	White Cloud
Van Sant, Sam	Whitmore, M.	White Beaver
Van Sant, J. W.	Walt. Martin	Wisconsin
Van Sant, J. H.	Weyerhauser, F.	
Van Gorder, S. D.	Wilson, G. H.	Young, W. J. Jr.
Virginia	Whitney, H. J.	Young, W. J.
Versailles	Wild Boy	Yankee
Victoria	Wm. Osborne	Yeatman, H. T.
Viola	War Eagle (1, 2 and 3)	
Vigor	Will Davis	Zada
Volunteer	William McKee	Zalus Davis
Vernie Mac	Ward Keeper	
Vivian	Wyoming	Total number boats, 752

In connection with this review of navigation on the Mississippi, the publication of the dates of closing and opening of navigation since 1856, when the record was begun, will be appropriate. The river has frozen over since then on the following dates:

1856.....	Nov. 27	1870.....	Dec. 15
1857.....	Nov. 19	1871.....	Nov. 22
1858.....	Dec. 2	1872.....	Nov. 22
1859.....	Dec. 3	1873.....	Nov. 29
1860.....	Nov. 24	1874.....	Nov. 30
1861.....	Nov. 27	1875.....	Nov. 29
1862.....	Dec. 1	1876.....	Dec. 1
1863.....	Nov. 27	1877.....	Dec. 8
1864.....	Dec. 4	1878.....	Dec. 13
1865.....	Dec. 4	1879.....	Dec. 12
1866.....	Dec. 9	1880.....	Nov. 20
1867.....	Dec. 7	1881.....	Jan. 2, '82
1868.....	Dec. 8	1882.....	Dec. 6
1869.....	Dec. 18	1883.....	Dec. 17

1884.....	Nov. 30	1891.....	Nov. 25
1885.....	Dec. 6	1892.....	Dec. 9
1886.....	Nov. 28	1893.....	Nov. 29
1887.....	Nov. 28	1894.....	Nov. 30
1888.....	Dec. 28	1895.....	Dec. 4
1889.....	Dec. 20	1896.....	Nov. 29
1890.....	Dec. 8		

The date on which the first boat has arrived from below each year, and the names of the boats are as follows:

1856—Alhambra	April 8	1877—Diamond Jo.....	April 7
1857—Hamburg.....	April 2	1878—Arkansas	March 19
1858—Brazil.....	March 28	1879—Josie.....	April 4
1859—Grey Eagle.....	March 18	1880—Ida Fulton	March 24
1860—Chippewa	March 13	1881—Josie.....	April 23
1861—Northern Light....	March 26	1882—Josephine.....	March 24
1862—Keokuk	April 2	1883—Libbie Conger.....	April 11
1863—Keokuk	March 20	1884—Hartford.....	April 1
1864—Union.....	March 16	1885—Josie.....	April 10
1865—Lansing.....	March 30	1886—Libbie Conger.....	April 7
1866—Addie Johnston....	April 13	1887—Sidney	April 5
1867—City of St. Paul....	April 13	1888—City of Winona....	April 12
1868—Diamond Jo.....	March 21	1889—Pittsburg.....	March 30
1869—Buckeye.....	April 6	1890—Gardie Eastman...	March 31
1870—Keokuk	April 8	1891—Silver Crescent....	April 12
1871—Addie Johnston....	March 18	1892—Lafayette Lamb	April 2
1872—Belle of La Crosse...	April 9	1893—Reindeer	April 7
1873—Union.....	April 3	1894—R. J. Wheeler	April 6
1874—Northwestern.....	April 8	1895—Alert.....	April 5
1875—Lake Superior.....	April 10	1896—R. J. Wheeler	April 13
1876—Dubuque.....	April 10		

My purpose has been, in placing this record of steamboat navigation on the waters of the upper Mississippi, to show our successors in life what a grand old artery of commerce the "big river" has been; for, as Captain Sam R. Van Sant truly says: "Steamboats in the early days were great factors in developing the mighty west."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Minnesota from Primeval Solitude to Sovereignty—A sketch by Major B. H. Randall, old time pioneer and gentleman of keen observation and wit—A fitting resume and close of matters contained in this book, though not intended for such use—A paper read by Mr. Randall before the St. Peter Literary Society.

The members of the literary society are all acquainted with the present every day Minnesota, some of you may have spent your youth in the state, perhaps in St. Peter; if so, you have studied its history and geography in the schools. With a crayon you can draw a map and define its boundaries from memory. Starting at the northwest corner, (if it is not the wrong place to start) you follow up the Red river and Lake Traverse to its head, cross the summit that separates the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, pass an iron monument in reaching the head of Big Stone lake, through this lake to its foot, thence south to the parallel of 43 degrees 30 minutes, east on the northern boundary of Iowa to the Mississippi river, up the main channel to its confluence with the St. Croix, through St. Croix lake, follow the river and its meanderings to and around the north side of Lake Superior to the international boundary, westerly along Pigeon river and the chain of lakes—Mountain, Knife, Bois Blanc (or Whitewood), the Namekan, Rainy lake and river, Lake of the Woods and west on the 49th parallel to the place of begin-

ning. You can trace the course and windings of its streams and rivers, locate the cities, produce diagrams of its lakes, designate the pine forests and mineral regions, where the cereals grow in luxuriance, and pork and beans are perennial. You know its productions, its physical features and its resources. Some of you have participated in its civil government and thereby became a part of its civil history. I am not aware that its political history has been written. Its evolvment has not attracted our modern classics. A paper on Minnesota of to-day, with the largest river and lake on the continent for its boundaries, with four-fifths of its border fringed, and its interior sparkling with crystal waters, could not or ought not to be a dry subject from its primeval solitude to sovereignty, nor present a theme of dismal aridity, that some other pen might fertilize, with a flow of liquid thought.

There is no spot on the American continent that has been the subject of so many proprietary changes, by charter, by grant, by treaty, and by national legislation, as the state of Minnesota, and this while the territory was an unknown quantity, and without either a name or history.

In considering the subject of Minnesota in its development, it may be well to bear in mind that the Mississippi river has ever been the natural boundary between nations and states. The discovery of its mouth by De Soto, in 1541, effectually dispelled the theory or tradition, that in an early period the river was but a small creek, and like modern swells has but recently begun to spread itself. In the same year Jacques Cartier, a captain in the French naval service, discovered the river St. Lawrence and built a fort near the site of Quebec, more than half a century before the settlement of Jamestown, Va.

This singular coincidence shows aside from a desire on the part of the old world to found colonies in the new, the value they placed on a water communication with the great future wheat and lumber, fur and metal producing State of Minne-

sota. For without Minnesota—neither of these great rivers could have had an existence—their head waters are in the interior of our State, and the distance that separates their branches could be made by an amateur on an elliptical sprocket wheel in ten minutes, while Budd Doble would leave the new found source of the Mississippi with Nancy Hanks, and slake her thirst in Elbow Lake, while gazing upon the tortuous Otter Tail, the incipient Red river, in sixty minutes. Thus we are enabled to keep the Atlantic on the east full. The Mississippi joins the Gulf stream on the south, which Prof. Maury tells us is a greater volume of water than all the rivers of the world combined—the Red flows north into Hudson's bay, while on the authority of Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, the vaunting statesman and author of numerous laughable jokes and other works, a doctor of cryptography, who served the hungry public with a rasher of bard and Bacon, and heaved one sigh for Shakespeare, says, or intimates that the Great Northern railway—Jim Hill's road—with headquarters at St. Paul, has watered the stock to such an extent that at the town of Harvey, its terminal on the Pacific coast, when the golden orb of day rises in occidental splendor, to kiss the morning dew, he finds it from three to five feet deep, that with a double track, tide water would reach the top of the Cascade mountains, and if the Gulf stream flowed along its right of way it would look like a sorrowing crocodile. The first temperance society in the United States was organized at that celebrated watering place, Saratoga, N. Y. Thus we present tempting facilities for temperance work and reform to the people of this undine region. More than a century had passed after the discovery of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence rivers before any organized effort was made for further explorations in the northwest

Numbers of Jesuit missionaries had been sent among the Hurons and Nadoues Sioux tribe of Indians on the borders of Lake Superior and western lakes—they went at the dictation of the general of the society.

Macaulay says of them, "Before the order had existed a hundred years it had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered—there was no region of the globe in which Jesuits were not to be found—they wandered to countries which neither mercantile avidity nor liberal curiosity, had ever impelled any stranger to explore. Yet, wherever might be their residence, whatever might be their employment, their spirit was the same, entire devotion to the common cause, implicit obedience to the central authority—none of them had chosen his dwelling place or his avocation for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the arctic circle or under the equator, pass his life collating manuscript at the Vatican, or in persuading naked barbarians in the southern hemisphere not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the dictation of others.

"If he was wanted at *Lima*, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at *Bagdad* he was toiling through the desert with a caravan. If he was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf, he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom."

The historian, Mr. Bancroft, says, "The establishment of the society of Jesus had been contemporary with the reformation, of which it was designed to arrest the progress of its complete organization, belongs to the period when the first full edition of *Calvin's* institutes saw the light—their cloisters became the best schools in the world; their missionaries kindling with a heroism that defied every danger, endured every toil, made their way to the ends of the earth."

"Their faith and zeal triumphed over all," says Prescott, "combined with science and the spirit of adventure, laid open unknown regions in the heart of this vast continent, then roamed over by the buffalo and the savage, and now alive with the busy hum of an industrious and civilized population."

The Rev. Dr. Neill, in his *History of Minnesota*, says, "The Jesuits considered the Dakotas as the most fierce of all

the tribes, and did not venture their lives in their midst, except for a few months, by the side of a French officer. It was not till the year 1834 that any *formal* attempt was made to instruct them in the arts, letters, or in the morality of the bible. That the Rev. Samuel W. Pond and his brother, Gideon H. Pond, with neither brass, nor scrip, nor purse, embarked on a steamer and arrived at Fort Snelling in May, proposing to cast their lot with the Dakotas and try to do them good. In 1835 Revs. Thos. Williamson, Stevens and Huggins, with their families and two lady teachers, and soon after Rev. S. R. Riggs, arrived to labor among the Sioux. Poor Lo!"

How that little word *prejudice*, may warp great minds. These all came by steamboat, under the patronage and pay of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

It was my good fortune to have had personal acquaintance with these devout and pious people. For many years their goods were received and their drafts cashed at Fort Snelling—their banking and commission business was transacted without charge. The Rev. G. H. Pond was stationed at Bloomington; on the removal of the Indians after the treaty, Mr. Pond told me that he could see no encouragement to labor longer with them, and remained until his death, many years after, near Bloomington. Shonka Ska (or White Dog), the head soldier of Good Roads band, who was under his ministrations many years, was hanged at Mankato with thirty-seven others, and his body devoted to science.

Samuel W. Pond's station was at Shakopee village; he remained there on the removal of the Indians until his death, about two years ago. Shakopee and Medicine Bottle were his pupils in the "morality of the bible," and were hanged at Fort Snelling for butchering women and children.

The Rev. Dr. Williamson's charge was at Kaposia, Little Crow's village, and for years engaged in instilling into that chief, arts, letters and the morality of the bible, and he was

the leader in the Sioux massacre, and was afterwards killed in McLeod County, and the state paid \$200 to Mr. Lampson, the reward offered for his scalp. This would seem to indicate with what superior success the paid missionaries had met in their formal attempt at instructing them in the arts, letters and morality of the bible, over the cowardly and nomadic Jesuits.

Dr. Williamson had translated and published the first four books of the old testament—and shortly before his death he told me he had finished the translation of the *old* testament into the Dakota language. Dr. Riggs published a Dakota grammar and lexicon; these labors alone attest the zeal of these good people, and if the laborer is worthy of his hire, surely the Missionary Board have no cause to complain.

A translation of Dakota into English of the Lord's prayer: "Lord his-prayer the. Father-we-have heaven in thou-art the; thy-name the holy regarded shall; thy-kingdom the come shall. Heaven in how thy—will is—done the earth upon so done may-it-be, day the this food us-give; and our-tres-passes the erase-for-us, we like as as-may, as wrongly have-done-to-us those even-as them-we-forgive-the; temptation the that into to-go us-cause not, and what BAD from us-deliver. Kingdom the, strength the, glory the, all-these end none thine-may-be. Amen.

This may not be recited as impressively as by a missionary, but as reverently.

In 1673 Louis Joliet and Father Marquette, a missionary then stationed at Mackinac, sat out with some French voyageurs via Green Bay, thence up the Fox river, made the portage to the Wisconsin, floated down that stream, and on the 17th of May, glided out onto the father of waters below Prairie du Chien, explored the Des Moines, were the first white men that stood on the soil of Iowa; proceeding down stream, they passed the Missouri, the Wabash and Arkansas; they returned by Illinois and Lake Michigan—the modest young priest to his post at Mackinac—the more voluble and ambitious Joliet became famous as a discoverer. Five years

later Sieur de LaSalle, with the assistance of the prime minister of France, accompanied by a number of colonists, proceeded up through Lake Michigan and down the Illinois river, and built a fort near where Peoria is situated—from there he was ordered to Canada and stationed at Kingston.

In the spring of 1680 he despatched Father Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan priest, with two oarsmen and canoes, on a voyage of discovery. On reaching the mouth of the Illinois river they proceeded up stream, and were made prisoners by a war party of Sioux. Some days after, on the 30th of April, they reached Pig's Eye, where is now St. Paul. Father Hennepin's dress, as described, betrays his order. Sandalled feet, a coarse gray capote, a peaked hood, the cord of St. Francis about his waist, and a rosary and crucifix by his side. Here the Indians broke his canoe in pieces and divided his baggage and effects among themselves, even his priestly robes and ornaments, and he set out on foot for their village, which was near Mille Lac, where they arrived after five days' travel. The chief adopted him into his family, with whom he lived in a wigwam on an island in the lake. If you have never enjoyed the hospitality of a chief's teepee, you can have but a faint idea of the luxury of a bed of feathers and skins perfumed with ottar of roses with the roses left out.

In the autumn while the Indians were absent to procure a winter's supply of buffalo and pemican, Father Hennepin, with one of his fellow-prisoners, set out with a canoe down the Rum and Mississippi rivers, and on the first day of October discovered the falls which he named St. Anthony of Padua, which have ever since retained the name. On a tree near the falls the Franciscan engraved the cross, and the arms of France. After a second captivity and numerous hardships, they were rescued by Duluth and soon after reached the mission at Green Bay. His map and description of the falls are still preserved, and in my early visits to that historic spot, marks of their accuracy were visible.

Owing to the fact that the bed rock rested upon soft sandstone, an undermining process had been going on for centuries. Since the cataract started at Fort Snelling, and during the high water of 1851, the falls were moved 60 feet up stream. In your generosity I trust not to be confounded as a contemporary of Father Hennepin, but during the period of my own observation the falls have receded nearly or quite 200 feet. In order to preserve their utility the United States government subsequently expended large sums of money to stay their recession and establish their permanency.

It is said of a man from the pine tree State, who was an early settler in Minnesota, that he wrote to his friends in Maine that the falls were put in by Father Hennepin, of St. Anthony, a Paddy. No one would need other evidence in refutation of this than the homely declaration of the engineer in charge of the repairs that it was a 'dam poor job. The county which surrounded the falls, embracing the now flourishing city of Minneapolis, was named Hennepin, in honor of its discoverer. The Hon. Martin McLeod, who was an early settler and statesman of Minnesota, and a resident of that county at the time of its formation, should be awarded the credit. A bi-centenary celebration was held at the falls on the first day of October, 1880, in commemoration of the event of their discovery.

The wilderness that then existed has become a *mart*, enticing reciprocity from Europe and the continent, from Asia, from Japan and the islands of the sea. The chief and his band have disappeared, their teepees have been supplanted by convention halls, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive gives cheerful contrast to the savage war whoop. The roar of the cataract of St. Anthony is drowned by the rumble of the wheels of commerce. The turbulent waters are lured into peaceful ducts, and become the tranquil slave of diversified industries, subservient to man's behest. Artificial light rivals the noonday sun. Electric appliances supersede the errand and post boy, solidify a rural and urban population

and enlarge the boundaries of neighborhoods, while the tramp of a resistless populace resounds through paved streets, and is echoed from hundreds of religious, educational and eleemosynary edifices.

The Chippewas held the country from the mouth of Green Bay to the head of Lake Superior. They were an intellectually wild tribe. From the earliest history they have been inimical to the Sioux, which was reciprocated with the utmost cordiality by the whole Dakota nation, which extended on the west from the Saskatchewan to lands south of the Arkansas river. Spasmodic efforts made by missionaries and traders and by the general government to effect treaties of peace between the two tribes have been frequent and often successful in so far as solemnly pledging and smoking, signing and sealing documents, but has always been less effective than vaccination for small pox, it but rarely modified the disease. I witnessed a treaty made between several hundred natives of these two tribes at Fort Snelling in 1850, with great pomp and ceremony, under canopy and calumet, with discharge of musketry and salvos of artillery, with native eloquence and response diluted into thin English, amid glittering epaulets and waving feathers, with paint and powder, barbarians and barbecues, and before the ink was dry and the Chippewas reached their homes, the Dakotas were dancing around their scalps at Mendota.

The dissembling of Hiawatha while wooing the lovely Dakota maid, was characteristic of the Indian. As a diplomat he ranked with Othello. Listen to his sophistry:

After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibwas
And the tribe of the Dakotas.

And then added, speaking slowly:

That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,

Give me as my wife this maiden—
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dakota women.
And the ancient arrow maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence—
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water
And made answer very gravely :
“Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha.”
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him
While she said, and blushed to say it,
“I will follow you, my husband.”

Thus it was he won the daughter of the ancient arrow maker.

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water—
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
And the ancient arrow maker
Turned again unto his labor—
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself and saying :
“Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love and those who love us,
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds—a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for a stranger.”

Cupid's darts are more fatal than arrow heads of Jasper.
The principal occupation of the Mississippi river after it got through being discovered, aside from floating its limited commerce, was in furnishing boundaries. No less than ten

Territories were bordered by its waters and an equal number of States claim it for a boundary. The treaty between France and Spain, France and Great Britain, France and the United States, Great Britain and the United States, numerous Indian treaties, including the celebrated Jonathan Carver claim, made in a cave and caved in claim, made against the United States, had this river for a boundary. But two territories, Michigan and Wisconsin, that ventured to span the river and take us all in.

It has not been my intention to speak of early explorations in chronological order. I am different from some of the other boys. I don't like dates. Of the two white men who first saw Minnesota, Grosillers (Gro-zay-vay), and Pierre Esprit of the Rev. R. Menard, who lost his way and life on the west shore of Lake Superior in 1661, and whose breviary and cossack were found among the Indians years after. Of Duluth, who built the first trading post at Lake Superior, and was the first to find a water route with a short portage from Lake Superior down the St. Croix to the Mississippi river. Of Le Sueur, who came by the Wisconsin to Mississippi in 1683. Of Nicholas Perrot, who built the first fort on the Mississippi, and was commissioned by the King of France in 1689 "to manage among all the Indian tribes and people of Green Bay and the upper Mississippi, and to take possession, in the King's name, of all the places where he has heretofore been, or whither he will go, declare to all to whom it may concern, that being come from Green Bay and to the Lake Wisconsin, and to the Mississippi river, we did transport ourselves to the country of the Nadoues Sioux on the border of the river St. Croix and at the mouth of the river St. Pierre, and further up to the interior, to the northeast of the Mississippi river, as far as the Med-a-wa-kontons and other Nadoues Sioux, who are to the northeast of the Mississippi, to take possession for and in the name of the King, of the countries and rivers inhabited by the said tribes, and of which they are proprietors." This is the first official docu-

ment pertaining to Minnesota; this was drawn at a fort, dated the 8th day of May, 1689, witnessed by Rev. Father Marest, of the Society of Jesus, missionary among the Sioux, Bois Gillot, commanding the French on the Wisconsin and Mississippi, Le Sueur and others. A copy of the original document is given in its entirety in Neill's history of Minnesota.

The Dakotas at this time owned and occupied the country now known as the Park Region and extended nearly or quite to the head of Lake Superior—these were called the people of the lakes—their waters abounded with fish, their marshes productive of wild rice, deer and bear furnished them meat and clothing; their forests supplied the largest and best varieties of peltries, to tempt the adventurous trader and gartify their love for the chase. The bands on the west were known as plain Indians, (this term does not apply to the beautiful Dakota women, immortalized in prose and song by Cooper and Longfellow, and philanthropists from Boston and Philadelphia, at and about the time of the Sioux massacre in 1862) and were sheltered clothed and fed mainly by the buffalo and elk. The French knew a good thing when they saw it and by virtue of discovery and occupancy made us a part of New France. In 1681 LaSalle navigated to where Chicago now is, made a portage to the Illinois, descended it to the Mississippi and followed that river to its mouth, and set up a cross and arms of France and thus took possession of the country in the name of Louis XIV. Two years latter he sailed from France with several vessels and soldiers, ostensibly to hold possession of the country he had discovered, but in fact to dispossess the Spaniards, who occupied the country further west. After spending three years in and around Matagorda Bay without reaching Mexico, he was murdered by his own men while attempting to reach the Mississippi river by land. The effort of the French to form a continuous line of fortified posts from the Gulf to Canada was but partially successful on account of difficulty in controlling the southern Indians.

While the settlement at Jamestown, Va., had been made nearly a hundred years before, and the eastern and southern shores of the continent had attracted settlers from Holland, Sweden, England, Denmark and Spain, Quakers and Puritans, all north of the St. Johns river seems to have been left to the French. While the fisheries were occupying the attention of the English on the Ocean coast, Canada was unmolested in its revenue from the fur trade in Minnesota and territory bordering the western lakes. In 1664 the whole coast from Maine to the Carolinas passed into the possession of the English. The fall of Quebec, in 1757, was followed four years later by the treaty of Paris which ceded Canada and all the territory east of the Mississippi river to the English, and they assumed control of everything belonging to the French, except their language and hate. The rivalry of the three great powers for supremacy, the desire for acquisition of territory, and the extension of their boundary and jealousies that existed, made the independence of the colonies a possibility. The arrogance of the English was commensurate with their success in arms. Their haughty demeanor became offensive to the colonists. Their soldiers were well fed and wore red coats, which did not harmonize with the Americans who were illy dressed and struggled for subsistence. The officers assumed superiority over the American of equal rank. Immediately after the acquisition of this territory, the English began a system of taxation of the colonies to defray the expenses of the war. Hardship and indignity were heaped upon the colonists in spite of remonstrance or protest, and mutterings of disaffection grew into open proclamations of resistance. In the meantime the Americans had been raising such men as Washington, Prescott, Ethen Allen, Randolph, Hancock, Adams, Lee, Jefferson, Carrol, Patrick Henry, and a whole constellation of meteoric men, notwithstanding Sir Wm. Berkley, Governor of Virginia, thanked God there were no free schools in the colony, and hoped there would not be in a hundred years. On the 23d of Sept., 1783, England by treaty

conceded the independence of the American States, with boundaries extending west to the Mississippi river. The fact that the French were inimical to the English, does not relieve us from a debt of gratitude we owe the patriot LaFayette, and the national government of France, for aid furnished, and sacrifices made in times of our extreme necessity.

By Royal charters issued in 1606—1609 and 1620, to the London Company, Southern and Northern Virginia Companies, all this unknown territory west of Pennsylvania, and north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers, including that part of Minnesota, belonged to Virginia, and on the formation of our constitutional government, Virginia ceded these lands to the general government, and Congress passed an act known as the Ordinance of 1787, for the government of this great northwest territory,—which provided that there should be framed out of the said territory not less than three, nor more than five states. In the year 1800 the Territory of Indiana was organized and included all the northwest territory except Ohio, which had already taken steps for admission as a State. They ranked as Hoosiers in those days, but since putting in a pipe line through the Kankakee marsh, and supplying Chicago with natural gas—they are known as adventurists from the Wabash. The city, not lacking in comity, has extended its limits and built a gigantic Abattoir over the border, so that the people of Indiana may feel at home while visiting either the Columbian exposition, or the Chicago stock yards. We next fell into the jurisdiction of Illinois, in 1809, and continued our allegiance to her, until her admission as a State in 1818. We next swelled the population of the Territory of Michigan, and persuaded her delegates to represent us in the Congress of the United States. Up to this time we have been dealing with that part of Minnesota lying east of the Mississippi river, a country and government, and to which the people of St. Peter had but remote interest, and to which they owed no allegiance. For 150 years, Minnehaha had danced the fandango, and laughed in Spanish. In 1800

she was sold. Spain was desirous to raise molasses, rum and tobacco, and as a gentleman with a Hibernian accent remarked—she didn't Hav—ana—and traded us for that Island. Three years after his purchase of Louisiana, Napoleon sold it to a syndicate of capitalists composed of the United States of America for \$15,000,000, this was the largest real estate deal that Minnesota or the United States, were ever interested in, and we may be said to have got in on the ground floor. This territory extended from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi river, and from the British possessions to the Gulf of Mexico. The desire to own land the length of the Mississippi river, and free navigation upon it, was accomplished in the purchase of this tract. The upper Louisiana Territory was at once organized, which included us with all the recent purchase except the the Territory of Orleans on the south, and thus for the first time St. Peter and west of the river became a part of a republican form of government. On the west as well as on the east side of the river, formation of new territories and states continued, and before we had time to become acquainted with our governor and staff, and learned to know and love them well, we were informed that Louisi Anna could never be anything but a sister to us in the future. Our feelings can better be imagined than described. We parted more in sorrow than in anger. But she has never seemed so near and dear to us since. This estrangement drew us more into the society of *Mis-souri*, and we were completely absorbed in each other, the attachment was mutual as well as convenient. By the subsequent admission of Missouri in 1820, we were compromised, and she became another sister in the family of states. We loved her for the enemies she had made, but were left out in the cold.

After participating in the delights of *free* government and *free* trade, we found that no country can exist half slave and half free, and we preferred to be half free, and were subordinated to the domination of Indian agents under the trade and intercourse law. The fellowship with savages not taxed gave

us the *blues* and the Indians looked *red* in the face. The impression obtained, and seemed to be general, that all there was of value in the Louisiana purchase had been extracted; that our country and people were hyperborean, our soil sterile, fit only for buffalo and Indians to roam over; if it were capable of sustaining a larger population, the Esquimaux would have moved onto it, and when crows passed over the country they took a haversack with them. This was without cause. For fourteen years we survived on the memory of the past and scanty rations of pemican.

When in 1834 the boundaries of Michigan were extended by the annexation of the former Territory of Missouri, we were in the embrace of the lady of the lakes. For the annexed territory the boundary was defined "on the east by the Mississippi river, on the south by the State of Missouri, and a line running west from the northwest corner of said State to the Missouri river, and on the north by the northern boundary of the United States." This is the first instance where territory on both sides of the Mississippi river was united in one political division, and this only as a temporary expedient. The Territory of Michigan embraced all of the present State of Minnesota, besides territory east, south and west of it. By act of Congress, April 20, 1836, Wisconsin Territory was established, which included all the western portion of Michigan and at the same time swallowed us. On the formation of a State government, in 1848, Wisconsin seemed persistent in having her northern boundary at Rum river. By some means this effort was without avail, and Minnesota has enjoyed an uninterrupted and spirited flow from this source to the present time.

Iowa Territory was established June 12th, 1838, and was defined as comprising "all that of Wisconsin which lies west of the Mississippi river and a line drawn due north from the headwaters or source of that river to the territorial line. Instead of standing united we stood divided again. Heretofore boundaries of all Territories and States bordering on the

Mississippi river had been made the middle of the main channel. We have had No Man's Land, which is now Oklahoma. By this act, on the eastern boundary of the new territory, one-half the river was to be *No Man's Water*. Congress was not long in discovering and remedying a gross error and injustice it had unintentionally committed. The Hawk-eyes have been accused of being ardent supporters of prohibition, and such a thing as being shut off from this means of irrigation was not to be endured, and on March 3d, 1839, an act of Congress defined the boundary of the Territory of Iowa to be the center of the main channel of the Mississippi river so far and to such extent as the said territory is bounded eastwardly, by and upon said river. In 1846 that part of Iowa Territory south of the parallel of 43° 30' was organized and admitted as a State. On March 3d, 1849 Iowa Territory was united with Wisconsin territory and organized into the Territory of Minnesota, with the Missouri river as its western boundary. On the first day of June following Gov. Ramsey issued the following proclamation:

To all whom it may concern :

Whereas, by an act of Congress of the United States of America, entitled "An Act to establish the Territorial Government of Minnesota," approved March 3d, 1849, a true copy whereof is hereunto annexed, a government was erected over all the country described in said Act, to be called the Territory of Minnesota, and whereas the following named officers have been duly appointed and commissioned under the said Act as officers of said government, viz : Alexander Ramsey, Governor of said Territory and Commander-in-Chief of the militia *thereof*, and Superintendent of the Indians *therein*; Charles K. Smith, Secretary of said Territory; Aaron Goodrich, Chief Justice, and David Cooper and Bradly B. Meeker, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of said Territory; Joshua L. Taylor, Marshal of the United States for said Territory, and said officers having respectfully assumed the duties of their said offices according to law, said Territorial Government is declared to be organized and established, and all persons are enjoined to obey, conform to and respect the laws thereof, accordingly. Given under my hand and the seal of said Territory this first day of June, A. D. 1849, and of the Independence of the United States of America the seventy-third. By the Governor,

CHAS. K. SMITH, Secretary.

ALEX. RAMSEY,
Governor.

This was Minnie's first introduction into society. Thus have we been titled, Hoosiers, Suckers, Wolverines, Pukes, Hawkeyes, Badgers and Gophers. Transitions were numerous and surprises frequent, and well might we be heard to exclaim: "Where am I at?"

The last act of all that ends this strange, eventful history was the act of Congress of May 11, 1858, when Minnesota was admitted to Statehood. With her present boundaries, with the Mississippi river—the grand central sewer system of the State, to me Minnesota is the fairest and most winsome in the list of sisters. The freshness of her spring time is enchanting. There is tonic in her summer fragrance. We *revel* in the grandeur of her autumn, and bounteous health flows from her changing seasons. Prof. Maury says of her: "At the small hours of the night, at dewy eve and early morn, I have looked out with wonder, love and admiration upon the steel blue sky of Minnesota, set with diamonds and sparkling with brilliants of purest ray. The stillness of your small hours is sublime. I am constrained, as I gaze and admire, to hold my breath, lest the eloquent silence of the night should be broken by the reverberations of the sound, from the seemingly solid but airy vault above."

TO CLOSE.

In looking through this volume, since the final proof was given me, I find a few typographical errors that have escaped my previous notice, and if they are not pointed out to the readers, it may be that they will escape their notice also. But if the reader be critical, (and if a woman, she will most likely be so), I shall hope to be forgiven, for my publishers have assured me that not even one *printer's devil* can be found in their establishment on whom to lay the blame, and that I alone must bear the burden of my own neglect. I had arranged in concerted order our most beautiful birds of song, and had thought to give my readers a most delightful entertainment viewing them, but during a temporary absence my pets were converted into a *pot pie*, and when I demurred, I was told that it was only a *capital* joke on me. But what most grieves me is that a letter "e" should be left out of the name of a family whose respectability is beyond any question, and whose title, brought from foreign lands, has obviated all modern desire for European alliance. I have only to say, in conclusion, that what is contained in this book is a part of my very self, and to be taken with all its imperfections or not at all.

